THEATRUM

POETARUM ANGLICANORUM:

CONTAINING

BRIEF CHARACTERS

OF

THE ENGLISH POETS,

DOWN TO THE YEAR 1675.

By EDWARD PHILLIPS,

THE NEPHEW OF MILTON.

THE THIRD EDITION.

Reprinted at the expence, and with the Notes,

OF

SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, BART. etc. etc.

GENEVA,

FROM THE PRESS OF BONNANT.

1824.

(100 Copies.)

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ADVERTISEMENT.

Edward Phillips, son of Edward Phillips who came from Shrewsbury, and rose to be Secondary in the Crown Office, by Anne, *sister of* John Milton, *(the poet,) was born in the Strand, near Charing Cross, in August,* 1630; *and received his earliest education under his celebrated maternal uncle.*

Milton, after his return from Italy, « hired » (says Johnson,) « a lodging at the house of one « Russell, a taylor, in St. Bride's Churchyard, « and undertook the education of John and « Edward Phillips, his sister's sons. « Finding his rooms too little, he took a house « and garden in Aldersgate Street, which was « not then so much out of the world, as it is « now: and chose his dwelling at the upper end « of a passage, that he might avoid the noise of « the Street. Here he received more boys to be « boarded and instructed. »

After relating the plan of education pursued

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here, the Biographer adds with his usual acrimony : « *From this wonder-working academy* « *I do not know that there ever proceeded any* « *man very eminent for knowlege. Its only ge-* « *nuine product* (*), *I believe, is a small His-* « *tory of Poetry, written in Latin by his ne-* « *phew Phillips, of which, perhaps, none of* « *my readers ever heard.* »

In 1648, *E. Phillips became a Student of Magdelen Hall in Oxford; where he continued till* 1631 : *and the title of the work, to which Johnson alludes, is thus given by Anthony Wood.*

« Tractatulus de Carmine Dramatico Poetarum, præsertim in choris tragicis, et veteris comœdiæ.

« Compendiosa Enumeratio Poetarum, (saltem quorum fama maxime enituit), qui a tempore Dantis Aligerii usque ad hanc ætatem claruerunt : nempe Italorum, Germanorum, Anglorum, etc.

These two things were added to the 17th *Edition of* Joh. Buchlerus's *Book, entitled* « Sacrarum Profanarumque Phrasium Poeticarum Thesaurus. Lond. 1669, 8°.

(1) Johnson omits any notice of the writings of JOHN PHILLIPS, the other nephew, for whom see *vol.* II, *p.* 41, of this Reprint.

Johnson therefore entirely forgets or passes by, the THEATRUM POETARUM *published in* 1675; *of which the* Reprint *is here given.*

Of this work the reader is requested to attend to the opinion of a lamented author, who on a subject of poetry must be admitted to have surpassed Johnson, at least in taste and classical learning.

Mr. THOMAS WARTON, *in his Edition of* Milton's Juvenile Poems (p. 60.) *says :*

« *There is good reason to suppose that* MILTON *threw many additions and corrections into the* THEATRUM POETARUM, *a book published by his nephew* EDWARD PHILLIPS *in* 1675. *It contains criticisms far above the taste of that period. Among these is the judgment on Shakespeare, which was not then, I believe, the general opinion; and which perfectly coincides both with the sentiments and words of* MILTON *in* L'Allegro;

« *Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,*
« *Warble his native wood-notes wild.* »

Again in his History of Poetry, WARTON *says :*

« PHILLIPS, *Milton's nephew, in a work which I think discovers many traces of* MILTON'S *hand, calls* Marlowe, *etc* (*see p. XVII.*)

« *Such criticisms* » *he adds*, « *were not common,* « *after the national taste had been just corrupted* « *by the false and capricious refinement of* « *the Court of Charles II.* » *Hist. E. P. III. p.* 440.

After such praise, the censure of that tasteless, though useful drudge, Anthony Wood, who calls the work « *a brief, roving, and cursory* « *Account (without time), of the Ancient and* « *Modern Poets,* » *need be little regarded; especially as the same page, which contains it, calls his uncle, our immortal and divine epic poet,* « *that villainous leading incendiary John Milton.*» (*See* Ath. II, p. 117.)

From this Book of PHILLIPS, *all that the present Editor had occasion to select were the* ENGLISH POETS, *which were most awkwardly placed in the alphabetical order of their christian names.*

Mr. GODWIN *has published the* LIVES OF JOHN AND EDWARD PHILLIPS, *since the former Edition of this* REPRINT *was given : he takes very little notice of the* THEATRUM POETARUM.

PREFACE
BY THE EDITOR.

EVERY one knows that the LIVES OF certain ENGLISH POETS have been written by D.r SAMUEL JOHNSON, about forty five years ago. But perhaps there are those, who may require to be reminded that these Lives do not include any poets of a date anterior to the reign of Charles I. The fact is, that the Booksellers having undertaken to reprint a Collection of those Poets, whose works were still in demand in the market, engaged D.r Johnson to write *the Lives* of such as were so selected. At that epoch it was found that the older poets were not called for by the Public. The blame therefore, which has been thrown on JOHNSON for the narrowness of his choice, was not merited. It would have been quite impossible that that learned philologist and critic should by his own judgment have omitted such poets as CHAUCER and SPENSER.

It is perhaps to be attributed to the amiable and accomplished THOMAS WARTON's admirable *History of English Poetry*, of which only two volumes had then lately appeared, and to *Steevens*, *Malone*, and *Farmer*, the antiquarian annotators on Shakespeare, that soon afterwards a strong curiosity regarding our ancient poets was awakened. But of almost all the minor poets of these former times, the works, from ha-

ving fallen into oblivion, had become exceedingly rare. And a *mania* for collecting them now arose among a certain class of curious Literati. — Even notices of the authors were only to be found dispersed in old and exploded Volumes.

At this crisis, being myself under the infection of the spreading *mania*, I thought I should perform an acceptable service by selecting the brief but rather numerous Characters of *English Poets* from the small forgotten work, the *Theatrum Poetarum, by Edward Phillips*, 1675, *in*-12.° I accordingly printed a *first* volume, with my own numerous *additions* to the text of Phillips, in 1800, in-8.° It brought the Poets down to the death of Queen Elizabeth. From a sort of indolence and ennui for which I can find no fair apology, I never finished the other Volume, which would have brought the Poets down to 1675.

At the distance of twenty four years, — in a foreign country; — and removed from almost all the necessary books of reference; — I have undertaken to compleat this task. But as the *first* volume is itself become scarce, I have reprinted Phillips's text of this first Part; since it only filled two sheets: and I have again reprinted Phillips's noble *Preface*.

I have not given to the *second* volume similar additions to those which I in the former Edition made to the *first*. It would have been impossible to do it perfectly or satisfactorily without the use of an ample English Library. If I live, I may yet do it at a future day, when I can have that convenience.

I have in my *Advertisement* confirmed by the authority of Warton the favourable opinion of *Phillips's work*, which induced me to reprint the selections from it. The criticisms are such as modern fastidiousness may pronounce vague and loose: but for the most part I have found them, after

a mature consideration of thirty years, singularly just and solid.

The pure and exalted principles of poetry laid down in the Author's Preface confer still more weight on his opinions; and the strongly-grounded supposition, that they had the sanction of Milton himself, makes them inestimable. There is besides no small advantage in the date at which the criticisms were written, when we consider that the purpose of this reprint is to revive names undeservedly forgotten. Here are proofs of reputation formerly enjoyed; not guesses, which the hater of what is old is always disposed to reject. « *Those* « *that are affected only with what is familiar and accustomed* « *to them*, » it is difficult to persuade, that the poets who have gone out of fashion could ever have had any merit: and they think, that they who admire them, are only influenced by affectation and prejudice. Perhaps the very name of *Milton's nephew* may induce some to pay a respect to that, which from a modern hand they would deem trifling.

But it is *not trifling:* we want some standards of fixed opinion, and tests of perpetual reference, by which we can assure ourselves, that we are not under the delusion of momentary caprice, and accidental excitation. « *What was* « VERUM *et* BONUM *once*, » says Phillips, « *continues to be so* « *always.* » If therefore what is modern differs from what was formerly *verum et bonum*, it cannot be itself *verum et bonum!* —

And this leads to a most important view of the subject of English Poetry. We are accustomed, I think, to consider it with a little too much regard to historical epochs, and to the characters of the time in which its respective authors wrote. I doubt whether this does not lead to erroneous judgments with regard to positive merit; and to a theory of the poeti-

cal faculty which reduces it to too much of an *Art,* instead of a native gift!

If, indeed, we look to the *minor* poets, they are always the creatures of the epoch at which they wrote. But on examination from the time of CHAUCER we shall find, through a succession of intervals, some mighty mind arise, whose works will prove that there was nothing in the times, either in want of knowlege, polished manners, or adequate language, which Genius could not surmount; and therefore that the period can form no sound apology for claiming an high place for those who have been mainly infected by the defects of prevalent habits.

An interval of about *thirty* years occurred between the death of Chaucer, (1400,) and the appearance of LYDGATE's chief poem. Then came an whole *Century* between LYDGATE, — and SURRY and WYAT. Then nearly *thirty* years between these and SACKVILLE's *Induction* (1559, or 1560). Again *thirty* years to SPENSER's *Fairy Queen,* (1590.) Again *fifty-five* years to MILTON's minor poems, (1645.) Again *twenty-two* years to DRYDEN's *Annus Mirabilis,* (1667.) Again *forty-two* years to POPE's early poems, (1709.)

From this period there has been no proper interval: nor indeed was there between Milton's last poems and Dryden's early ones. THOMSON rose *long* before Pope's death; and COLLINS, GRAY, and AKENSIDE, on the eve of the great Bard's departure.

The mind of the multitude is slow in attaining refinement: Genius reaches it at once. That superficial appearance, therefore, of polish, which is rare in early ages, is in later ages common and easy. For this reason, the true note once caught and sounded, does not immediately teach the vulgar ear by the comparison to be disgusted with discord and rudeness.

And long therefore after CHAUCER had sung, the Nation could admire the inelegance, uncouthness, and ribaldry of JOHN SKELTON. The dull and prosaic CHURCHYARD could place his clownish and inanimate verses by the side of the richly-imagined and vigorously-expressed poetry of SACKVILLE: and even DANIEL and DRAYTON, « *all aflat*, » — their heavy historical legends, in the face of SPENSER's array of enchanting fiction, and dance of brilliant words and exquisite harmony. This exemplifies *Wordsworth's* position, that every great author must *create* a taste in the Public, which shall make it feel his writings. And what is worse, this creation will commonly be long, — sometimes nearly a century, — before it duly works. Such at least was MILTON's case.

But let us ask, what is there in the essentials of Poetry, to which the age of CHAUCER was not as well suited, as any of our modern ages, deemed more refined? — CHAUCER was preceded by *Dante, Petrarch,* and *Boccaccio,* with whose writings he was familiar. But long before these, there was in the habits, manners, and compositions of the *Troubadours* a poetic spirit, which not only in force but in elegance far surpassed that of many succeding ages.

It was an age of heroism and energy, intellectual as well as corporeal: the abuses of the Church and its Members began to be examined with penetration and vigour; and the minds of the most enlightened parts of Europe were in a state of fervid activity. The habits and customs of Society were splendid, adventrous, and varied. There were ample materials, therefore, to furnish the fancy; and set the imagination in motion. All the sources, in fact, of rich and striking fiction, were in full play. Was there then the enlightenment, and sound knowlege, which enable the poet to preserve the other essential, — *verisimility,* — in his inven-

tions? Chaucer himself gives the proof that there was. He knew human nature profoundly; and he draws the characters of actual life with admirable acuteness and discrimination. There remained then only the difficulty of an half-formed language; which, though he managed it with astonishing skill, it may be admitted, has caused his diction to be sometimes obsolete and revolting to a mere modern reader. The spirit however of his prophetic genius often gave an harmony to his verses, which most of his successors at the distance of two hundred years wanted. It is not merely in the merit of his outline, and the general weight of his matter; but in the felicity of particular passages; in the choice of circumstances; and the vivacity and tone of expression which pervade his poems, that he excells. And this is a sort of excellence, which is commonly supposed to belong only to a later æra of literature.

At a time when superstition was in full force; when unchastized hope prompted to extravagant adventures; when the lamp of philosophy had not yet thrown its broad light to point ont the boundaries of Truth; Chaucer was remarkable for shrewdness and good sense; and for the fidelity and attention to real life which characterised his fables.

It is *here* that the danger lies at an early epoch of composition. In an infant state of literature that may be mistaken to be *probable*, which future ages will discover to be marvellous and extravagant. And hence the author is betrayed to offend against the law of *verisimility*.

If Chaucer could write as he did in the *fourteenth* century, there is no excuse to be drawn for the darkness and declension of our English poetry in the *fifteenth* century from the rudeness of the times. At the same epoch there

was a regular succession of *Italian* poets, from the death *of Petrarch*, (1374) — to *Bernardo Tasso*, 1544 — who did not decline from elegance and polish: such as Montemagno, Giusto de' Conti, Boiardo, Sannazaro, Bembo, Ariosto, Trissino, Vittoria Colonna, Molza, Varchi, Alamanni, etc. (1). *Campbell* ascribes it to the evils of our civil war then raging; — a cause which does not seem to me consistent with the history of the manner in which the human mind has always acted (2). Had a genius like that of Chaucer, or Sackville, or Spenser, or Milton, grown up in those days, the calamities of the times would scarcely have suppressed its active exertions; and the expansion of its fruit. When a native faculty much short of that with which these illustrious men were gifted came forth in *Lord Surry*, neither luxury, nor camps, nor ambition, nor tyranny, nor domestics dissensions, overpowered and silenced it.

If Daniel and Drayton, Wyrley, Aleyne, Hubart, and T. May, could after the production of *The Fairy Queen* mistake versified history for poetry, it is less surprising that, after *Surry and Wyat*, the compilers of the *Mirror for Magistrates*, in whose *first* edition *Sackville's* poetry did not appear, should mistake those voluminous legends, (which Campbell calls «*heavy masses of dulness*», and which no one ever pretended they were not,) for verses, which possessed any poetical ingredient except the mere trifle of *metre*. But whatever is not intrinsically *verum et bonum* in our modern poems, whatever is affected and artificial, will probably appear as strange and tasteless to future generations, as what was received so favorably by the cotemporaries

(1) See the List, *Res Lit. vol. II, p.* 9. 10.

(2) Essay on Engl. Poetry in *Specimens*, *I*, 80.

of the *Mirror for Magistrates*, and appears so dull and wearisome to us. The Vulgar, great and little, have always an acquired taste, which changes with every generation.

Noble poetry is not to be appretiated by the mean-minded, and mean-hearted;

« *For who loves that, must first be wise and good*, »

as Milton said of liberty.

How can he judge of *verisimility*, who is not wise enough to know what Truth is?

There are radical defects in the design of SPENSER's poem; in its complexity and want of unity; which have been well exposed by Campbell; and which others have pointed out.

These are such however as do not seem to me to have arisen from his subject, or from the period at which he wrote; but from a failure of judgment in this part of his task, which might have equally discovered itself, had he lived at a much later age. In some other respects, (as for spirit of marvelous adventure which perhaps a stern classical taste may think does not sufficiently restrain itself within the limits of probability,) an apology may more reasonably be found in the features of the times.

The habits of Chivalry reconciled the mind to a thousand acts and opinions, which at other æras would seem extravagant. However whatever the mind has actually believed, the *imagination* at least can believe under other circumstances.

Whoever has faculties cast by nature in a decided and specific mould, will pursue his own bent in defiance of models and fashions.

The example set by SPENSER therefore of romantic fable and gorgeous fiction did not seduce Sir JOHN DAVIS from

his philosophical propensities, and his great talent to throw strong ratiocination into terse and clear metrical language: nor Donne from dancing after those extraordinary flashes of metaphysical wit, which had taken possession of his youthful fancy. That both these became greater favourites than the *Fairy Queen* with the new Monarch, whose mind was scholastic, learned, subtle, and metaphysical, rather than bold, imaginative, and sentimental, — cannot be doubted. Spenser gave rise to no school of imitators; unless we attribute to his example the translations of *Ariosto* and *Tasso* by Harington and Fairfax.

However Phineas and Giles Fletcher are sometimes named as bearing some affinity to Spenser's cast of Fiction. The former, in the attempt to unite it both to an anatomical and a metaphysical subject, produced an incongruity which had the evils of both manners, and the beauties and advantages of neither of them: but he had a mind natively poetical; and therefore short gleams of poetry break through all these obstacles. The younger brother sometimes treads happily in the steps of his model in his Allegorical Personifications: but his subject is too solemn for the *Fairy Visions* which belong to his Master. The late eloquent and pathetic *Kirke White* seems to me to have sometimes come nearest to the manner of Giles Fletcher.

But it may be clearly asserted, that as the tone of the Elizabethan age was that of imagination, fancy, eventful story, heroic or pastoral sentiment, so that of the poetry of James's reign was *esprit*; — a search after remote allusions; and moral, political, satirical discussion, conducted by an abstruse, quaint, and pedantic taste.

Almost the whole of the genuine poetical faculty of this reign centered in the Dramatists.

It is true that the chief of these commenced their career before the Queen's death. The *Love's Labour Lost* of SHAKESPEARE first appeared as early as 1591; and the *Every Man in his Humour of* BEN JONSON, in 1598. The Commentators on these authors, — especially on the first, — swell their notes with masses of cotemporary literature; which perhaps are well enough to explain transient and forgotten allusions: but which have little concern with the spirit of the inimitable poet, and those merits from which the attention of the duly qualified reader ought not to be drawn. SHAKESPEARE was neither obstructed by his particular age; nor derived any of his excellences from it. He takes his facts; and he cares not if he often takes his thought and words; from others: but by some indefinable magic, in passing thro his hands they acquire a new being. — It was perhaps that he never thought of *Art*; and that his imagination was so supereminently vivid that every thing embodied itself to him in the most striking manner; and that he identified himself successively with every character he undertook to represent! With such creative faculties he could not avoid to be poetical; and in his language, even when he sought them least, all the perfect models of the true ornaments of poetry are to be found.

The *Drama* is a class of poetry distinct from all other; and ought in general to be considered apart; and has indeed been commonly so treated: but we could have no just conception of the poetical merit of King James's reign without resorting to SHAKESPEARE. BEN JONSON was a man of much more common endowment: but Art and Labour did for him what they could not have done, unless his native powers had been strong: and to his *dramas* also next to those of SHAKESPEARE, we are indebted for the most tolerable poetry

of this period. There is something perhaps in the *conflict* of the Drama, which by raising energetic emotion, forces out natural, vivid, and poetical thoughts: — rather than those which are the results of the cold, artificial, and far-sought efforts of the closet. When SHAKESPEARE set himself *in form* to write poetry, he did not reach a strain much above those of inferior men: witness his little separate volume of poems, which in defiance of all prejudice created by his name is very affected, and in a very corrupt taste.

With the reign of CHARLES I. commenced the poetry, with which the Booksellers thought proper to begin the Collection, to which Johnson's Lives were prefixed. It is a striking proof of the strange and narrow taste which prevailed in England fifty years ago. At this day it would seem hardly credible that no popular curiosity existed for our poets of an earlier date: — and it is the more singular, because *Percy's* Collection of *Ballads* had been already well received by the Public, and the *first*, if not the *second*, Volume of *Warton's History of English Poetry* had appeared: and long before this, the same Critic's very ingenious and elegant *Observations on Spenser's Fairy Queen* had been much applauded and read by all persons of cultivated and polite literature.

It is surprising that *Johnson*, whose own mind had been necessarily turned to the archaiology of our language by having fulfilled the Herculean task of an *English Dictionary*, did not seem to have himself much relish for our old poetical writers. The fact is, that he loved ratiocination in poetry, rather than imagination: — that is, he preferred ingenious and vigorous *versification* to *poetry*.

When we recollect that the age of MILTON's *juvenile poems*

was that of CHARLES I. we must concede to it all honour: but then we must not fail to recollect also, that these same inimitable poems were in that reign *totally* neglected, — while those of twenty contemptible poetasters were in great vogue, and went through numerous editions. Let some of our puffed-up rhymers of modern celebrity always bear this check upon their tumid minds! The taste of Charles I.'s time was a little better than that of his father; — but not much better! It had more of *fancy*; but it was a good deal the fancy of *Italian conceit*: I cannot call it imagination: — it was partly metaphysical; and sometimes made an effort at an illegitimate sort of wit. It did now and then however burst into strains of true lyrical poetry of the lighter sort; — yet, seldom throughout an whole composition; only in particular stanzas. Such may be found in *Lovelace; Carew; Suckling; Habingdon; Herrick*; *Shirley; Stanley; Sydney Godolphin;* etc. — in addition to what is more generally known, in *Cowley*, *Waller*, and *Denham*.

In Sacred Poetry some fervid, vigorous, or elegant passages are to be found in *Crashaw*, *Quarles*, *Wither*, and *George Sandys*, who was not only a very elegant scholar, but a translator of force and spirit, which in these latter days has been rather too much forgotten.

Though Sir *William Davenant* wanted that poetical invention, which can alone continue to interest, he was a very subtle thinker, had great command of polished and harmonious language, and could express ideas, difficultly conceived by others, with an extraordinary union of conciseness and clearness. This is not the primary purpose of poetry; but still it is very valuable; and very instructive.

With the Restoration of Charles II. was introduced the

French School of poetry: and this continued till the death of Pope. *Thomson* had broke in upon it: but he never superseded the great *moral* poet, who says of himself,

> « *That not in fancy's maze he wander'd long;*
> *But stoop'd to truth, and moralized his song.* »

It is well knowu of French poetry that *esprit* is its characteristic; that it has little imagery; — that it has more of thought than of sentiment; and more of sentiment, than of fancy; — and that it has scarce any imagination, or invention: consequently that it approaches nearer prose than that of the English, Italian, German, etc. Thus it more commonly avoids absurdities, but is too apt to fall into flatness.

If it be better to execute well in an inferior class than to attempt with more imperfect success compositions of an higher order, then the French school is the safest. Abilities much less rare are fitted to produce good French poetry; and the reader is content if he finds his understanding exercised; — even though his imagination be left to sleep.

When the *descriptive* genius of Thomson began in England to raise imitators in all the followers of the Muse, the exclusive cultivation of imagery soon went to as great an excess, as the attention to abstract thought and observations upon life had gone before. It would now have appeared that Poetry was an art confined to an exhibition of the material world; and that there was nothing of delight, — of grand, tender, or beautiful, — except in matter.

This narrow view at last, like every thing else which is

short of truth, wearied itself; and wore itself out. But it lasted half a century. Gray, who had a genius for description, saw its defectiveness, when used *exclusively*: and I think that he has so expressed himself when speaking of Thomson. There is not one of his poems which depends on *mere* imagery or description: the grand and characteristic charm of each of his very rich and immortal compositions is the powerful mixture of sentiment, reflection, moral observation, and reasoning, with his brilliant and plaintive imagery. It is the blending all these in vigorous and high proportions, which constitutes the magic of poetic genius, and gives that deep charm which will never die, or evaporate. Though the genius of Collins was in some respects like inspiration; — though in embodying and personifying abstract ideas he had more originality, more force, more richness, more invention than Gray, yet in this *crowning union* he was much his inferior.

It is not by the *masters* of the Art, that at any period or during any prevailing fashion, excesses are committed. It is by their followers; by the *imitatores, servum pecus:* who, siezing the leading feature of their models, exaggerate it into the sole object of ambition of their own absurd mimickries.

Cowper imitated his predecessors of the *descriptive school:* but he did not confine himself to it. He mingled ingredients and subjects, just as nature mingled them in his own mind. Every thing narrow, particular, and inconsistent with the proportion which truth requires, is radically bad; and however transient vogue may favour it, is sure to die an early death, and so utterly to perish as to be incapable to be revived by any effort or any skill.

Burns is another instance of that variety, — that freedom

from particular exaggeration, — in which alone there is permanent life.

With the present century commenced a new school; or rather a *dozen new* schools of poetry. All of them affected to tread their predecessors under their feet: — fully aware of their faults; and justified in the desire to release themselves from narrow and senseless trammels: but not equally successful in the means they took, and the remedies they sought to apply.

We know that DRYDEN was the Head of a School; and that POPE was the Head of the succeeding School, improved upon Dryden. THOMSON had then his School; and COLLINS, GRAY, and even AKENSIDE, all had their Schools. Then came the WARTON School: and last the COWPER School. Some living Scholars have followed: and last the School of one great man who has just gone to his grave in the vigour of youth.

LORD BYRON is gone: and ages may pass, before such splendid genius as his will appear again.

I cannot refrain from copying in this place some lines which have just appeared in the public Journals, because they affect and delight me.

FRAGMENT (*).

1.

I went to look
On Byron's aweful *manes;* twas a sight
Which all my spirit to its centre shook, —
Grand, glorious, passion-moving still, — the blight
Of death was there; but who could bear or brook
Such a sun clouded in so dark a night?
Not I : — I gazed upon his fearful sleep,
And tried to weep; but oh, I could not weep!

2.

Yet he was pale and ghastly! — nought was left,
But that high intellectual forehead, crown'd
With a few dark grey hairs, — his lips bereft
Of all their bitter scorns! — his eye-lids bound
In mists, and all his glories chill'd and cleft; —
For solitude and gloom were gather'd round, —
Save that poor pageantry and vain parade,
Which the dull gloominess far gloomier made.

(*) Copied from Galignani's Messenger, Tuesday 20.th July 1824.

3.

I turn'd away — my heart was sick — e'en now
His shade pursues me in my dreams! — I know
That he had evil in him; — but to bow
To tyrants — but to fawn upon the foe
Of freedom — but to proffer up a vow
For aught but men's most sacred interests — No!
This Byron never did. Ye slanderers tell,
If ye have served the cause of man so well!

4.

I watch'd him when his light was like the gleaming
Of a gay tremulous meteor o'er the sea; —
I watch'd him when his noontide rays were streaming
In all their lustre from Thermopylæ.
I could have then adored him — almost deeming
He was a re-awaken'd deity,
Out of the sacred sounds that Greece has rear'd
To names — whose shadows now have re appear'd.

5.

Twas there he died — fit grave! and there his form
Shall oft stalk forth: when o'er Parnassus' head
There gathers from the clouds some awful storm,
He shall be seen in white-robed garb to tread!
And breathing eloquent sounds to wake and warm
The heroic Greek; and for the patriot dead
Shall chant a hymn of liberty! as when
His fire-touch'd harp was heard by mortal men!

J. B.

I have written my opinion of the character and poetical genius of Lord Byron in some *Letters* published in *London in July* 1824, *by Longman and C.°*

Near the opening of *Lara*, Lord Byron has pourtrayed his own character better perhaps than any other can pourtray it:

« In youth all action, and all life,
Burning for pleasure, not averse from strife:
Women — the field — the ocean — all that gave
Promise of pleasure, peril of a grave,
In turn he tried, — he ransack'd all below,
And found his recompence in joy or woe,
No trite, tame medium; — for his feelings sought
In that intenseness an escape from thought:
The tempest of his heart in scorn had gazed
On that the feebler elements have raised;
The rapture of his heart had look'd on high,
And ask'd if greater dwelt beneath the sky; —
Chain'd to excess, the slave of each extreme! »
&c., &c.

And here I will stop my pen on the subject of *Lord Byron*: I have said much in other places already; and probably I shall have to say more hereafter.

I have thought on the subject, and especially on the theory, of poetry, till my head is giddy; and many will add, till my brain is turned. I began early; — I was a little chilled in middle life; — and now that I am old, the flame returns.

I see in *good* poetry all the virtue of moral philosophy without its dryness: but I am fastidious, and cannot allow much of what the *world* calls poetry to be *genuine*. I have given my reasons; for

to condemn by caprice seems to me to be more than foolish; and to be even malignant. My tests of poetical merit are before the world : if false, they will refute themselves : if true a reference ought to be made to them; — but with candour, and every kind allowance. The difficulty of an ordeal which so few can stand, ought always to be kept in mind; and if the true spirit sometimes shines out, we ought to be indulgent to faults, and recollect how many blights and obstacles the purest flame has to encounter.

I may repeat with PHILLIPS — « *of genuine and true-born poets I fear me our number would fall short.* » — so short, that few of the names of this volume would retain their place! For is there one in twenty or thirty of them, who has shewn true and proper *poetical invention?* And without such invention, they may be *versifiers;* they cannot really be poets! Writers of spritely songs, and rhymesters of pretty fancies, are wanting in all the primary constituents. They may give a sort of feeble emotion of pleasure; but they stir no great faculty.

How shall we account for the rarity of good poetry? — for the infrequency with which the poetical faculty seems to have been adequately bestowed? — I can hardly suppose the native gift so extremely rare : it is probable that the impediments to a due cultivation of it are still more in the way of its success. — The Poet not only from the moment of his appearance before the Public, but from his entrance into life, meets with the most repulsive and heart-deranging obstacles. If his senses had not been excessively quick, he would not have had the native gift; but this excessive quickness exposes them perpetually to an over-action that produces disease; — and languor and disappointment are more likely to follow, than an economy of equable strength.

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There is an enthusiasm in poetical genius, which never yet was exempt in early life from the feverish desire of fame: and perhaps never yet was so fortunate as not to be deeply disappointed.

On some the disappointment falls more heavily than on others, because nothing is more demonstrative, than that fame is not conferred with any reference to merit; but at best capriciously, and often in proportion to demerit. Still reason, and the lessons of literary history, cannot suppress this passion. How beautifully is this touched in the never-tiring, though ever-cited, passage of *Milton's Lycidas*!

« Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise,
(That last infirmity of noble minds,)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days:
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears
And slits the thin-spun life. « But not the praise, »
Phœbus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears,
« Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies, —
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove:
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed. »

We hope that posterity will be just to us, if our cotemporaries will not! — If posterity confers any fame, it will probably be just: but it must be a very brilliant merit, which gains a notice from posterity that could not be excited when

the author was living. Yet in the enthusiasm of youth we delude ourselves even with the hope of what posterity may do: in old age we expect little, and should not be much cheered, even if we could assure ourselves of the future certainty. Thus it is that despondence blights so many: and delusive hope still cherishes the heat in the bosoms of a few; and urges them to put forth their uncrushed but half-ripened fruit. There is no class of genius to whom the world is so capricious and discouraging as to poets.

What will this List, and these short Characters of so many Poets, or Writers of Verses, teach us? — Little, I am afraid, but to chill our enthusiasm; and to doubt the power of that genius, in which it is so delightful to have faith.

« *Alas! what boots it with incessant care*
To tend the homely, slighted, Shepherd's care,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair? (*) »

If poetry can be successfully cultivated, and successfully executed to any extent, then it is different! But all experience proves how seldom this, for some cause or other, happens! how many alienate themselves from common concerns, and unfit themselves for the ordinary duties of life; yet never reach, or even approach, that for which they made the sacrifice! Men of talents, not a little distinguished above the multitude, have yet fallen short of poets! We are al-

(*) Lycidas.

ways unhappy from the attempt at what we do not accomplish. Without trial, however, who can tell what he may, or may not, be able to perform? When there was a probable hope, the unsuccessful aspirant may console himself, by saying,

— magnis tamen excidit ausis!

In the lapse of eventful years since I first took upon me (in 1799) to give a partial Reprint of such of *Phillips's* Characters as regarded *English* Poets, I have matured my judgment, and perhaps extended my knowlege of poetry; but I have made little progress in it by any compositions of my own. My spirits have been too much distracted, and my hopes too much lowered. I blame myself severely for this: it is the property of that grandeur of mind to which every poetical writer ought to aspire, not to be cast down by prejudice, envy, malice, injustice, or wrong! — It was the glory of *Lord Byron* that attempts to sink him only drew forth his strength. Dauntless perseverance will even confer power, where before it was doubtful! The effect of progressive industry is miraculous! And what is criticism? and from whom does it commonly proceed? From the author's most bitter enemy, or most confirmed rival, *protected by a mask!* from the mercenary hireling of some publisher in a contrary commercial interest! from some political or provincial adversary! No one therefore ought ever to allow himself to be sunk, or deeply affected by it. But however few have been the poets endowed with sufficient genius to merit success, it is probable that at least one half of them have been nipped in the bud, and condemned to silence, by these sorts of criticism.

The effect of criticism, even where it does not suppress, is to cause a substitution of art for nature; and to produce restraint and labour, instead of that freedom and ease, without which there can be no eloquence or affecting poetry. This is one of the many obstacles, with which the poet has to contend in reaching excellence; or even at attaining any distinction.

I have said something already in various places of this Preface, and these Notes, of the more modern candidates for poetical fame; — but I do not think it will be out of place to transcribe here from my Common-place Book some farther Characters drawn by me on 21 *April* 1823.

« The spirituality and beatitude of the personifications of Collins lift them a little above human interests, though they are the abstracts of moral truths. »

« There is much good in Cowper: but he wants enthusiasm, energy, concentration, invention. He has a clear, picturesque, just fancy: yet rarely, imagination! — He was an accurate observer, — not only of nature, — but, wherever his experience gave him an opportunity, — of man also: — yet he was not very conversant with the deeper passions. His feelings were gentle and delicate: and hence perhaps he was deficient in mental courage, even to morbidness. He throws his own placidness and content upon his reader; but he never rouses him. »

« Burns is more vigorous and more imaginative. — He siezes upon those ideal associations, and invents those ideal sentiments springing out of them, which mark an higher order of poetical power. »

« Beattie, had, I think, more imagination than Cowper;

and more approach to lyrical vigour; but he had not so much nature : what he did, partook more of acquirement, and effort. »

« The descriptions of Tom Warton are rather the results of a nice attention, than of what is caught by the eye

« In a fine phrensy rolling. »

« Mason was too ambitious : and his poetry is for the most part more the poetry of language, than of thought, or sentiment. »

« The poetry of Darwin is very ingenious and splendid *mechanism*. »

« Jerningham has no one poetical faculty in a degree sufficient to raise him above mediocrity : he now and then reaches *prettiness* : but his very undertanding was feeble. »

« Hayley wanted fancy, originality, and strength. He had considerable acquirements, and a fair, though not powerful, judgment. As a translator, especially of Italian, he now and then attained excellence. »

« Joseph Warton had refined taste, and exquisite scholarship : but he had no original genius. »

« Goldsmith never approaches to the higher features of poetry. He is in common little better than a clear and harmonious versifier of plain good sense. But his plaintiveness has something in it monotonous, and sickly : and his descriptions have often both a minuteness and a tameness, which are tasteless, and at the same time dispiriting. »

« Johnson had a genius for moral and satirical declamation; but he wanted distinct and picturesque imagery; and also imagination and poetic enthusiasm : nor had he

fresh and native feeling. He was not without a reflective and compound feeling, arising from a strong moral sense operating on a profound understanding. »

« Soame Jenyns was a neat and clear versifier, with a lively wit, and sagacious understanding; a skilful knowlege of life derived from long and accurate observation; and a faculty of original thinking, which gave spirit and point to his matter.

« Churchill was a satirist, whom nature formed to excell in his own branch of composition. He was vehement, indignant, vigorous, striking; and generally just in his observations and strong in his language : but careless; uncontroled in the ebullition of momentary passion; coarse, and unprincipled; over-confident and defying; sportful of his strength; unequal; sometimes dull; and sometimes crude, indigested, and harsh. »

Lloyd had more wit, but less force : he was good-humoured, and playful. »

« Jephson was an historic versifier; a difficult but inferior class of poetry. »

« Hurdis had no original notes : he was an imitator of Cowper; but instead of catching Cowper's ease, he was almost always affected; often turgid; and sometimes harsh. »

« Kirke White had a moral sweetness; a gentle and clear melancholy; a sort of sainted purity; a transparent elegance of expression, in which ease and purity just reached the point of grace, conveying a tenderness and nicety of unborrowed and unforced thought, which gives a peculiar and inexpressible charm to his best compositions. »

« John Bampfylde had both description and sentiment, manly moral and just. »

« John Leyden's *Scenes of Infancy* are easy, harmonious, natural, and classical: the sentiments and images always partake of the character of true poetry : but he wants a little more vigour; and a little more originality. »

« Major Mercer has produced one or two pleasing poems of a gentle cast; and has shewn that he possessed powers which with more exertion might have brought forth valuable fruits.

« M.rs Carter had a deep reflective intellect; a slow but profound apprehension ; a fancy patient, and perhaps sluggish, but vigorous and clear, when roused; a sensibility of the same character as her other faculties; a strict and conscientious conviction of moral duties, and an awful sense of religion. From the compound of these her poetry flowed, and her poetical character must be taken. All her compositions are moral; with that sparing use of imagery, and that sober sentiment, which shew them to be both subordinate to her understanding. Her style is pure, nervous, terse, elegant, and harmonious: her thoughts are not only just, but select, energetic and striking : there is an awful dignity in her opinions, reflections, and sentiments, as of one earnestly speaking from superior intelligence. She writes as a sage, rather than as a poet; but she always conveys her doctrines poetically. »

« Miss Seward had vastly more pretension ; and perhaps more native fancy : but her understanding, though sharp, was capricious; her judgment weak; her heart under the influence of selfish passions; her knowlege superficial and affected; and her taste corrupt. An extreme vanity, an overruling love of splendor, deformed her compositions, and made her sentiments often turgid, unnatural, extravagant and insin-

cere. Sometimes her efforts produced brilliant passages: but they oftener failed. The labour generally betrays itself: and apparent labour is always displeasing. »

« M.rs Charlotte Smith is the precise contrast to *Miss Seward*. Easy, natural, elegant, perspicuous, melancholy, she writes without effort; and throws out the unaffected transcript of her feelings, which seem to clothe themselves in verses as readily as they rise. Her love of nature appears to be so pure; her fancy so serene and cærulean; she exhibits so many exquisite touches of nice perception; and the sentiments to which they give occasion, are so simple, so tender, and so beautiful; that their charm to readers of moral sensibility, and genuine taste, is irresistible. »

« M.rs John Hunter is characterised by sentiment a little more impregnated with moral melancholy; and is often more prosaic in expression: but there is yet a great sweetness, simplicity, and tenderness in many of her songs. »

The following additional observations from my M.S. Common-place Book will not be inappropriately introduced here.

« The effects of the French school of poetry, which was brought in with the Restoration of Ch. II. did not cease till the death of *Pope*. It was then found that the example of this school had narrowed the field of poetry too much. Too much had been given to reasoning, and observations on actual life; and too little to the bolder flights of imagination; and

***

the deeper emotions of the heart. There were particular exceptions : but not sufficient to disturb the popular taste. —

Thomson's Seasons were a beautiful exception : — but still they principally confined themselves to *observation*, and reality ; — though of inanimate nature.

Romance had expired with the *feudal Manners*. It was with them the spring of action.

It now occurred to some active and ingenious spirits to reapply it to modern poetry. The times and mental characters of the people were changed : it required therefore a very nice discrimination to know how far the use might be carried.

It was found on recurring to Milton and Spenser and Shakespeare, that Dryden and Pope had abandoned some of the noblest domains of poetry : that they had neglected a large part of the riches and strength of our language : that by confining poetry to those topics and those modes of intellectual thinking, to which the daily conflict with practical society habituates a man's mind, they had lost that grandeur of conception, and energy of sentiment, which it is a main business of poets to inspire. It was observed, that vigour, and the freshness of new-sprung ideas, were often lost in cold correctness ; and that this department of human genius was dwindling into mechanical composition.

All these opinions were surely correct : the difficulty was how to remedy them. To design and to execute are very different things. Servile imitation of the old masters would not do : many parts of their compositions were no longer applicable to the times. What was a matter of popular belief in the reign of Q. Eliz. or even James I. was no longer so. It often happened that changes had taken place from the positive im-

provements in the construction of language and use of words, from which it would be folly to recede. In preferring strength to over-laboured polish, it behoved to be constantly watchful, lest it should in a blind admiration be confounded with beauties: and lest what was proper for the age that produced it, should necessarily be deemed proper for one entirely changed by the lapse of years, and the course of events.

Two men of very rare but distinct genius rose at this time, on whose minds this recurrence to a most romantic school of Poetry had a strong effect — *Collins*, and *Gray*. Each however had too original a genius to adopt them with servility, and as models.

Collins surrendered up his fancy to them with an enthusiasm, which produced a belief similar to that by which they had been inspired. But he grafted upon it a manner of his own; a personification of abstract moral qualities. This sort of allegorical representations prevails in a more mixed manner in Spenser and the poets of chivalry: — it is not so spiritualized: it often seems to talk and act like a more substantial human agent. — In the perfect insubstantiality, in the etherial essence of Collins's feigned personages, there is an excellence, an inspiration, peculiar to himself. — But this very peculiarity a good deal deprives them of human interest. — It is probable that, young as he was, and not connected with society by birth or fortune, circumstances had not thrown him into any intimate and affecting involvement with the complex relations of society: and therefore that the native energies of heart were all free for those ideal affections, which engrossed his creative faculties, and gave leisure for all the colours of his mind to deepen and invigorate.

Gray, with a fancy not less brilliant, but, perhaps, with less of *invention*, drew from the same sources, to equal advantage, but in a different manner. His childhood had been familiar with domestic misfortune : the moral evils of real life sat with a weight of despondence upon his heart : nature had given him tender, deep, conscientious, and contemplative affections : fear predominated over hope with him : his judgment was fastidious; his taste was morbidly nice. With these conflicting qualities the fire of his mind required extraordinary impulse, to bring it into action.

When the spring of poetry within him swelled till an overwhelming sorrow burst it, the treasured sources, from which it had been impregnated, shewed themselves intermixed with every thought and expression; and the lofty tone of an ardent mind subdued by affliction displayed itself in those vivid pictures, in the visual embodiment of those shadowy movements of the mind, which danced before the eyes of Spenser, inspired Sackville, and immortalized Dante.

The imaginary beings of *Gray* are broader, bolder, more defined than those of *Collins* : but they are more mortal than his : they have less of that aerial unborrowed dazzling lightness, that seems to spring from an hand in which we trace no marks of human contrivance.

All variety, so long as it is a legitimate variety, is desirable. Even if it were admitted that the school of Dryden and Pope is of an higher rank than that of Collins and Gray, yet if Collins and Gray be also of a legitimate school, and be masters in that school, then the change was desirable. It is by change that vigour and freshness are given to the human mind.

Now there is nothing in this departure from the subject of common life, which is at all inconsistent with the indispensible quality of *Truth*. What is select, is not there-

fore untrue. What is grand, is not untrue, because it is familiar only to the highly endowed, and is not to be found among the multitude. Nor does the manner and form of delivering it make it untrue. « Truth severe may be dressed in fairy fiction. »

I know not that the meaning couched even in one allegory of Collins, or one personification of *Gray*, is false.

(Can this, by the bye, be said of one of our living poets ?)

The correctness taught by Pope extended itself to his successors in every department. The turn of *Shenstone's* mind led him to a sort of *moral* and *descriptive Elegy*, which he first brought into fashion. His stanzas are polished into extreme elegance, and finished construction of language; and great harmony of versification. But there prevails through them a tenuity of thought and expression, a sameness of subject and ideas, and querulous sort of melancholy, which weary and depress the reader. The sentiments and reflections are not incorrect; but they are feeble; and often trite.

The public mind, now brought back into the more flowery departments of poetry, impelled the candidates for poetical fame into rejected and overgrown paths.

Akenside, with a mind more rhetorical than close, sought out a metaphysical subject, on which he might hang all his profusion of ornament, and endless amplitude of illustration. He seems to have delighted more in the splendor of the dress, than in the merits of the matter which it covered. He never deals in those vigorous or nice touches, which move by their force, or enchant by their just and happy precision. He has no concentrated strength : he exhausts by expansion.

To a genuine lover of the Muse it is difficult to give

much interest to DIDACTIC poetry. That, of which the primary object is *preceptive*, has in it something seemingly almost incompatible with the first principles of poetry. Among the ancients, indeed, Lucretius had set an example of this sort of composition. Akenside had only to throw into a a poetical form the prose essays of Addison on this subject. I think his ideas seem to have been almost all *derivative*; and to have been more upon his *memory*, than upon his *heart*.

His poem exercises the mind with variety: but he never rouses the intellect; or moves the feelings. His is the enthusiasm of a mind heated with study, and fermenting with the richness of the fruits it has gathered.

It partakes too much of the air of philosophic discipline for the erratic visions of a poet's taste.

Akenside, however, striking out a composition, which was considered to have had (perhaps justly) a new character, gained by it immediate and extensive celebrity. Without novelty, there are scarcely any instances of the acquisition *of popular fame*.

MASON gained it by his *Elfrida* and *Caractacus*, which were a *new* species of *drama*.

GOLDSMITH again came forward with his demi-politico-descriptive and topographical poems.

Then came BEATTIE with his *Minstrel*, again on a new subject; and in a novel form.

At last Fashion, always moving in a circle, came round again to matters of fact; and received with applause HAYLEY's *Epistle to Romney*, &c.

Then came COWPER and BURNS; and then that glittering phenomenon, DARWIN's *Love of the Plants*.

Just as the Century expired, rose the *Lake poetry*. Then, *Scotch Ministrelsy* and *Irish Melodies*. Last Lord *Byron*, (1812).

It may be curious to hear what the French Critics say of LORD BYRON. *The following extracts are from* Revue Encyclopédique, vol. V, pag. 129, 145, par L. Thiessé. *And from* vol. VI, pag. 599, *signed* M.A.I.

Vol. V, *pag.* 145. — « Lord Byron a toutes les dispositions qui, développées, constituent le grand poète; mais il est à craindre que, suivant la route qu'il a choisie, il ne parvienne jamais à composer de ces ouvrages qui traversent les siècles, et à se créer cette réputation dont une vogue passagère n'est que l'image infidèle. »

Vol. VI, *pag.* 599. — « La poésie originale, pittoresque, énergique, souvent sublime de Lord Byron, ne pouvait que perdre beaucoup dans une traduction en prose. Celle-ci est quelquefois pâle et décolorée. Cependant, on lit avec un vif intérêt ces poëmes bizarres, étincelans de beautés, dont l'auteur trouve de nobles inspirations dans les écarts mêmes d'une imagination mélancolique, désordonnée, affranchie de toute espèce de joug. — On peut lui reprocher de manquer de jugement pour concevoir et pour ordonner un plan. — Il n'a que

rarement cette sensibilité profonde qui vient de l'âme, et qui se communique à l'âme. — Une sombre misanthropie le domine; un froid mépris pour les hommes, pour la vie, pour les choses terrestres et mortelles; une sorte de dégoût et de satiété qui s'étend à tous les objets, n'empêchent point que de grandes et belles pensées n'échappent, comme par saillies, des ténébres dans lesquelles il se plait à s'envelopper. — Par ce motif, quoique la lecture de ses poésies soit séduisante et entraînante, elle ne penètre point très-avant dans le cœur. On ne se trouve ni meilleur, ni plus heureux, par une communication intime avec lui. » —

(M. A. I.)

« *OEuvres complètes de LORD BYRON; 4.e édition, précédée d'une notice sur l'auteur par Mr. Charles Nodier, et ornée de vingt-cinq vignettes.* »

« On ne doit pas oublier en parlant de Lord Byron qu'il n'est pas toujours exempt des vices justement reprochés à l'école dont il peut être regardé comme le chef. Mais si la plus belle poésie était toujours celle qui laisse dans l'âme des lecteurs l'impression la plus profonde, Lord Byron serait le plus grand des poètes. — Il a parfaitement compris que, pour produire de l'effet dans notre siècle, il fallait ne s'appuyer que sur les passions les plus énergiques : on trouve dans ses poëmes toute l'exaltation d'une imagination hardie, et les erreurs d'une intelligence supérieure. »

« Il est par excellence le poète de l'orgueil, de la haine, de l'amour et de toutes les angoisses de l'âme. — Son style, quelquefois exagéré, a toujours de la force, et nous surprend aussi par sa grâce et sa facilité. »

« Quoiqu'on ne puisse apprécier à sa juste valeur un semblable poète dans une traduction, celle qu'a publiée le libraire Ladvocat a obtenu un succès dont plus d'un auteur national pourrait être jaloux. — L'homme de lettres à qui nous en sommes redevables, a quelquefois heureusement rendu les beautés de l'original ; et il lui appartenait de faire encore mieux sentir Lord Byron par un essai analytique sur ses ouvrages. La quatrième édition des œuvres complètes du noble Lord est enfin terminée par la publication simultanée du premier et du sixième volume. »

« L'éditeur a enrichi cette édition de tout le luxe de la calcographie anglaise. Quelques gravures originales ne déparent nullement la collection des charmantes vignettes de Westall. — Depuis long-temps il n'était pas sorti des presses de M. Didot un livre aussi *élégant* sous tous les rapports. »

« Le sixième volume contient le drame nouveau de *Werner* et les cinq chants amusans de *don Juan* qui n'avaient pas encore été imprimés dans le format in-8.°. — Le tome premier, qui forme la dernière livraison, contient *le Corsaire*, *Lara*, *la Malediction de Minerve*, et *le Ciel et la Terre* ou *les Amours des Anges*, avec plusieurs autres pièces inédites jusqu'à ce jour. »

« Un précieux morceau de littérature romantique, par Mr. Nodier, commence ce volume. On y retrouve cette magie de style et cette originalité de pensées qui ont fait chez nous la fortune de toutes les productions auxquelles est attaché le nom de Mr. Nodier. La notice précède l'essai plus étendu et très-curieux du traducteur qui nous fait bien augurer du *Voyage lit-*

téraire en Angleterre et en Ecosse qu'il devait publier. — Un nouveau portrait fort ressemblant de LORD BYRON n'est pas la parure la moins remarquable de cette nouvelle édition des OEuvres complètes du premier des poètes romantiques. »

Quotidienne, 24 *Mars* 1823.

BYSSHE SHELLEY'S posthumous poems have been published since I printed the Memoir of him. I extract the following beautiful Song.

SONG.

The Spirit of Delight.

1.

Rarely, rarely, comest thou,
Spirit of Delight!
Wherefore hast thou left me now
Many a day and night?
Many a weary night and day
Tis since thou art fled away.

2.

How shall ever one like me
Win thee back again?
With the joyous and the free
Thou wilt scoff at pain!
Spirit false, thou hast forgot
All but those who need thee not.

3.

As a lizard with the shade
Of a trembling leaf,
Thou with sorrow art dismay'd :
E'en the sighs of grief
Reproach thee that thou art not near ;
And reproach thou wilt not hear.

4.

Let me set my mournful ditty
To a merry measure;
Thou wilt never come for pity;
Thou wilt come for pleasure;
Pity then will cut away
Those cruel wings, and thou will stay.

5.

I love all that thou lovest,
Spirit of Delight !
The fresh Earth in new leaves drest ;
And the starry night;
Autumn evening, and the morn,
When the golden mists are born !

6.

I love snow; and all the forms
Of the radiant frost;
I love winds and waves and storms ;
Every thing almost
Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by such misery.

7.

I love tranquil solitude,
And such society,
As is quiet, wise, and good:
Between thee and me
What difference! but thou dost possess
The things I seek; not love them less.

8.

I love Love, though he has wings,
And like light can flee,
But above all other things,
Spirit, I love thee —
Thou art love and life! O come,
Make once my heart thy home?

Thus it is that, after a thousand interruptions, I bring this Reprint to a close. I think that it will scarcely be denied to contain several useful notices, which will not elsewhere be found at all. Of what may be the value of my own critical opinions, scattered in the notes and preface it would be indelicate in me to attempt any anticipation: — they have been given frankly, and are not the result of hasty and capricious thought.

All that can be said of poetry, — and especially of its principles,— may supposed to be already known: but it is

not so; there is much, which wants revival and recognition, if not original developement; and the recurrence to ancient standards is the most probable mean of successfully exposing modern heresies.

And here I leave this (among my numerous thankless offerings to literature,) to its fate.

Geneva, 7 Oct. 1824.

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OR

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With some Observations and reflexions upon many of them, particularly those of our own Nation.

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By EDWARD PHILLIPS.

ἔδ' Ολβιος ἔντινα μῦσαι
φιλεῦνται; γλύκερη οἱ ἀπὸ ϛοματος ῥεει ἀυδή.

Hesiod Theogn.

LONDON,

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ORIGINAL DEDICATORY PREFACE

Of EDWARD PHILLIPS.

To the most Learned, Virtuous, and by me most Honoured, Pair of Friends, THOMAS STANLEY of Cumberlow-Green, in Hertfordshire, and EDWARD SHERBURN, Clerk of his Majesty's Ordinance in the Tower of London, Esq.[s]

1. As oft as I seriously consider with myself, most worthy Associates in Learning and Virtue, and my most honoured Friends, what a vast difference there is, or at least seems to be, between one part of Mankind and the other; how near the intelligence of Angels the one, how beneath the ingenuity and industry of many brute animals the other; how aspiring to the perfection of knowlege the one, how immersed in swinish sloth and ignorance the other; I am apt to wonder how it could possibly be imagined that the same rationality of soul should inform alike, as we are obliged to believe by the authority of Sacred Scriptures, and the doctrine of the Soul's immortality, the whole mass and frame

of Human Nature; — and not rather that there should be a gradation of Notion from the lowest brute up to the Angelic region.

2. But that calling to mind the common maxim of philosophy, that the perfection of Soul is the same in the Infant, as in the Ripe of age; only acting more or less vigorously, according to the capacity of the organs; I thence collect that there is also a different capacity of the organs, whence ariseth a different spirit and constitution, or some intervening cause, by which it either acts or lies dormant, even in persons of the same age.

3. The first is that MELIOR NATURA, which the Poet speaks of; with which whoever is amply endued, take that man from his infancy; throw him into the deserts of Arabia; there let him converse some years with tigers and leopards; and at last bring him where civil society and conversation abides, and ye shall see how on a sudden, the scales and dross of his barbarity purging off by degrees, he will start up a prince or legislator, or some such illustrious person.

4. The other is that noble thing, called EDUCATION. This is that harp of Orpheus, that lute of Amphion, so elegantly figured by the poets to have wrought such miracles among irrational and insensible creatures, which raiseth beauty even out of deformity; order and regularity out of chaos and confusion; and which if thoroughly and rightly prosecuted, would be able to civilize the most savage natures, and root out barbarism and ignorance from off the face of the earth.

5. Those, who have either of these qualifications singly may justly be termed MEN; those who have *both* united in

an happy conjunction, MORE THAN MEN: those, who have *neither* of them in any competent measure, certainly in the conduct of their lives, LESS THAN MEN. And of this last sort is composed that greater part by far of *our* habitable world, (for what the nature and distinction is of the inhabitants of other orbs is to us utterly unknown, though not any where circumscribed, but diffused alike through the four quarters;) commonly called the *Vulgar* or *Multitude*: I mean not altogether those of the lowest birth or fortune, but those, of what degree or quality soever, who live *Sardanapalian* lives, τῶν ἀνδραποδων τρόπω, as the philosopher hath it; not caring to understand aught beyond to *eat*, *drink*, and *play*.

6. And no wonder if the memories of such persons as these sink with their bodies into the earth, and lie buried in profound obscurity and oblivion; when, even among those that tread the paths of glory and honour, those who have signalized themselves either by great actions in the field, or by noble arts of peace, or by the monuments of their written works more lasting sometimes than brass or marble, very many, but especially of the writing party, have fallen short of their deserved immortality of name; and lie under a total eclipse; or at least cast but a faint and glimmering light, like those innumerable seeds of Stars in the Galaxy, not distinctly to be discerned by any telescope.

7. And indeed there is an exact ressemblance between the fate of writers, and the common fate of Mankind. For as in human affairs, some men never so virtuously, never so bravely acting, are passed by unvalued, unrewarded, or at least, not deserving ill, fall by unhappy lot into unrea-

sonable hands and miseries, far worse than death; others for no desert are hoisted up to honours which of right belong not to them; or, being guilty of things worthy of utmost shame or punishment, yet scape the stroke of justice; and oft-times with hoary heads go down to the grave in peace;—some, deserving well, meet with rewards suitable to their merits;—others, with contempt due to their no deserts; or, if criminal, with punishments proportionable to their crimes: So in the State of Learning, among the writers of all ages, some deserve fame, and have it; others neither have, nor deserve it; some have it, not deserving; others, though deserving, yet totally miss it, or have it not equal to their deserts!

8. And these are the Men who require our most peculiar consideration, and for whose sake chiefly it is that this design hath been undertaken. For, though the personal calamities of poor wretched mortals are the highest object of human pity, yet methinks there is something of compassion due to extinguished virtue, and the loss of many ingenuous, elaborate, and useful works; and even the very names of some, who having perhaps been comparable to *Homer* for heroic poesy, or to *Euripides* for tragedy, yet nevertheless sleep inglorious in the crowd of the forgotten Vulgar: and for as many of those names, whether more or less eminent, as have been preserved from utter oblivion, together with an account for the most part of what they writ, all Learned Men, especially such as are curious of antiquity, are obliged to those generous Registers, who have been studious to keep alive the memories of famous Men, of whom it is at least some satisfaction to understand that there were once such men, or writings, in being.

9. However, since their Works having by whatever casualty perished, their Names, though thus recorded, yet as being dispersed in several authors, and some of those not of the most conspicuous note, are scarce known to the generality even of the Learned themselves; and since of later ages the memories of many whose works have been once made public, and in general esteem, have nevertheless through tract of time, and the succession of new generations, fallen to decay, and dwindled almost to nothing; I judged it a Work in some sort not unconducing to a public benefit, and to many not ungrateful, to muster up together in a body, though under their several classes, as many of those who have employed their fancies or inventions in all the several Arts and Sciences, as I could either collect out of the several Authors that have mentioned them in part, or by any other ways could come to the knowlege of.

10. But finding this too various and manifold a task to be managed at once, I pitched upon one Faculty first; which, not more by chance than inclination, turns out to be that of the Poets; a science certainly of all others the most noble and exalted; and not unworthily termed Divine, since the height of poetical rapture hath ever been accounted little less than Divine Inspiration.

11. Pardon me therefore, most honoured Friends, if having undertaken a province more weighty and difficult than the account of any other Art and Science, and which beyond all others exerciseth the utmost nicety and sagacity of judgment, I ambitiously make address to the patronage of persons of so fair a reputation, as well in poetry as other parts of learning, and who are yourselves parties not obscurely or without just merit concerned, whom, against what-

ever may happen either of deserved or undeserved censure, I crave leave in the first case to have recourse to as Advocates; in the next to appeal to as Judges; it being studiously my desire to anticipate, as much as possibly in me lies, all that can be said of prejudice, or exception;—which, if I foresee aright, will amount only in the main to one grand objection; namely, the omission of some that ought to have been mentioned; and the mentioning of others that might without injustice have been omitted.

12. As to the *first* part of this objection, I have nothing to do, but humbly to beg the pardon of the persons so neglected if alive, or otherwise of the concerned reader in their behalf. Not that I think myself obliged to receive prescriptions from any but whom I think competent to judge who are and who are not worthy;—but as being not altogether unconscious to myself, and conceiving it no disparagement to acknowlege that, for haste, and want of that profound leisure and other advantages which are requisite for the bringing of all endeavours to maturity; (though I question whether ever any human work was ever yet so perfect as might not admit either of addition or diminution,) many things may possibly have been omitted; some things also mistaken; though I dare confidently avouch, that of very conspicuous note there have been forgotten very few, if any.

13. And for those, who pretending, and perhaps not without reason, to poetical fancy or judgment equal to many that have written with applause, yet nevertheless have contented themselves to be wise, ingenuous, or judicious only to themselves, not caring to transmit any memorials to pos-

terity, — certainly those men, though able to contend with *Apollo* himself, cannot in reason challenge to themselves a place among the poetical writers, except upon the testimony of some very authentic author.

14. What shall we say of those, who, studying no doubt public benefit above private fame, (for so in charity we ought to believe,) have forborne to set their names to what they have written; which, if by any kind of intelligence they could be recovered, it would be a most unmannerly thing to divulge his name to the world, who thinks fit himself to have it concealed. — Sorry I am I cannot pay a due respect to M.r Anonymous: but he is the author of so many Books, that to make but a *Catalogue* of them would require a Volume sufficient of itself. Others there are, who vouchsafe but the *two first Letters* of their names: and these, it is to be supposed, desire to be known only to some friends, that understand the interpretation of those letters, or some cunning men in the Art of Divination.

15. Now as to the *last* part of the objection, I have so much the more confidence to stand upon my own justification, by how much I rely upon this maxim, that it is less injustice to admit of *twenty* that deserve no notice or mention, than to omit *one* that really deserves.

16. And here, methinks, there seems to arise a large field of examination and distinction, between those that are in truth of no value or desert; and those that are generally reputed so.

17. It is to be observed that some have been once of great esteem, and have afterwards grown out of date: others have never arrived to any esteem: and possibly in both cases the

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merits of the cause may have been various on either side. Yet I am apt to believe that as it is a more frequent thing to *over* than *under* value; so a universal contempt is a shrewd, not infallible, sign of a universal indesert. The reason is plain: for, though no doubt the number of the judicious and knowing is as great if not greater than ever, yet most confessedly not so great as that of the ignorant, or only superficially knowing. There are many that think; few only that judge: therefore things of the most transcendent excellence are for the most part only valued by persons of transcendent judgment: whereas the indifferent and plausible are received with general and vulgar applause. So that those works, which, being advantageously published, nevertheless obtain no fame, may be justly suspected of little or no worth; since, had they been excellent, they might, falling into the hands of the few that judge, have been buoyed up by their authority. Had they been plausible, they would have been cried up by the many that think.

18. And shall such very ignote and contemptible pretenders be allowed a place among the most renowned of poetic writers; among so many laureated heads with the triumphant wreath of *Parnassus?* I beg your favourable attentions; yours in the first place, most equal Judges; yours in the next, most courteous Readers; let me plead a little for the well-meaning only, as something sympathising with those for whom I plead. Virtue will plead for itself; and needs no advocate. First, let it be considered that no man designs to write ill: every one either writes well, or would write well. It is not in the power of mortal man to discover that wit, judgment, fancy, or industry, with which he never was endowed; and without most of which, if not all, a good poem

cannot be written. It is his hard fate therefore, who void of all becomes a dabler in poetry : we are not all born *heroic poets ;* nor writers of *sublime tragedy.*

19. However, there is no poetical volume, be it never so small, but it requires some pains to bring it forth, or else a notable fluent knack of rhyming, or versifying. And how small a matter is it for never so trivial a work, before it comes to be condemned to the drudgery of the *Chandler*, or *Tobacco-man*, after the double expence of brain to bring it forth, and of purse to publish it to the world, to have this small memorial, « *Such a one wrote such a thing.* » Besides that it will easily be imagined in works of this nature, that we write as well to the *Inquisitive* as the *Judicious* ; to the *Curious* as the *Critic.* There are many busy Inquirers after books; — not good books, but books : — what hath been written on such or such a subject : — for these men, who would grudge the slight mention of a book and its author; yet, not so far as to condescend to the taking notice of every *single-sheeted pie-corner poet*, who comes squirting out with an *Elegy in mourning* for every Great Person that dies.

20. As for the antiquated and fallen into obscurity from their former credit and reputation, they are for the most part those that have written beyond the verge of the present age : for let us look back as far as about *thirty* or *forty* years ; and we shall find a profound silence of the poets beyond that time : except of some few *dramatics*, of whose real worth the interest of the now flourishing Stage cannot but be sensible.

21. Is antiquity then a crime ? No, certainly : it ought to

be rather had in veneration : — but nothing, it seems, relishes so well as what is written in the smooth style of our present language taken to be of late so much refined.

22. True it is, that the style of poetry till Henry the 8.th's time, and partly also within his reign, may very well appear uncouth, strange, and unpleasant to those that are affected only with what is familiar and accustomed to them. Not but there were even before those times some that had their poetical excellencies if well examined; and chiefly, among the rest, *Chaucer*, who through all the neglect of former-aged poets still keeps a name; being by some few admired for his real worth; to others not unpleasing for his facetious way, which, joined with his old English, entertains them with a kind of drollery.

23. However, from Queen Elizabeth's reign the language hath been not so unpolished as to render the poetry of that time ungrateful, to such as at this day will take the pains to examine it well.

24. Besides, if no poetry should please but what is calculated to every refinement of a language, of how ill consequence this would be for the future, let him consider, and make it his own case, who being now in fair repute, and promising to himself a lasting fame, shall two or three ages hence, when the language comes to be double refined, understand, (if Souls have any intelligence after their departure hence what is done on Earth), that his works are become obsolete and thrown aside.

25. If then their antiquated style be no sufficient reason why the Poets of former ages should be rejected, much less

the pretence of their antiquated mode or fashion of poetry, which whether it be altered for the better or not, I cannot but look upon it as a very pleasant humour, that we should be so compliant with the *French* custom, as to follow set fashions, not only in garments, but also in music, (wherein the *Lydian* mood is now most in request), and poetry. For cloaths, I leave them to the discretion of the modish, whether of our own or of the *French* nation : Breeches and Doublet will not fall under a metaphysical consideration. But in Arts and Sciences, as well as in Moral Notions, I shall not scruple to maintain that what was BONUM ET VERUM once, continues to be so always.

26. Now whether the trunk-hose fancy of Queen Elizabeth's days, or the pantaloon genius of ours be best, I shall not be hasty to determine; not pretending to call in question the judgment of the present age : — only thus much I must needs see, that Custom and Opinion oft-times take so deep a root, that Judgment hath not free power to act.

27. To the Ancient Greeks and Latins, the modern poets of all nations, and for several ages, have acknowleged themselves beholding, for both those precepts and examples which have been thought conducing to the perfection of poetry. For the manner of its garb and dress, which is *verse*, we in particular to the ITALIANS, the first of the Moderns that have been eminently famous in this faculty; the measure of the Greek and Latin verse being no way suitable to the modern languages.

28. And truly, so far as I have observed, the *Italian* STANZA in *heroic* poem, and the SONNET, CANZON, and MADRIGAL in the *Lyric*, as they have been formerly more fre-

quently made use of by the *English* than by any, so except their own proper language, they become none better than ours. And therefore having been used with so good success, I see no reason, why they should be utterly rejected.

29. There is certainly a decency in one sort of Verse more than another, which custom cannot really alter; only by familiarity make it *seem* better. How much more stately and majestic in Epic poems, especially of Heroic Argument, SPENSER's *Stanza*, (which I take to be but an improvement on TASSO's *Ottava Rima,*) or the *Ottava Rima* itself, used by many of our once-esteemed poets, is above the way either of COUPLET, or ALTERNATION *of four verses only*, I am persuaded, were it revived, would soon be acknowleged. And in like manner the *Italian Sonnet* and *Canzon*, above PINDARIC Ode, which, whatever the name pretends, comes not so near in resemblance to the Odes of *Pindarus*, as the *Canzon:* which, though it answers not so exactly as to consist of *Stroph*, *Antistroph*, and *Epod*, yet the Verses, which in the first Stroph of the Canzon were tied to no fixed number order or measure, nevertheless in the following Strophs return in the same number order and measure as were observed in the first:—whereas that, which we call the *Pindaric*, hath a nearer affinity with the *Monostrophic*, or *Apolelymenon*, used in the Choruses of *Æschylus's* tragedies.

30. One thing more is to be observed between the *Italian* verse and ours; namely, that the *Dissyllable*, which in that language is the only way of Rhyming, is also in ours very applicable to Rhyme; and hath been very much used formerly:—I was going to say, with as much grace sometimes, if not more, than the MONOSYLLABLE; but that I am loth to

appear too singularly addicted to that which is now so utterly exploded; especially since there are things of much greater consequence than the Verse: though it cannot be denied that a poetical fancy is much seen in the choice of verse proper to the chosen subject.

31. Yet, however, let the fashion of the Verse be what it will, according to the different humour of the writer, if the style be elegant and suitable, the verse, whatever it is, may be the better dispensed with. And the truth is, the use of *Measure* alone without any rhyme at all, would give far more ample scope and liberty both to style and fancy than can possibly be observed in Rhyme;—as evidently appears from an *English Heroic Poem* which came forth not many years ago (1); and from the style of VIRGIL, HORACE, OVID, and others of the LATINS, which is so pure and proper, that it could not possibly have been better in prose.

32. Another thing yet more considerable is CONDUCT and DESIGN in whatever kind of poetry: whether the EPIC, the DRAMATIC, the LYRIC, the ELEGIAC, the EPOENETIC, the BUCOLIC, or the EPIGRAM: under one of which all the whole circuit of poetic Design is one way or other included. So that whoever should desire to introduce some new kind of poem, of different fashion from any known to the Ancients, would do no more than he that should study to bring a new Order into *Architecture*, altogether different both from the *Doric*, *Ionic*, *Corinthian*, *Tuscan*, and *Composite*.

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(1) MILTON'S *Paradise Lost*. (EDITOR.)

33. Epigram is, as is were, the fag end of poetry; and indeed consists rather of conceit and acumen of wit than of poetical invention. Yet it is more commendable to be a *Martial* in Epigram, than *Juvenal's Codrus* in heroic poetry.

34. The Epoenetic comprehends the *Hymn*, the *Epithalamium*, the *Genethliacon*, or what else tends to the praise or congratulation of Divine, or on earth Eminent persons.

35. The Bucolic, or Eclogue, pretends only the familiar discourse of Shepherds about their loves, or such like concernments: yet under that umbrage treats oft-times of higher matters, thought convenient to be spoken of rather mysteriously and obscurely than in plain terms.

36. The Elegiac seems intended at first for complaints of crosses in love, or other calamitous accidents: but became applicable afterwards to all manner of subjects, and various occasions.

37. The Lyric consists of *Songs*, or *Airs of Love;* or other the most soft and delightful subject, in verse most apt for *musical* composition; such as the *Italian Sonnet;* but most especially *Canzon* and *Madrigal* beforementioned; and the *English Ode* heretofore much after the same manner.

38. The Dramatic comprehends Satire, and her two daughters Tragedy and Comedy.

39. The Epic is of the largest extent, and includes all that is narrative either of things or persons, the highest degree whereof is the Heroic, as Tragedy of the Dramatic; both which consist in the greatness of the Argument.

40. And *this* is that which makes up the *perfection* of a POET. In other Arguments a man may appear a *good* Poet: in the right management of this alone a *great* Poet. For if INVENTION be the grand part of a Poet, or *Maker*, and *Verse* the least, then certainly the more sublime the Argument, the nobler the Invention, and by consequence the greater the Poet.

41. And therefore it is not a mere Historical Relation, spiced over with a little slight Fiction; — now and then a personated Virtue or Vice rising out of the ground, and uttering a speech; — which makes a HEROIC POEM. But it must be rather a brief, obscure, or remote Tradition, but of some remarkable piece of Story, in which the *Poet* hath an ample field to enlarge by *feigning* of *probable* circumstances: in which, and in proper Allegory, *Invention*, (the well-management whereof is indeed no other than *decorum*,) principally consisteth: and wherein there is a kind of *truth* even in the midst of *fiction*.

42. For whatever is pertinently said by way of ALLEGORY is morally though not historically true; and circumstances the more they have of VERISIMILITY, the more they keep up the reputation of the Poet; whose business it is to deliver feigned things as like to truth as may be; that is to say, not too much exceeding apprehension, or the belief of what is possible or likely, or positively contradictory to the truth of history.

43. So that it would be absurd in a Poet to set his Hero upon romantic actions, (let his courage be what it will,) exceeding human strength and power: as to fight singly against whole armies, and come off unhurt; at least if a

mortal man, and not a Deity or armed with power divine. In like manner to transgress so far the compute of time, as to bring together those that lived several ages asunder; as if Alexander the Great should be brought to fight a duel with Julius Cæsar;) would either argue a shameful ignorance in chronology; or an irregular and boundless licence in poetical fiction: which I reckon is allowed the Poet chiefly upon this consideration; because being supposed, as he ought, to understand the ways of Heroic virtue and magnanimity from better principles than those of common and implicit opinion, he hath the advantage of representing and setting forth greater *Ideas*, and more noble *Examples*, than probably can be drawn from known History.

44. And indeed there is no ingenuous or excellent quality either native or acquired, wherewith he should not be fully acquainted; — no part of learning, in which he ought not to be exactly instructed: since, as a curious piece of history-painting, which is the highest perfection in the Art of picture, is the result of several other Arts, as *Perspective; Proportion;* the knowlege of *History*, *Morality*, the *Passions of the Mind; etc.* — So Heroic Poesy ought to be the result of all that can be contrived of profit, delight, or ornament, either from experience of human affairs, or from the knowlege of all Arts and Sciences: it being but requisite that the same Work, which sets forth the highest acts of kings and heroes, should be made fit to allure the inclinations of such like persons to a studious delight in reading of those things, which they are desired to imitate.

45. They likewise very much err from probability of circumstance, who go about to describe ancient things after a modern model; — which is an untruth, even in poetry itself;

and so against decorum that it shews no otherwise than if a man should read the *ancient history of the Persians or Egyptians* to inform himself of the customs and manners of the *modern Italians and Spaniards*. Besides, that our Author should avoid, as much as might be, the making such descriptions as should any way betray his ignorance in ancient customs, or any other knowlege, in which he ought industriously to shew himself accomplished.

46. There is also a DECORUM to be observed in the style of Heroic Poem; that is, that it be not inflate, or gingling with an empty noise of words; nor creepingly low and insipid: but of a majesty suited to the grandeur of the subject;—not nice, or ashamed of vulgarly-unknown, or unusual words, if either terms of Art, well-chosen, or proper to the occasion, for fear of frighting the ladies from reading; as if it were not more reasonable that ladies who will read Heroic Poem should be qualified accordingly, than that the Poet should check his fancy for such either men or ladies, whose capacities will not ascend above *Argalus and Parthenia* (1).

47. Next to the *Heroic Poem*, if not, as some think, equal, is TRAGEDY; in conduct very different; in height of Argument alike, as treating only of the actions and concernments of the most illustrious persons: whereas COMEDY sets before us the humours, converse, and designs of the more ordinary sort of people.

48. The chief parts whereof are the ἦθος and πάθος; by which latter is meant that moving and pathetical manner

(1) By *Francis Quarles*. (EDITOR.)

of expression, which in some respect is to exceed the highest that can be delivered in Heroic Poesy, as being occasioned upon representing to the very life the unbridled Passions of Love, Rage, and Ambition; the violent ends or down-falls of Great Princes; the subversion of Kingdoms and Estates; or whatever else can be imagined of funest, or tragical: all which will require a style not ramping, but passionately sedate and moving.

49. As for the ETHOS, waving farther large discourses, as intending a Preface only, not Poetical System, I shall only leave it to consideration whether the use of the CHORUS, and the Observation of the Ancient law of Tragedy, particularly as to limitation of time, would not rather, by reviving the *pristine* glory of the Tragical, advance than diminish the *present;* adding moreover this caution that the same *Indecorums* are to be avoided in *Tragedy* as have already been intimated in Heroic Poem: besides one incident to *Tragedy* alone; as namely that *Linsie-woolsy* intermixture of *Comic* mirth with *Tragic* seriousness, which, being so frequently in use, no wonder if the name of PLAY be applied without distinction as well to *Tragedy* as *Comedy*.

50. And for the Verse, if it must needs be Rhyme, I am clearly of opinion, that way of Versifying, which bears the name of *Pindaric*, and which has no necessity of being divided into *Strophs* or *Stanzas*, would be much more suitable for *Tragedy*, than the continued *Rhapsody* of rhyming couplets, which whoever shall mark it well, will find it appear too stiff, and of too much constraint, for the liberty of conversation, and the interlocution of several persons.

51. And now, before I conclude, I cannot but call to

mind something that may be alledged against some very noted writers, either Philosophers, Historians, Mathematicians, or the like, here mentioned; who, for what they are said to have written in poetry, being perhaps but small or inconsiderable, will scarcely be thought worthy a place among the Poets.

52. It is true indeed that they do not shine here as in their proper *Sphere* of *Fame*. Nevertheless, since it is not ungrateful to many to know all that hath been written by famous Men, as well in the Arts they *least*, as those they *most* profess; and since the Register of one Science only may well take the greater scope within that circuit, I judged it not impertinent to mention as well those famous Men in other Faculties, who have also writ poetically, as the most famous of poetical writers; considering especially how largely the name of POET is generally taken.

53. For if it were once brought to a strict scrutiny, who are the right, genuine, and true-born POETS, I fear me, our number would fall short: and there are many that have a fame deservedly for what they have writ, even in poetry itself, who, if they came to the test, I question how well they would endure to hold open their *Eagle* eyes against the Sun.

54. Wit, Ingenuity, and Learning in Verse, even Elegancy itself, though that comes nearest, are one thing;—true NATIVE POETRY is another; in which there is a certain air and spirit, which perhaps the most learned and judicious in other Arts do not perfectly apprehend; much less is it attainable by any study, or industry. Nay, though all the laws of HEROIC POEM, all the laws of TRAGEDY, were exactly observed, yet still this *tour entrejeant*, this *poetic energy*, if I

may so call it, would be required to give life to all the rest, which shines through the roughest, most unpolished, and antiquated language, and may haply be wanting in the most polite and reformed.

55. Let us observe SPENSER with all his rustic, obsolete words; with all his rough-hewn, clowterly verses; yet take him throughout; and we shall find in him a graceful and poetic majesty.

56. In like manner SHAKESPEARE, in spite of all his unfiled expressions, his rambling and indigested fancies, the laughter of the *Critical*, yet must be confessed a POET above many that go beyond him in literature some degrees.

57. All this while, it would be very unreasonable that those who have but attempted well, much more those who have been learned, judicious, or ingenuous in Verse, should be forgotten and left out of the circuit of POETS, in the larger acceptation.

58. Thus, most worthy Arbiters, I have laid before you the reason and occasion of this design; have apologized for what I judged most obnoxious to censure or objection; have, lastly, delivered my own opinion in some things relating to Poetry, wherein, if I have differed aught from the received opinion, I can safely aver that I have not done it out of affectation of singularity, but from a different apprehension, which a strict enquiry into the truth of things, (for there is also a right and a wrong, a best and a worst, as well in Poetical as other assertions,) hath suggested to my reason; persuading myself that no right judgment can be given, or distinction made, in the writings of This or

That Author, in whatever Art or Science, but without taking aught upon trust, by an unbiassed, and from the knowlege of ancient authors judicious, examination of each: being also sufficiently assured of the concurrence with me in this matter of all impartial readers; — of Yours especially, my most honoured Friends, whom I wish that fate which I am concerned in for all deserving writers, — a lasting fame, equal to the merit to what you have so advantageously published to the world.

EDWARD PHILLIPS.

EDITOR'S ABSTRACT

OF THE CONTENTS

OF PHILLIPS'S PREFACE.

1. *Infinite difference of intellect among mankind.*

2. *Arises from different capacity of corporeal organs, or from some intervening cause.*

3. *When the former are excellent, they form that* Melior Natura, *spoken of by the poets.*

4. *The intervening cause of good capacity is Education, which is the harp of Amphion.*

5. *They who unite both these advantages are* more than men: *they who want both, are* less than men; *and constitute the Vulgar, or Mob.*

6. *These last justly fall into oblivion, while many even of those who deserve fame, miss it.*

7. *The fate of authors with regard to honours, like that of other men with regard to worldly success; uncertain.*

8. *This work undertaken to remedy the world's injustice as far as regards* Poets.

9. *And to revive names dispersed here and there, even when their works have perished.*

10. *The work confined to Poets, because poetry is the author's favourite; and to extend it to all authors would be too voluminous.*

11. *Having thus chosen a topic, which requires the greatest nicety and sagacity of judgment, he dedicates it to two men* (STANLEY *and* SHERBURNE,) *most qualified to appreciate and defend it.*

12. *Of the two objections most probable to be made — viz.* omission, *and* improper insertion, — *the* first *is entitled to candour for what must in its nature be imperfect.*

13. *As to those, who have kept their genius to themselves, no blame can attach for not noticing them.*

14. *And as little for omitting those who have chosen to be* Anonymous.

15. *As to the* second *objection, of superfluous insertion, — it is better to admit* twenty undeserving, *than to neglect* one deserving.

16. *Line of distinction.*

17. *More common to overvalue, than undervalue.*

18. *Pleas for well-meaning mediocrity.*

19. *Every volume, however small, requires some pains to bring it forth.*

20. *Time has thrown into obscurity all more antiquated than thirty or forty years, except a few Dramatists.*

21. *Antiquity, no crime.*

22. *Style of poetry before the reign of Henry* 8.th *appears uncouth to the mere modern ears; but* Chaucer *and others still admired by judges.*

23. *The style of Elizabeth's reign not unpolished.*

24. *If at the mercy of transient fashion, no fame can last.*

25. *Fashion of* matter *still less a test than fashion of* style.

26. *Custom and opinion are apt to sway judgment.*

27. *The Greeks and Latins have furnished precepts and examples to the Moderns: the Italians have given the form of Verse.*

28. *Italian Stanza praised.*

29. *In Epic poems the* Ottava Rima, *and* Spenser's Stanza *which is an improvement on it.*

30. *The Dissyllable in rhyme commended.*

31. *The fashion of Verse, and even rhyme, unimportant: blank verse proved by a modern instance to be adequate.*

32. *Conduct, and Design, requisite: — and Design limited to the sorts of poetry acknowleged by the Ancients: these named.*

33. Epigram, *the fag end of poetry.*

34. *The* Epœnetic *comprehends Hymn, Epithalamium, and Genethliacon.*

35. *The* Bucolic, *or Eclogue.*

36. *The* Lyric.

37. *The Dramatic comprehends Satire and her two daughters, Tragedy and Comedy.*

38. *Greatness of Argument makes the* perfection *of a Poet, as* Invention *makes a Poet.*

39. *Historical Relation sprinkled with slight fictions does not make an Heroic Poem: but a subject chosen from remote and obscure tradition, on which Invention has room to enlarge by feigned circumstances, carrying with them* probability, *is necessary.*

40. *For* Verisimility *is an essential ingredient.*

41. *And impossibilities and anachronisms are revolting.*

42. *A general accomplishment in learning, and knowlege of life and of human nature, necessary to the Poet.*

43. *Ancient manners must not be confounded with modern.*

44. *The style must have a decorum, and be neither inflate, nor vulgar.*

45. *Tragedy, next to the Heroic Poem, as treating of what is* great: *whereas Comedy represents vulgar life.*

46. *Its chief parts are the* Manners *and* Passions: — *the* latter *going beyond even the Heroic in moving expression.*

47. *In the former, the* Chorus *recommended, with a caution against the modern fashion of intermixing* Comic *scenes.*

48. *The Verse, if rhyme, ought to be* Pindaric.

49. *Objection gainst Authors great in other departments, but who have only written verses occasionally, being enumerated among poets, noticed.*

50. *Answered by the desire men have to know* all *that authors have written.*

51. *Few indeed would endure a strict scrutiny, and be found genuine poets.*

52. *True poetry is something far beyond mere wit, ingenuity, and learning: and shines through all rude and antiquated language.*

53. *Witness Spenser.*

54. *And Shakespeare.*

55. *Still minor merits ought not to be forgotten.*

56. *Conclusion: apologies for any difference of opinion from what is commonly received: asserts that it does not arise from affectation of singularity; but from a sense of duty in examining and judging for himself: and feels confident of the concurrence of the Friends to whom this Dedicatory Preface is addressed.*

EDITOR.

Campagne de Watteville;

Geneva, 29 *April*, 1824.

NOTE

TO PHILLIPS'S PREFACE.

The Preface of Phillips's Theatrum Poetarum has always appeared to the present Editor not merely of pure and extensive taste, but of wide and accurate learning, of nice and personal examination, and of profound thinking. That much of Milton's opinions and judgments were infused into it cannot reasonably be doubted. There is indeed a cast of the Great Poet's prose-style, which had always an unfamiliar, latinized, and somewhat laboured character : but which has also the merit of proceeding from original and patient thought; and not from the light and superficial supplies of a commonplace memory.

The first part of the preface, which is an apology for the design of the Work, would be quite unnecessary in these days, when literary opinions, and the details of biography and bibliography are in such universal demand that the whole question of merit turns solely on the execution. It is the latter part only therefore, of which it is not superfluous to notice the positions.

It is true that in these positions there are no discoveries : authorities may be found for them in the precepts of all the Great Critics, and the practice of all the Great Poets,

of Greece and Rome. But after the return of the Dark Ages, and in the numerous corruptions still mixed with the Revival of Literature, they had been much obscured. False beauties, false splendors, false principles of imagination and fiction had obtained « deciduous laurels », and taken by surprise the fickle and coarse applause of the Public.

There are few tastes of so firm and resolute a texture as not to be dazzled and misled by novelty when there is mixed up with it some ingenuity; and when the general cry of living mankind gives a daily accession to its force. And perhaps it is less easy to revive and adhere to ancient truths thus counteracted, than to discover them without such counteraction.

If the impregnable truths here inculcated had the power, when once laid down, to supersede all error of practice and opinion regarding the points they had established, the productions of all authors aiming at the praise of poetry, in those times and countries in which such truths had been promulgated, would at least have been correct in design and model, even if deficient in execution.

But this is the reverse of the fact : — how else could the dull versifying annalists of unanimated historical details suppose that they were bringing forth productions, which had any thing in them of the poetical character; — that is; *poetical invention*? How could the *metaphysical* verse-writers suppose themselves to write poetry?

It is not correct therefore to say, that Truth, when once discovered and published, acquires universal assent; and that from that hour the reign of Falsehood is over. Phillips justly observes, that « *in true poetry there is a certain air « and spirit, which perhaps the most learned and judicious « in other Arts do not perfectly apprehend; much less is it « attainable by any study or industry.* »

If *study* and *industry* will not acquire it, it must not be attributed to Phillips that he derived his taste merely from what had been taught by the Ancient Critics.

Many reasons may be given, why in spite of what wise Antiquity has so satisfactorily taught, a corrupt and perverse taste so commonly prevails in the world.

The chaste and inobtrusive charms of legitimate genius require a nice and vivid suceptibility of fancy, feeling, and intellect on the part of the reader, which is not commonly bestowed, and still less enjoyed by the mass of mankind. Factitious stimulants therefore become more requisite; and are better prized. And what is performed by artificial effort, will be more apprehended and estimated by artificial effort. The features of Art are features which can be measured and tried by technical rule. But art always aims at *novelty:* and of novelty the *essence* is change. The *fashion* therefore of every age differs from that of another: and permanent principles are first disregarded, and then forgotten by the Multitude, because they are of a permanent and unchangeable nature.

The standard doctrines of Classical Antiquity are more talked of than read; and where read and understood, praised without sincerity, if praised; — or when not openly disavowed, are privately disregarded, and deemed chimerical; and if pure, too insipid for the practical application of an advanced age of society. It required therefore a profoundly-penetrating mind, a masterly arrangement of thought, and a taste above influence and seduction, to dictate and enforce the critical opinions contained in *Phillips's* Preface. The fashion of the Day was against them: the fashion of two Centuries had been against them: the fashion of every succeeding Age has been against them.

Poetical Invention, or *Fiction*, though its meaning is so clear, has always been perverted to answer some temporary mode of forced and fantastic combination.

Taking the quality in a narrow sense, and disjoining it from other equally important parts of the definition of Poetry, they have assumed *Invention* to be the imagining something, of which no model exists in the principles and forms of nature : — something therefore not only improbable, but impossible to exist; whereas poetical invention is « *Truth* » illustrated « *by feigned circumstances;* » and « *verisimility* » is as necessary as *fiction*. To *copy individuality* is not the Poet's business : but to combine by an happy selection from the general materials of Nature; and in conformity to the ruling character of Nature.

To effect this with much felicity and force, requires such an union of gifts of intellect, heart, cultivation, knowlege, and judgment, that it is not very surprising that aspirants to the laurel, feeling their own deficiencies, have escaped into bye-paths, and have endeavoured to gain by management and artifice that, which they could not reach by direct strength. And as long as these false fruits, and gaudy weeds, which they gathered, satisfied the public palate, no wonder, if they were first content, and then, growing confident, began to argue that they were in the right.

The representations that most delight a rude mind, are those which raise wonder : and these are exactly such as the false necromancer can create with more facility than the true. There is always therefore concurrence of interests and tastes against a genuine and just system of poetry.

To imagine without any controul from experience, reason, and judgment, and unrestrained by sympathies with the common movements of the human heart under similar cir-

cumstances, demands no extraordinary powers: and the extravagance in which the merit of such imaginings lies, is exactly that which is most easily accomplished. Nor is the language more difficult than the thought : that which consists in exaggerated features, and striking associations, is without difficulty forcibly described :

To imagine with so much vigour, warmth, and accuracy, as

— « *to give to airy nothing*
A local habitation and a name ; »

and to confer on it all the life, and breath, and brilliance of grand or beautiful reality; all the passions; all the glowing veins, and beating heart; — this is the poet's spell; — the magic of his creation! It is not when the reader is surprized into admiration by positive novelty; but when the description is so natural, that he persuades himself he has always imagined the same himself (1), that the true chord is touched, and the true note raised.

But the felicitous faculty of producing that « *which is at once natural and new,* » is rarely bestowed. Every age therefore attempts to awaken fatigued attention by a perverse deviation from the models and practices of its predecessor : and its common artifice is the exclusive and exaggerated use of some single ingredient rendered absurd by undue application. It rarely happens that this, when conducted by an union of talent and industry, fails of temporary success. « *Things* « *of the most transcendent excellence,* » says Phillips, « *are for* « *the most part only valued by persons of transcendent judg-* « *ment; whereas the indifferent and plausible are received* « *with general and vulgar applause.* »

(1) See Johnson, under *Cowley* and *Gray*.

the matter, — the thoughts or facts; — another, by the language. To each the same artifices of wonder are applied: for whether the imagination is applied to the subject; or the dress, — the figures, metaphors, and illustrations; — still it is an imagination not under the rule of truth and probability.

The gift of imagination is not an uncommon endowment: it is only when it is combined with wisdom, — taking wisdom to be the knowlege of truth, — that it is rare and valuable. For without wisdom, how can any one invent truly? And what is false invention but mischievous error? To be fanciful; to be under the delusions of an unsound and incorrect imagination; is a most dangerous condition of mind! Imagination is given us as a lamp to Truth: not as a shining vapour which glitters to misrepresent and mislead!

The literary characters of men of inferior genius are made by the character of the age in which they live; — and the main features of their writings are entirely of that artificial form: but master-minds impose their own shapes and colours upon their compositions; which, if tinged with any marks of their age, only betray them in subordinate parts. If SPENSER's design and characters took the costume of days of chivalry, the *prima stamina* of his poem, his main thoughts and language, are founded on the truths of universal nature. In MILTON there is scarce a tinge of what is temporary. The conceits with which the Italians had set the fashion of exercising the FANCY, over-ran our minor poetry of the reign of Charles I. The imitation of the vivacity of *French* ESPRIT acted equally upon that of the reign of Charles II. In the early part of his career DRYDEN was under the dominion of this last fashion. His original genius gradually rose above it; and broke out more and more even to his closing days; and at the age of seventy his vigour was at its height. He

then employed himself in transmitting the spirit of the great classical poets; in reviving and polishing the charming pictures of manners drawn by the inventive and poetical spirit of CHAUCER; and in giving new fire, and all the noblest ornaments of the poetical art, to the striking fictions of ITALIAN fable. In all these he did his best to write according to the true principles of poetry. He believed that it was his duty to make Fiction the vehicle of Truth. If he now and then failed, it was because he did not *perceive* the truth. His original sensibility of heart, and impression of pure simple grandeur or beauty in the unsophisticated forms of Nature, were not nice or vivid: his intellect was ingenious, subtle, acute, and active: he relied therefore, (as Johnson observes,) rather on ratiocination, than on feeling. But this substitute for the tact of Nature sometimes misled him. His thoughts and style were always more forcible than pathetic; — and he sometimes betrayed an extraordinary defect of refined taste: — not because he did not seek for *verisimility;* — but because he was ignorant of it.

The preeminence of POPE next followed. Perhaps it may be admitted that Pope's mind was not so characterized by the prevalence of any one leading quality, as to set him above any influence from the fashion of the age in which he lived. The example and manner of Dryden undoubtedly operated on his early habits of composition; on his choice of topics, matter, style, and versification. Still there was, from the very first, an infusion of distinct ingredients from his own mind, which palpably varied his poems from those of his Master. He had more delicacy, more studied elegance, more care of style, and less force of thought. If it be true, as Johnson says, (and I think it is true,) that Pope was gifted with all the powers which constitute poetical genius

One age has directed its aim to interest and surprise by in exact and even proportions, the powers which accident impelled him first to cultivate, would seem most to prevail. It is clear that his *inventive* faculties were not those, to which he gave his earliest care. He rather sought to improve than to create; — to add polish and grace to what had been been already formed; and to place his claim to novelty rather on the illustration, the dress, the extreme finish of the language, and the harmony of the verse, than on the thought. If this had been the extent of his ability, rather than his choice, it would in many respects have been wanting in the title to an high order of poetry. It was wanting in imaginative matter; and even in much richness and originality of imaginative dress. But as his strength rose, and when occasion awakened his slumbering feelings into fire, his *invention* blazed into transcendent brilliance; and as he had already attained by patient industry unequalled skill in all the aids which Art can give to the development of the native bursts of the mind, he was enabled to create and picture a Being in Eloisa, in whom the most enthusiastic passion expressed itself at once with the most affecting and simple touches of nature, and the most overwhelming force of poetical eloquence, harmony, and perfection. In this poem the very essence of fiction, life, splendor, and truth, are all united. Of such an author the poetical genius cannot be doubted: but I will not therefore admit, that *all* his poems belong to an high class. Of his *Moral Essays*, his *Essay on Criticism*, and his *Satires*, a great portion have scarcely any ingredient of poetry but the verse. This, however, was not for want of ability to write in an higher strain; but from choice and habit. They are valuable as containing solid sense and useful truths: but not truths,

conveyed through the vehicle of *Fiction*, which is necessary to entitle them to the character of genuine poetry.

This defect began to be strongly noticed at Pope's death: it was observed that the example of this eminent author had caused the walks of Imagination to be nearly deserted; and that crowds of writers, without any brilliant mental faculty, but possessed solely of a technical knack of rhyming, turned poetry into a mere jingle of words. The defect was more distinctly apprehended than the remedy. Fiction was resorted to: but it was mainly the subordinate fiction of ornamented style; of personification, and metaphor, and picturesque or gaudy epithets. The fiction of story, of imagined characters, and of invented circumstances, in which might be displayed a representation of human conduct under the influence of passion and nature, was yet either not thought desirable, or was neglected. It is probable, that this was partly, if not entirely, the effect of the predominant intellectual gifts of those who happened at the moment to exhibit themselves most eminently as poets. These were Collins and Gray. Probably neither of these great geniuses was well qualified to produce a long poem: — their habits at least, at the dates of their respective compositions, were averse to it. And indeed the *Lyrical*, which was their province, neither requires, nor admits length. They deal in imaginative forms and colours: but perhaps it is not infrequently the imagination of dress only. They do not rely so much on the matter, as on the manner of presenting it to the mind; — on the medium of communication.

Every thing, which is short of the best; — nay, even truth itself conveyed in the happiest manner, loses its charm with the giddy multitude when it becomes familiar. He therefore, who is resolved to win attention, must strike

out something new. The uniform glitter of a poetic phraseology had lost its charm: the florid ambition of MASON; and the alternation of hereditary images, and colloquial freshness of COWPER, had become insipid. The impulse of matter was now offered, in lieu of impulse of style. A strong stimulant was wanting: *Fiction* was called in; — but it was the Fiction, which was to operate by mystery and surprise.

To pass from one extreme to another is a condition of humanity, which seems by all moral history to be inevitable. Matter now was all; and style was nothing: — if the image, or thought, or fact narrated, was striking, it signified not how rude, how naked, or how irregular the language and metre! The words *Fiction* and *Imagination* had got abroad, as the watch-words; and the more extravagant the conception, the bolder and more creative was deemed the genius! —

Invention was all in all: — *Verisimility*, a quality equally essential, was laid aside, abandoned and forgotten! If we forsake the *probable*, as Johnson has somewhere said, there can be no difficulty in producing what is *new*. To discover « *what is at once new and just* » is the test of real genius!

These are two of the primary qualities: but even these are not all: what is found, must not only be *new* and *just;* but to be poetical, it must also be *grand*, or *pathetic*, or *beautiful!* It must not be something copied from reality; for then it would not be a creation: but it must be imagined from the materials which fancy has stored up from reality.

These are rigid rules indeed, if all the qualities here named are to be unsparingly insisted on: and if poetical writers were thus « brought to a strict scrutiny, » one may say with Phillips, « *I fear me, our number would fall short!* » But as he adds, « *the name of* POET *is generally taken very largely.* »

One half at least of those who enjoy this name are mere *versifiers*. Of the remainder, two thirds possess only some of the minor ingredients. Many pieces have enjoyed fame, which it would be difficult to bring within any essential part of the definition here insisted on. Among these are such as relate actual occurrences, the observations of experience, individual feelings which have arisen out of the events of life, local descriptions, a series of historical facts; or which give personal portraits, intellectual, moral, or corporeal. These are deficient in that which forms the first essence of poetry; — *an imagined existence;* an « *airy nothing*, » a *vision of the brain*. Yet such verses as *Addison's Letter from Italy;* and *Ambrose Phillips's* Description of *a Northern Winter*, have always been highly esteemed. The interest must lie in the happy selection of circumstances; in the choice of appearances; in the association of sentiment; and in the skill and felicity of picturesque and appropriate language. Still here is *no creation*, and therefore no proof of the primary poetical faculty.

Perhaps it will be objected, that these doctrines would go far to exclude a much greater name in poetry, than either Addison, or A. Phillips : and that they degrade *Thomson* from his laurel.

But his descriptions both of scenery and the change of *Seasons* are not particular, but general; and the appearances of nature which he brings together, are formed by the combinations of the imagination : and if this be not satisfactory, I must rest on the topics of praise conferred on him by the splendid eloge of Johnson. « *He thinks*, » says the Critic, « *in a peculiar train; and he thinks always as* « *a man of genius : he looks round on nature and on life* « *with the eye, which nature bestows only on a poet; the eye*

« *that distinguishes in every thing presented to its view, whate-*
« *ver there is on which Imagination can delight to be de-*
« *tained, and with a mind that at once comprehends the*
« *vast and attends to the minute. The reader of* « *The Seasons* »
« *wonders that he never saw before what Thomson shews*
« *him, and that he never yet has felt what Thomson impresses.* »

It must however be still admitted, that this partakes more of observation, than creation: and therefore still leaves Thomson beneath the highest class.

Among the proofs of poetical faculty commonly urged, is the power of impressing an image strongly upon the reader:—but this is a subordinate power: what signifies the power of impressing the image, unless the image be itself poetical? And how can it be poetical, unless it be an invented image of grandeur, pathos, or beauty; — and at the same time, of *verisimility?*

Again, it is said of certain authors, that they feel always as poets: and therefore that the lively description of their own feelings must constitute poetry! — If by these feelings is meant an habit of strong emotion raised by the visionary creations of the mind, and not by solid realities, then the inference is legitimate: because such descriptions would be descriptions of what has been *imagined:* not actually experienced! — But I suspect that in common use it is not so limited.

It may be conceded, that to describe vividly actual impressions, after the reality has passed away, requires at least a *strong Fancy:* and that a strong *Fancy* not only borders, but commonly *enters* more or less upon the domains of *Imagination*!

Splendid Imagination cannot exist without equally powerful Fancy: — but there is sometimes bright Fancy, with

an Imagination either feeble, or stagnant for want of exercise. Among the writers of verses are a large portion who are very slightly gifted even with Fancy. If it be asked then, whence they draw the matter of their verses, — it may be answered, from the same sources whence dull prose is drawn: and that the only ingredient of poetry, which their compositions possess, is the mere technical and insignificant adjunct of the *metre!* It may be admitted without severity, that from the works of Pope himself hundreds of verses may be selected, which have no other character of poetry than this.

On the contrary, I do not join those who stun our ears with a perpetual demand for the *picturesque. Campbell* very ably exposes this narrow and erroneous conception of poetry; — as if poetry was to be degraded to painting; in which character it is not fitted to contend even with equality: — and as if poetry was to be nothing but images drawn from the appearances of inanimate nature; and especially from landscape scenery! — True it is that our poetry was much enriched by epithets borrowed from that nice observation, with which the curious and glowing eye of Thomson had taught his successors to view rural prospects, and the striking and magnificent changes of the *Seasons!* and whoever examines the vague, general, and unmeaning epithets with which *Addison*, *Parnell*, and their cotemporaries, filled up their descriptive verses, will acknowlege the extent of the improvement! But it was want of poetical genius, not ignorance of this new principal of the *picturesque*, which made them fall into these insipidities. Great poets had always dealt in these picturesque epithets — in their due proportion; — not indeed exclusively, or affectedly: witness *Milton*, *Spenser*, *Sackville*, and even *Chaucer!*

When we consider how infinitely Mind is superior to Matter; how incalculably more dignified and important is the knowlege of the movements of the Heart and Intellect than of the material world; how much more curious and interesting, a skill in the human character, than in natural science; — it seems a strange blindness to attempt to tie down poetry to a mere converse whit materialism. It is the sentiments, the passions, the thoughts of man refined by education and exalted by conscience, with which the *great* Poet deals! They may be illustrated and embodied by ingredients drawn from matter: but poetry may still principally deal in language abstract and spiritual. « *Immateriality* » says Johnson, « *supplies not images:* » but perhaps it will be added, that it must therefore be « *conveyed to the mind by intermediate images.* » Even if this be true, they need not always be what is technically understood by the word, « *picturesque.* » Poetry's best province is to convey ideas, and express feelings, of which the expression is quite beyond the possibility of painting. To the demand of *Invention* as the source of the image presented by the poet, it may perhaps be objected, that if the image be beautiful in itself, and conveyed with adequate force and elegance, it cannot import whence it was derived: as the picture of a lovely woman would equally strike, whether it was the portrait of an individual, or the formation of the painter's brain. But here the question is begged: it would not in truth be so beautiful: the portrait of individual nature is never so beautiful as a glowing imagination can create; — yet create without departing from *verisimility!*

Thus Johnson says of Milton: « *the appearances of nature,* « *and the occurrences of life did not satiate his appetite of* « *greatness. To paint things as they are, requires a minute*

« *attention, and employs the memory rather than the fancy* (1).
« *Milton's delight was to sport in the wide regions of possibi-*
« *lity; reality was a scene too narrow for his mind.* »

Among the striking remarks suggested by this discussion, it cannot but seem strange that so many perverse systems should have been adopted, and so many false beauties sought, when that which is most excellent is the simplest, and apparently the most easy. The imagination of man naturally exercises itself in the way which poetry requires : it naturally, in search of something more grand or more fair than reality, forms new combinations out of a selection of the materials impressed upon the fancy. But this forced research, which extends to laborious extravagances, these fantastic junctions, which, deserting the model of Nature, endeavour to interest by incongruities, contortions, and wonders, must necessarily waste ingenuities destined to better ends, in toils which a return of sober sense must condemn, and pure and unstimulated taste revolt from!

Yet in every age minor genius has had recourse to these attempts at false excitement. The lesser poetry of England in the time of Charles I. may be compared to its artificial gardens, of parterres, and knots of flowers, and gravel walks, and yew hedges clipped into shapes of animals and monsters. Laboured conceits, and far-fetched similes and metaphors, exhibited an union of abstruse learning, painful thought, and distorted fancy. Now and then the collision blazed into unexpected light : but all soon sunk again into perplexity and darkness. The eye of the true poet,

— « *in a fine phrensy rolling*, »

(1) Here Johnson loosely uses *fancy* as synonymous with *imagination*.

cannot wait to elicit these deep-sought trifles. Whatever is great and eloquent, is produced by effervescense; and not by a slow gradation of minute and curious thought!—Imagination is not an acquirement; not an artificial faculty; —but a gift!

If then genuine and pure poetic fiction is more easy than these extravagant and unnatural substitutes, it is only so to those who are endowed with the true faculty. — Others turn themselves to these artifices to supply the deficiency of nature. No study nor effort can give sensibility to the hard heart; nor fire of intellect, where its temperament is natively cold. How can they who do not know the secrets of the human bosom, or the characters of mankind, or the course of man's actions in society, *invent* with *verisimility?* It requires little ingenuity to produce what is *new*, if exempted from any regard to what is *probable!* — He, who is unfettered by truth, may, as has been observed, always find the *marvellous*.

But, among the vast mass of verse-writers, there are many to whom these perverse particularities cannot be objected; and who yet give little pleasure, and extort but little esteem. There is indeed a sort of *mediocrity*, which has from time immemorial been impatiently endured in the realms of Parnassus. The authors fail, not because their inventions are monstrous, and their thoughts false; — but because they have *no* inventions, and *no* thoughts : because their productions are the result merely of a technical and verbal memory; because « *they assume the dignity of writers by des-* « *criptions copied from descriptions, by imitations borrowed* « *from imitations, by traditional imagery, and hereditary simi-* « *les, by readiness of rhyme, and volubility of syllables* (1). »

(1) Johnson's Life of Cowley.

There is something which resembles a mingle-mangle of all the proper ingredients: — but it is base ore; — a reflected or cast-off wash, which sits only on the surface.

It is probable that these writers have ideas and images only so far as they are subordinate and dependent on certain trains of words already concatenated in their minds; and when a topic presents itself to them, they have to fit these prepared stores to the occasion. They combine in large masses; and according to some familiar and trite practice: and if there be any occasional attempt at novelty of combination, they only add positive fault to insipidity by some association which is forced and unnatural. They do not deal in actual existences: *that* would require original observation: and still less do they *invent;* for they *copy* fictions! Now though to draw directly from individual life, be not so poetical as *fiction;* it is surely of a much higher class than the *copy* of a fiction!

There is a servility in what is copied, that always betrays itself. Every inventor has little particularities, which are accidental; and not intrinsic to his subject. The retention of these by the imitator is itself decisive evidence of a copy.

Then again there is a faintness; — a timid touch; or a blundering caricature. What springs from the fountain is fresh, bold, free, and easy.

Strong minds perceive that this sort of feeble *echo* is worse than all faults of commission, because it is emptiness. They therefore go to the contrary extreme; and search for originality, even in defiance of all decorum.

« *Incidit in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdim.* »

But of those who are original, or aspire to be original poets, there are very few who even aim at any fiction, or

imagination beyond that which consists in illustration and embellishment. Imagination in the subject, design, thought, sentiment, character, story, is never attempted. Of this subordinate class are almost all didactic, descriptive, ethic, satiric, and occasional poems; nay, nearly all the *lyric* poems of secondary writers. Such will be found to be, with scarcely half a dozen exceptions, the mass of modern verse-writers, who fill the *three* last volumes of *Campbell's* Collection.

Even *Cowper* had little invention: but then his *fancy* is so vivid and natural, that it takes the force and glow, and has all the magic, of imagination.

Burns alone is mainly *inventive;* and answers the qualities of poetical fiction, which the doctrines of Phillips, advocated by this long Note, inculcate.

The outline of the character of *Beattie's* Edwin is conceived with great poetical sweetness; but the details of the design are very meagrely filled up; and there is little invention in « *forming the train of events*, » by which the end was to be produced. Besides, the merit of a finished plan is wanting: it is easy to commence and execute boldly a detached part: the trial lies in completion.

The genius of *Thomas Warton* all my early associations and prejudices are inclined to favour. But I must confess that my judgment cannot attribute to him much of the inventive faculty. He was an exquisite scholar; he had a vast store of rich poetic phraseology: he had an eye for the beautiful appearances of Nature; and a clear, shining, elegant fancy to reflect them: but still there was an indefinable mixture of the formal and the quaint, which betrayed a little too much of the artist; a little too much of acquired taste: his fancy therefore moved in trammels; and I cannot find much of genuine and unaffected fiction in his *Crusade*, and *Grave of King Arthur*.

But if these be hypercriticisms, he cannot stand among the very great while he is deficient in high moral enthusiasm, and that delineation of the Passions which enraptures us by its fervid eloquence. For these, his native calmness of temper, his secluded habits, his literary pursuits, his independance and exemption from the conflicts of the world, his philosophic content, his addiction to the tranquil amusements of rural solitude and unambitious society, all unfitted him. A serene chearfulness of this kind reflected itself with unambitious fidelity upon his pages; and made him the Bard of *Rural Inscriptions*, and *Hamlet-Imagery*.

It is scarcely necessary to say any thing of *Darwin*, because he is laid aside by universal consent. The monotony of his subject, his language, his metre, his gorgeous but mechanical personifications, the moment the glare of novelty had subsided, produced something even stronger than satiety. There was a childishness in these pompous and dazzling embellishments of a subject more than unpoetical.

Of *Goldsmith* it cannot but follow, if these principles are admitted, that he possessed no prime ingredient of the poetical character. Neither in the *Traveller*, nor in the *Deserted Village*, can any pretence be made to the quality of *Fiction*. He has some fancy, sufficiently simple and clear: but by no means strong; and not always pure. His language is lucid, free from affectation, and easy; his thoughts are ingenious; and his sentiments amiable; but they surely often want vigour. To my ear also there is an half-wailing tone, which depresses the spirits, and strikes one as more feminine than manly.

I have already mentioned *Mason*. He had very rich and highly accomplished faculties for the *embellishments* of poetry: but in seeking for ornament, he appears to have neg-

lected matter; and only regarded thoughts and sentiments, so far as they served as receptacles for the garments of his florid style. Yet all expression, which is laboured, appears to me to destroy its intended effect. The freshness and native force of the thought evaporates in the toil. Not that splendid language is unwanting to splendid ideas: but if it rises not with the ideas themselves, if there is not that happy union of mental vigour, which throws them forth both together, any supply of painful art and far-sought ingenuity will but encumber rather than assist the impression. Mason's poetry bears a surface of picturesque imagery; of polished arrangement of words; and flowing metre: it shines, but yet it conveys no warmth; and therefore his dramas never succeeded on the Stage where interest and emotion are required. At present his poems seem a good deal neglected, even in the closet: perhaps too much neglected: they are certainly, in defiance of these grand defects, the productions of no ordinary hand. Mason was, at any rate, a very powerful and accomplished artist.

Forty persons have died in the present Century, whose names demand insertion in the Poetical Register of England. Of these it will scarcely be pretended that any one has claims to the first rank of poetry (1). The authors of *Vers de Societé;* the familiar Describers of life and manners; the Satirists; the Wits; the Songsters; the Translators fill up their day; and yield to new intruders on the stage, whom changing circumstances call forth to supersede them. The major part of them have little else of poetical ingredient in their compositions than the metre. Many of them are wanting even in the slightest covering of poetical dress. That energy of fec-

(1) This was written before the death of Lord Byron.

ling, which a poet's *visions* raise; that grandeur of view; extent of thought; and fire of words; — are quite alien to them. Felicity of execution may sometimes overcome inferiority of matter: an extraordinary skill in the arts of composition may soften a strict scrutiny into primary essentials.

These minor writers adapt the technical machinery of poetry to some topic of momentary attraction; and they communicate a short and feeble impulse to minds already prepared for the occasion. There are always authors who can by the aid of personal character and activity, while living, impart an adscititious force to the little intrinsic strength of their literary endeavours to please. But I do not know, that any of this modern list would desire to rest upon that claim.

Among the best poems of this period are those which have come from female pens. There is in M.rs Elisabeth Carter a majesty of moral sentiment, and a purity, elegance, conciseness, and force of expression, which place her few and very finished poems high in those ranks which do not aspire to the praise of creative fiction.

It cannot be denied, that in M.rs Charlotte Smith, there is more of imagination; — and so far, she belongs to a more poetic order: but she is more unequal; is less vigourous in style; has less depth of thought; and less elevation of sentiment.

Miss Seward has some occasional happy lines; some beauty and even splendor of imagery: but her frequent inequalities; her turgid passages; her laboured affectation; and her ambition of false beauties, overload, and annihilate the value of her poems. She was of the *Darwinian* school; and her early intimacy with this neighbouring poet, before he chose to appear to the world in his own name, is sufficiently apparent in all her principal productions.

Of *Hayley, Jerningham, Jephson, Sheridan, Cumberland, Wolcot, Maurice, Payne-Knight, etc.*, it is unnecessary to discriminate the traits. They are familiar to the Public : and every one knows that they do not belong to the School of *Fiction*. There are others too recently deceased to render it delicate to say much about them. Yet one whom I knew personally, and whose amiable unassuming manners fixed the regard of every acquaintance, who knew how to estimate the human character, I cannot on this occasion leave entirely unnoticed. Bloomfield, who drew with such simple fidelity the *Farmer's Boy*, which represented his own early life, was a genuine poet : — not indeed a *great* poet : — he had fiction; but it was not of the most elevated cast : yet he had some of the charms of the pastoral poets of Queen Elizabeth; and some perhaps which they never reached. If ever I finish those *Characters of our chief English Poets*, which I have long been preparing, I will speak of him more specifically; and endeavour to analyse his merits and his defects.

But while looking back at this long Note to Phillips's Preface, as well as to the Preface itself, which together tend to establish a rigour of principles and rules such as will bear hard on a large portion of those commonly received as Poets, one is tempted to inquire, how, standing as they do on the basis of reason and taste as well as of authority, they may be a little relaxed by some candid and liberal interpretation, which yet does not outrage all rational limits.

That *Fiction* is the soul of Poetry, is so universally admitted, as soon as stated, that it is unnecessary to suppose that it can be called in question. Yet in the direct and po-

sitive sense, numerous compositions which enjoy the fame of excellent poetry, have little, if any, *fiction*.

I cannot help thinking that, if really good, they must have in them a strong portion of what perhaps may be called *constructive fiction!*

I would avoid subtleties and far-fetched reasonings, which shew more labour than taste or sound judgment. But I am willing to hope that this explanation may be found not without solidity.

The poems, I have in view, frequently are marked by a warmth of sentiment and force of imagery seeming to spring out of the momentary impressions under which the author is placed. All relation of ideal characters, or imaginary circumstances, as the basis of these impressions, is omitted. — But these feelings and images, if genuine, can only be awakened by the presence of such visionary, or *feigned*, existences to the author's mind. These are what I have already alluded to in the third paragraph of page 40.

It may be objected that if the faithful reflections of the fancy are *not fiction*, how much less so are the sentiments and thoughts resulting from them! and if these be not so, how are we to distinguish from them those growing out of the visions of *imagination*, when detached from pictures of the visions themselves? I can only answer that the distinction must be found in the intrinsic vivacity of their glow, their expansion, their freedom and their force! The actual experiences of an author's fancy, and the limits of his actual observation, are narrow! They are always somewhat encumbered, and somewhat debased by accidental obstruction. In reality there is always some alloy; something hidden: or something disguised! Imagination lives in a blaze of light; penetrates into the most secret recesses; and at the same

time sees grandeur and beauty free from the specks and stains of individual imperfection.

Drop the frame-work of invented story; and the express introduction of ideal personages; — yet there is a splendor and dazzling glance of allusion, a stretch of thought, a tone of passion, an inspired warmth and felicity of language, which can only be produced by the array of visionary and spiritual appearances created by imagination. Is it too far-fetched to call this *constructive fiction?*

As Fancy revives in the human mind the power and impression of actual appearances, after a removal from them; so without the presence effected by imagination how can the warmth of impression be felt; and if not felt, how represented, — of those which never existed except in idea?

Still the application of this doctrine of *constructive fiction* is a wide and somewhat dangerous enlargement of the original and strict essentials of poetry! It may be made, in the hands of dull and unfeeling Critics, a cover for the admission of all abstract, dry, and uncongenial thoughts.

If we examine the productions of those numerous metrical writers, who have gained no better fame than that of *versifiers*, we shall now find why not only those whose matter is intrinsically unpoetical, but why those whose matter is not unpoetical in itself, but rendered so by their manner of treating it, are justly so called. If there is dryness, feebleness, want of energy, and of eloquence, in their sentiments, reflections, observations, reasonings, and diction, it arises from the defect of that imaginative faculty which at the moment of composition would have awakened in them warm and powerful impressions. They write from cold and lifeless memory: they may know the

arts of composition; the propriety of words; and arrangement of phrases; they may know the rules of the metaphor; and the due use of the simile: and may produce something which will be plausible to the eye, and not discordant to the ear: — but it will want the only thing, which can make it valuable; it will want soul.

Yet such works as these are all the title which very many possess to a place in the Poetical Register. Sometimes they come from men of great learning; strong understanding; and some ingenuity; and then we are angry with ourselves that we cannot be pleased with them.

If any one can doubt that there is a poetry, (so called,) in which words are primary, and ideas, (if there be ideas annexed to them,) subordinate; the productions of *Blacklock*, the blind poet, ought to put an end to the doubt.

I have said that *Imagination* and *Verisimility* are the two grand essentials of poetry: — but that they are not the only ones. An invention conformable to truth, is not a poetical invention, if it be ugly; or vulgar; — if it want elevation, fairness, or just emotion; and if instead of having energy, vigour, and originality, it be insipid, stale, and trite. A tale, of which every part is imagined, and every part true to observation and life, written not without skill, and in language as polished as the subject will allow, is still not poetry, if it be a picture of coarse manners, rude morals, and unamiable, hard, selfish feelings. One essential in the ends of poetry is TO PLEASE by pictures fitted to soothe, melt, or exalt the imagination. If it never yet was denied by any one, that *one* essential end of Poetry, is TO PLEASE, I cannot guess how *coarse* or « *squalid subjects of description* » can please (1).

(1) See Campbell's Essay. *Poets*, I. 99.

But I deny that the *end* of poetry is merely *to please*: I assert that it has a much higher end: its purpose is *to instruct* through the medium of the pleasure and the light communicated by the power of the *imaginative faculty*. If it convey no instruction, moral or political; if it be a mere wanton exercise of the imagination, producing no fruits, and leading to no results which enlighten the understanding, it is but a very inferior and imperfect sort of poetry.

What nobler work can be performed than to inform the *understanding* and elevate or soften the *heart* through the instrument of the *imagination*? All this may seem superfluous discussion on principles and details, which have been settled for ages; — nay, which cannot have been doubted from the time of Homer. But if they have been settled by the wise and deeply-learned, they have been but very partially known to the people, and to common critics!

Favourites of the public, who offend in all respects against these principles, are every day blown up into temporary reputation: verses which are deficient in every essential of poetry are called the productions of genius; and though without invention, verisimility, or even natural imagery or sentiment; — without novelty, originality, or command of expression, — are praised for reasons which are either too obscure to be understood, or too absurd to be treated otherwise than with contempt.

It is, I think, since *Criticism* has become a *trade;* — a *mercenary* occupation, — that so many false rules have multiplied upon popular ignorance. A true taste in poetry cannot be acquired by labour and study; — which will not confer either imagination, fancy, or sensibility. And can any one suppose that they who want these, can form a right

judgment of poetry? What Phillips says at the end of his Preface cannot be too often repeated. He has these memorable words:

« *Wit ingenuity, and learning in verse, even elegancy* « *itself, though that comes nearest, are one thing*; — TRUE « POETRY *is another; — in which there is a certain air* « *and spirit, which perhaps the most learned and judicious* « *in other arts do not perfectly apprehend; much less is* « *it attainable by any study or industry; — nay though all* « *the laws of heroic poem, all the laws of tragedy, were* « *exactly observed; yet still this* tour entrejeant, *this* poetic « energy, *if I may so call it, would be required to give* « *life to all the rest; — which shines through the roughest,* « *most unpolished, and antiquated language; and may haply* « *be wanting in the most polite and reformed.* »

It is a proof of a very declining age of literature when the rules of art, and the merits of technical skill, are more insisted on, than the spirit of native genius. These rules and this skill grow every day more perverse; and depart farther from the purposes for which they were intended. It is no wonder that Poetry becomes subjected to the name of a superficial and empty accomplishment, when it is cultivated in this manner. It becomes nothing more than the trick of making a wreath of gaudy but lifeless flowers, — or the revolting mimickry of feigned madness; — or the silly echo of babyish simplicity; — or the mock-energy of barbarian rudeness.

Nothing surprises me more than the justification of these extravagances, on the ground that the more rational fields of poetry have been exhausted.

Was it ever pretended that the subjects of *prose* fiction were exhausted?

END OF NOTE.

22 June 1824.

THEATRUM

POETARUM ANGLICANORUM.

VOLUME I.

I. ROBERT OF GLOUCESTER.

Robert, surnamed of *Gloucester*, a not altogether obscure writer in the reign of King Henry the 3.d, and seeming to pass for a poet in the esteem of Camden, who quotes diverse of his old English Rhythms in praise of his native Country England.

II. GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

Sir Geoffrey Chaucer, the prince and Coryphæus, generally so reputed, till this age, of our *English* poets; and as much as we triumph over his old-fashioned phrase and obsolete words, one of the first refiners of the English language. Of how great esteem he was in the age wherein he flourished, namely the reigns

of Henry the 4.th Henry the 5.th and part of Henry the 6.th appears, besides his being knight and poet laureate, by the honour he had to be allied by marriage to the great Earl of Lancaster, *John of Gaunt.* How great a part we have lost of his works, above what we have extant of him, is manifest from an author of good credit, who reckons up many considerable poems, which are not in his published works: besides *the Squire's Tale*, which is said to be complete in Arundel-house Library.

III. JOHN GOWER.

Sir John Gower, a very famous poet in his time, and counted little inferior, if not equal, to Chaucer himself, who was his contemporary, and some say his scholar and successor in the laurel: for Gower was also both poet laureate and knight. His chief works may be gathered from his tomb in St. Mary Overy's church; where lying buried, he is represented with his head upon three large volumes thus inscribed; the first *Votum Meditantis;* the next *Confessio Amantis*; the third *Vox Clamantis:* of which the last being printed in the reign of king Henry the 8.th, the impres-

sion is not yet totally extinguished. The other two, doubtless, if not printed, are preserved in Public Libraries. For his *Confessio Amantis* I have seen in a private library, in a large folio manuscript of vellum fair written, containing the whole circuit of Natural philosophy, and the Allegories of all the poetical fictions. But that there were other things of his writing, appears by what is extant of him in Chaucer's published works.

IV. THOMAS OCCLEVE.

Thomas Occleve, a very famous English poet in his time, which was the reign of king Henry the 4.th and king Henry the 5.th to which last he dedicated his *Government of a Prince*, the chiefly remembered of what he writ in poetry : and so much the more famous he is by being remembered to have been the disciple of the most famed Chaucer.

V. JOHN LYDGATE.

John Lydgate, an Augustin monk of St. Edmunds-Bury, who had the reputation of a person much accomplished by his travels into

Italy and France : and besides several things of his, of polite argument, in prose, was much esteemed for what he wrote also in verse; as his Eclogues, Odes, Satires, and other poems.

VI. JOHN HARDING.

JOHN HARDING, a writer recorded in history for one of the chief of his time; viz. the reign of K. Edward the 4.th; and claiming his seat among the poetical writers by his *Chronicle* in English verse.

VII. GEORGE RIPLAY.

George Riplay, a Canon of Bridlington in the time of Henry the 7.th; who in old English verse wrote several *Chymical* mysteries, pretending to lead to the attaining the Philosopher's Stone.

VIII. JOHN SKELTON.

John Skelton, a jolly English rhymer, and I warrant ye, accounted a notable poet, as poetry went in those days; namely, King Ed-

ward the 4.th's reign, when doubtless good poets were scarce; for, however he had the good fortune to be chosen poet laureate, methinks, he hath a miserable loose rambling style and galloping measure of verse; so that no wonder he is so utterly forgotten at this present, where so many better poets, of not much later a date, are wholly laid aside. His chief works, as many as I could collect out of an old printed Book, but imperfect, are his *Philip Sparrow*, — *Speak Parrot*, — *the death of king Edward the fourth*; — *a Treatise of the Scots*; — *Ware the Hawk*; — *The Tunning of Eleanor Rumpkin*; in many of which, following the humour of the ancientest of our modern poets, he takes a poetical liberty of satirically gibing at the vices and corruptions of the Clergy.

IX. HENRY HOWARD, Earl of Surry.

Henry Howard, the most noble *Earl of Surry*, who flourishing in the time of King Henry the 8.th, as his name is sufficiently famous for the martial exploits of that family for many generations, so deserves he, had he his due, the particular fame of learning, wit, and poetic

fancy, which he was thought once to have made sufficiently appear in his published poems : which nevertheless are now so utterly forgotten , as though they had never been extant; so antiquated at present, and as it were out of fashion, is the style and way of poetry of that age; whereas an English writer of those times , in a Treatise called *The Art of English Poesie* , alledges that « *sir Th. Wiat, the elder*, and *Henry Earl of Surry*, were the two chieftains , who , having travelled into Italy, and there tasted the sweet and stately measures and style of the Italian Poesie , greatly polished our rude and homely manner of vulgar poesie from what it had been before ; and may therefore justly be shewed to be the reformers of our English metre and style. »

X. Sir THOMAS WYAT.

Sir Thomas Wyat , of Allington Castle , in Kent ; a person of great esteem and reputation in the reign of King Henry the 8.th , with whom for his honesty and singular parts he was in high favour ; which nevertheless he had like to have lost about the business of Anne Boleyne , had not his prudence brought him

safely off. For his *Translation of David's Psalms*, and other poetical writngs, Leland forbears not to compare him to Dante and Petrarch. Being sent Embassador from King Henry to the Emperor Charles the Fifth, then in Spain, he died of the pestilence in the West Country, before he could take shipping, an. 1541.

XI. GEORGE BOLEGNE, Viscount Rochford.

George Bullen, *Lord Rochford*, brother to Queen Anne, second wife to K. Henry the 8.th, among other things hath the fame of being the author of *Songs and Sonnets*, which doubtless wanted not the applause of those times.

XII. LORD VAUX.

Nicholas, *Lord Vaux*, a poetical writer among the nobility, in the reign of K. Henry the 8.th, whose commendation, saith the author of the *Art of English Poesie*, « lyeth chiefly in the facility of his metre, and the aptness of his descriptions, such as he takes upon him to make; namely in sundry of his *Songs*, wherein he sheweth the counterfeit action very lively and pleasantly. »

XIII. Sir THOMAS MORE.

Sir Thomas More, a great credit and ornament, in his time, of the English Nation, and with whom the learnedest foreigners of that age were proud to have correspondence. For his wit and excellent parts he was chosen Speaker of the House of Commons; and afterwards advanced to be Lord Chancellor of England by K. Henry the 8.th : however he fell unfortunately a victim to the displeasure of that Prince. His *Utopia*, though not written in verse, yet in regard of the great fancy and invention thereof, may well pass for a poem; besides his *Latin Epigrams*, which have received a general esteem among Learned Men.

XIV. Sir THOMAS ELIOT.

Sir Thomas Eliot, a person of note in the reign of Q. Elizabeth, and of whose writing there is a learned *Treatise* of *Government*, which hath been in principal esteem : moreover what he hath writ in poetry is also mentioned with singular commendation.

XV. HENRY PARKER, Lord Morley.

Henry Lord Morley, a nobleman of great account in the reign of K. Henry the 8.th, by whom he was sent with the Garter to the Archduke of Austria. There are mentioned with honour in our English History several works of his writing, for the most part poetical; and particularly several *Tragedies* and *Comedies*.

XVI. John HEYWOOD.

John Heywood. There was of this name, in K. Henry the Eighth's reign, an *Epigrammatist*, who, saith the author of the *Art of English Poesie*, «for the mirth and quickness of his conceits, more than for any good learning was in him, came to be well beneficed by the King.»

XVII. THOMAS STERNHOLD and JOHN HOPKINS.

Thomas Sternhold, an associate with *John Hopkins*, in one of the worst of many bad *Translations of the Psalms of David*: yet, in regard as first made choice of, they have hitherto obtained to be the only Psalms sung in all Pa-

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rochial Churches : (it hath long been heartily wished a better choice were made :) he hath therefore been thought worthy to be mentioned among the poets that flourished in Q. Mary's, and the beginning of Q. Elizabeth's reign.

XVIII. LUCAS SHEPHEARD.

Lucas Shepheard, an English Poet of Colchester in Essex, of so much note in Q. Mary's reign, that he is thought not unworthy of mention by some of our English Historians.

XIX. THOMAS SACKVILLE, LORD BUCKHURST.

Thomas, lord Buckhurst, in king Henry the 8.th's time, is esteemed by the author of the *Art of English Poesie*, equal with *Edward Ferris*, another Tragic writer, of both whom he saith, « for such doings as I have seen of theirs, they deserve the prize. »

XX. FERRERS.

Edward Ferris (1), a writer for the most part to the Stage in K. Henry the 8.th's time,

(1) His true name was *George Ferrers*. (EDITOR.)

in Tragedy, and sometimes Comedy or Interlude, with much skill and magnificence in his metre; and wherein, saith the author of the *Art of English Poesie*, « he gave the King so much recreation, as he had thereby many good rewards. »

XXI. THOMAS CHURCHYARD.

Thomas Churchyard. (*He is only thus named by Phillips among other writers of this date, without any particular character*).

XXII. JOHN HALL.

John Hall, a poetical writer, who never having had any great fame, that ever I heard of, no wonder if now totally forgotten; especially since his poem, entitled *the Court of Virtue*, was published no less while ago than the year 1565.

XXIII. GEORGE GASCOYNE.

George Gascoyne, one of the smaller poets of Queen Elizabeth's days, whose poetical works nevertheless have been thought worthy to be quoted among the chief of that

time; — his *Supposes*, *a Comedy*; *Glass of Government, Tragi-comedy; Jocasta, a Tragedy*, are particularly remembered.

XXIV. THOMAS NEWTON.

Thomas Newton, the author of three Tragedies; *Thebais :* the First and Second Parts of *Tamerlane*, the *Great Scythian Emperor.*

XXV. ABRAHAM FRAUNCE.

Abraham Fraunce, a versifier in Queen Elizabeth's time, who imitating Latin measure in English verse, wrote his *Iviechurch*, and some other things, in hexameter; some also in hexameter and pentameter : nor was he altogether singular in this way of writing; for sir Philip Sydney in his Pastoral Interludes of his *Arcadia*, uses not only these, but all other sorts of Latin measure; in which no wonder he is followed by so few; since they neither become the English nor any other modern language.

XXVI. GEORGE TURBERVILLE.

George Turberville is, (*like Churchyard*, etc.), *merely named by Phillips. He was a Translator; and wrote a popular book on Falconry.*

XXVII. Sir PHILIP SYDNEY.

Sir Philip Sydney, the glory of the English Nation in his time, and pattern of true nobility, as equally addicted both to Arts and Arms: though more fortunate in the first; for accompanying his uncle the Earl of Leicester, sent by Queen Elizabeth General of the English Forces into the Low Countries, he was then unfortunately slain. He was the great English Mæcenas of Virtue, Learning and Ingenuity; thorugh in his own writings chiefly, if not wholly, poetical; his *Arcadia* being a poem in design, though for the most part in solute oration; and his *Astrophel and Stella*, with other things in verse, having, if I mistake not, a greater spirit of poetry, than to be altogether disesteemed.

XXVIII. Sir EDWARD DYER.

Sir Edward Dyer, a person of good account in Queen Elizabeth reign, poetically addicted, several of whose *Pastoral Odes and Madrigals* are extant in a printed *Collection of certain choice pieces of some of the most eminent Poets of that time.*

(Phillips adds in a Supplement) thus: « *Edward Dyer*, a poetical writer, who seems formerly to have been in good esteem; being ranked with some of the most noted poets of Queen Elizabeth's time; and a contributor, with the chief of them, out of his writings, to the above Collection; and with him we may perhaps not unfitly rank *John Markham; Henry Constable; Thomas Achelly; John Weever; George Turberville;* besides *Lodge*, *Greene*, *Gascoyne*, and others that have been already mentioned.

XXIX. EDMUND SPENSER.

Edmund Spenser, the first of our English Poets, that brought Heroic Poesy to any perfection; his *Fairy Queen*, being for great invention and poetic height judged little inferior, if not equal, to the chief of the ancient Greeks and Latins, or modern Italians: but the first poem that brought him into esteem, was his *Shepherd's Calendar*, which so endeared him to that noble patron of all virtue and learning Sir Philip Sydney, that he made him known to Q. Elizabeth; and by that means got him pre-

fered to be Secretary to his brother (1) sir Henry Sydney, who was sent Deputy into Ireland, where he is said to have written his *Fairy Queen*. But upon the return of sir Henry, his employment ceasing, he also returned into England; and having lost his great friend sir Philip, fell into poverty; yet made his last refuge to the Queen's bounty, and had L500 ordered him for his support; which nevertheless was abridged to L100 by Cecil, who hearing of it, and owing him a grudge for some reflections in *Mother Hubbard's Tale*, cried out to the Queen, *What, all this for a Song?* This he is said to have taken so much to heart, that he contracted a deep melancholy, which soon after brought his life to a period: so apt is an ingenious spirit to resent a slighting, even from the greatest persons: and thus much I must needs say of the merit of so great a Poet, that, as it is incident to the best of Poets sometimes to flatter some Royal or Noble Patron, never did any do it more to the height, or with greater art and elegance; if the highest of prai-

(1) Should be *father*. (Editor.)

ses attributed to so heroic a Princess can justly be termed flattery.

XXX. Sir JOHN HARINGTON.

Sir John Harington, no less noted for his Book of witty *Epigrams*, than his judicious Translation of *Ariosto's Orlando Furioso.*

XXXI. EDMUND FAIRFAX.

Edmund Fairfax, one of the most judicious, elegant, and haply in his time most approved of English Translators, both for his choice of so worthily extolled a Heroic Poet as *Torquato Tasso;* as for the exactness of his Version, in which he is judged by some to have approved himself no less a Poet than in what he hath written of his own genius.

XXXII. ROBERT GREENE.

Robert Greene, one of the pastoral sonnet-makers of Queen Elisabeth's time, comtemporary with *Dr. Lodge*, with whom he was associated in the writing of several Comedies, namely *The Law of Nature* : — *Lady Alimony* : — *Liberality and Prodigality* : and a Mas-

que called *Luminalia:* besides which he wrote alone the Comedies of *Friar Bacon*, and *Fair Emma.*

XXXIII. GEORGE PEELE.

George Peel, a somewhat antiquated English Bard of Queen Elizabeth's date, some remains of whose pretty Pastoral Poetry we have extant in a Collection entitled *England's Helicon.*

XXXIV. CHRISTOPHER MARLOW.

Christopher Marlow, a kind of a second Shakespeare, (whose contemporary he was,) not only because like him he rose from an *Actor* to be a *Maker* of Plays, though inferior both in fame and merit; but also because in his begun poem of *Hero and Leander*, he seems to have a resemblance of that clean and unsophisticated wit, which is natural to that incomparable poet (1). This poem being left unfinished by *Marlow*, who in some riotous fray came to an untimely and violent end, was thought worthy of the finishing hand of *Chapman;* in the per-

(1) This is one of the observations, which Warton attributes to the hand of Milton. (Editor.)

formance whereof nevertheless he fell short of the spirit and invention, with which it was begun. Of all that he hath written to the Stage, his *D.r Faustus* hath made the greatest noise with its devils, and such like tragical sports: nor are his other two tragedies to be forgotten; namely his *Edward the Second;* and *Massacre at Paris;* besides his *Jew of Malta*, a Tragi-comedy, and his Tragedy of *Dido*, in which he was joined with NASH.

XXXV. THOMAS LODGE.

Thomas Lodge, a Doctor of Physic, who flourished in Qu. Elizabeth's reign; and was one of the writers of those pretty old Pastoral Songs and Madrigals, which were very much the strain of those times.

XXXVI. NICHOLAS BRETON.

Nicholas Breton, a writer of Pastoral Sonnets, Canzons, and Madrigals, in which kind of writing he keeps company with several other contemporary emulators of Spenser and sir Philip Sydney, in a published Collection of selected odes, of the chief Pastoral Sonneteers of the age.

XXXVII. Sir WALTER RALEIGH.

Sir Walter Raleigh, a person both sufficiently known in history, and by his *History of the World:* and seems also by the character given of him by the author of *the Art of English Poetry*, to have expressed himself more a poet than the little we have extant of his poetry seems to import: « *For ditty and Amorous Sonnet*, (saith he,) *I find sir Walter Raleigh's vein most lofty insolent and passionate.*

XXXVIII. HENRY CONSTABLE.

Henry Constable is ranked with Dyer, Lodge, Greene, etc., *under the article of* Sir EDWARD DYER *(ante)*.

XXXIX. THOMAS WATSON.

Thomas Watson, a contemporary imitator of sir Philip Sydney, together with Bartholomew Yonge, Doctor Lodge, and several others, in that Pastoral strain of poetry, in Sonnets and Madrigals, already mentioned.

XL. BARTHOLOMEW YONGE.

Bartholomew Yonge is only thus incidentally mentioned in the precedent article.

XLI. GERVASE MARKHAM.

Gervase Markham also is only incidentally mentioned under SIR EDW DYER, *(ante)*.

XLII. RICHARD BARNFIELD.

Richard Barnfield, one of the same rank in poetry with Doctor Lodge, Robert Greene, Nicholas Breton, and other contemporaries already mentioned in the foregoing Treatise of the Moderns.

XLIII. THOMAS NASH.

Thomas Nash, one of those that may serve to fill up the Catalogue of English dramatic writers: his mentioned comedies are, *Summers last Will and Testament;* and *See me and see me not.*

XLIV. CHARLES FITZ-GEOFFRY.

Charles Fitz-Geoffry, a poetical writer of Qu. Elizabeth's reign, of some esteem formerly, I judge, by that *Collection of choice Flowers and Descriptions*, as well out of his, as the works of several others, the most renowned poets of our nation, collected above sixty years ago (1).

(1) Viz in 1600. (EDITOR.)

XLV. CHRISTOPHER MIDDLETON.

Charles (viz. Christopher,) *Middleton*, another of the same time, or thereabout, of the same concernment in the aforementioned Collection.

XLVI. WILLIAM WARNER.

William Warner, a good honest plain writer of Moral Rules and Precepts in that old fashioned kind of seven-footed verse, which yet sometimes is in use though in different manner; that is to say, divided into two. He may be reckoned with several other writers of the same time; *i. e.* Queen Elizabeth's; who, though inferior to Sydney, Spenser, Drayton, and Daniel, yet have been thought by some not unworthy to be remenbered and quoted, namely *George Gascoigne; Th. Hudson; John* (Gervase) *Markham; Thomas Achely; John Weever; Ch. Middleton; George Turbervile; Henry Constable; sir Edw. Dyer; Thomas Churchyard; Charles Fitzgeoffrey.*

XLVII. THOMAS ACHELLEY.

Thomas Achelley is only mentioned incidentally as above.

XLVIII. JOHN WEEVER.

John Weever is only noticed in the same manner as Achelley.

XLIX. THOMAS HUDSON.

Thomas Hudson occurs only in the same way.

L. JOHN LILLY.

John Lilly, a writer of several old-fashioned comedies and tragedies, which have been printed together in a volume; and might perhaps, when time was, be in good request; namely *Endymion; The Woman in the Moon; — Midas; — Mother Bomby; — Galatea; — Sappho and Phaon, — comedies: a Warning for fair Women.*

LI. THOMAS KID.

Thomas Kid, a writer that seems to have been of pretty good esteem for versifying in former times, being quoted among some of the more famed poets; as *Spenser*, *Drayton*, *Daniel*, *Lodge*, *etc.* with whom he was either contemporary; or not much later: there is particularly remembered his tragedy, *Cornelia.*

LII. THOMAS PRESTON.

Thomas Preston, the author of *Cambises King of Persia*, a tragi-comedy.

LIII. HUGH HOLLAND.

Hugh Holland, a poetical writer thought worthy by some to be mentioned with *Spenser*, *Sydney*, and other, the chief of English poets; with whom nevertheless he must needs be confessed inferior both in poetic fame and merit.

LIV. JOHN LANE.

John Lane, a fine old Queen Elizabeth gentleman, who was living within my remembrance; and whose several poems, had they not had the ill fate to remain unpublished, when much better meriting than many that are in print, might possibly have gained him a name not much inferior if not equal to *Drayton*, and others of the next rank to *Spenser;* but they are all to be produced in Manuscript: namely, his *Poetical Vision;* his *Alarm to the Poets;* his *Twelve Months;* his *Guy of Warwick*, a heroic poem, (at least as much as many others that are so entitled;) and, lastly his *Supplement to Chaucer's Squire's Tale.*

LV. THOMAS STORER.

Thomas Storer, one of the writers of Queen Elizabeth's time, of those Pastoral Airs and Madrigals, of which we have a Collection in a Book, called *England's Helicon.*

LVI. JOHN MARSTON.

John Marston, a Tragic and Comic writer, not of the meanest rank among our English dramatics. His Comedies are *The Dutch Curtesan; The Fawn; What you will:* his Tragedies *Antonio and Melida: — The Insatiate Countess;* besides *The Male-content*, a Tragi-comedy; *The Faithful Shepherd*, a pastoral.

LVII. Sir JOHN DAVIS.

Sir John Davis, the learned and well-accomplished father of a no less accomplished daughter, the present Countess dowager of Huntingdon (1). His *Nosce Teipsum*, (besides which and his *Orchestra* published together with it, both the products of his younger years, I re-

(1) An error: this Countess was daugter of another sir John Davis of Pangbourn, co. Berks. (Editor.)

member to have seen from the hands of the Countess a judicious *Metaphrase of several of David's Psalms*,) is said to have first made him known to Queen Elizabeth; and afterwards brought him in favour with king James; under whose auspices addicting himself to the study of the Common Law of England, he was made the King's first Serjeant, and afterwards his Attorney-general in Ireland.

LVIII. SAMUEL DANIEL.

Samuel Daniel, an author of good note and reputation in king James his reign, whose History of the Eleven first kings of England from the Norman conquest, though it be of all the rest of his works most principally sought after and regarded, yet are not his poetical writings totally forgotten; as namely his historical poem of *The Civil Wars between the House of York and Lancaster;* his *Letter of Octavia to Antoninus;* his *Complaint of Rosamond;* his *Panegyric;* and of dramatic pieces his Tragedy of *Philotas* and *Cleopatra;* *Hymen's Triumph;* and *the Queen's Arcadia*, a Pastoral.

LIX. MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Michael Drayton, contemporary of *Spenser* and *Sir Philip Sydney*, and for fame and renown in poetry not much inferior in his time to either: however he seems somewhat antiquated in the esteem of the more curious of these times, especially in his *Polyalbion;* the old-fashioned kind of verse whereof seems somewhat to diminish that respect which was formerly paid to the subject as being both pleasant and elaborate; and thereupon thought worthy to be commented upon by that once-walking library of our nation *Selden*. His *England's Heroical Epistles* are more generally liked; and to such as love the pretty chat of Nymphs and Shepherds his *Nymphals* and other things of that nature cannot be unpleasant.

LX. JOSHUA SYLVESTER.

Joshua Sylvester, the English translator of *Du Bartas* his poem of *the Six Days Work of Creation*, by which he is more generally famed, (for that poem hath ever had many great admirers among us,) than by his own poems commonly printed therewith.

LXI. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

William Shakespeare, the glory of the English Stage; whose nativity at *Stratford-upon-Avon* is the highest honour that town can boast of: from an *Actor* of Tragedies and Comedies he became a *Maker:* and such a *Maker*, that though some others may perhaps pretend to a more exact *decorum* and *economy*, especially in Tragedy; never any expressed a more lofty and tragic height; never any represented Nature more purely to the life: and where the polishments of Art are most wanting, as most probably his learning was not extraordinary, he pleaseth with a certain wild and native elegance (1): and in all his writings hath an unvulgar style; as well in his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Rape of Lucrece*, and other various poems, as in his dramatics.

LXII. BEN JONSON.

Benjamin Johnson, the most learned judicious and correct, generally so accounted, of our English Comedians; and the more to be

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(1) Here again Warton remarks Milton's hand. (EDITOR.)

admired for being so, for that neither the height of natural parts, (for he was no *Shakespeare*,) nor the cost of extraordinary education, (for he is reported but a bricklayer's son,) but his own proper industry and addiction to books, advanced him to this perfection. In three of his Comedies, namely, *The Fox; Alchymist;* and *Silent Woman;* he may be compared, in the judgment of learned men, for decorum, language, and well-humouring of the parts, as well with the chief of the ancient Greek and Latin Comedians as the prime of modern Italians, who have been judged the best of Europe for a happy vein in Comedies: nor is his *Bartholomew Fair* much short of them: — as for his other Comedies, *Cynthia's Revels; Poetaster;* and the rest; let the name of *Ben Johnson* protect them against whosoever shall think fit to be severe in censure against them. The truth is, his Tragedies *Sejanus* and *Catiline* seem to have in them more of an artificial and inflate than of a pathetical and naturally tragic height. In the rest of his poetry, for he is not wholly dramatic, as his *Underwoods*, *Epigrams*, *etc.*, he is sometimes bold and strenuous; sometimes magisterial; sometimes lepid, and full enough of conceit; and sometimes a man, as other men are.

LXIII. THOMAS DECKER.

Thomas Decker, a high-flier in wit, even against *Ben. Johnson* himself in his Comedy called *The Untrussing of the Humourous Poet:* besides which he wrote many others, as *the Wonder of a Kingdom; — The Honest Whore*, in two Parts; *Fortunatus; — The Whore of Babylon; — If this ben't a good play, the Devil's in't.* See also *John Webster.*

LXIV. GEORGE CHAPMAN.

George Chapman, a poetical writer flourishing in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and King James, in that repute for his *Translations* both *of Homer* and *Hesiod*, and what he wrote of his own proper genius, that he is thought not the meanest of English Poets of that time; as his *Blind Beggar of Alexandria; — All Fools; — The Gentleman-Usher; — May-Day; — The Widow's Tears; — Monsieur d'Olive; A Day's Mirth; — Eastward-hoe;* Comedies; *— Bussy d'Amboys; — Cæsar and Pompey;* Tragedies.

Omitted.

LXV THOMAS CHARNOCK.

Thomas Charnock, his *Breviary of Natural*

Philosophy, in English verse, is published together with Tho. Norton's *Ordinal of Alchymy*; John Dastin's *Dream*; Bloomfield's *Blossoms*; Abraham Andrew's *Hunting of the Green Lyon*; G. Riplay's *Compound of Alchymy*; and other Collected Works of our choicest old poetisers in the Mysteries of Chymical Philosophy by my honoured friend M. ASHMOLE, a learned and most industrious inquirer into all the curiosities of Antiquity, in his Book entitled *Theatrum Chymicum Britannicum*.

LXVI. WILLIAM WAGER.

William Wager, the author of that old Interlude called *Tom Tyler and his Wife*. He wrote also two Comedies, *The Trial of Chivalry*; and *The longer thou livest, the more fool thou art.*

CATALOGUE

AND OBITUARY

OF

THE ENGLISH POETS

CONTAINED IN THE TIRST VOLUME.

		Flourished.	*Died.*
1.	ROBERT OF GLOUCESTER.	1270	
2.	G. CHAUCER.	1370	1400
3.	J. GOWER.	1375	1409
4.	T. OCCLEVE.	1422	
5.	J. LYDGATE.	1430	
6.	JOHN HARDING.	1430	
7.	G. RIPLAY.	1471	
7*.	THO. CHARNOCK. (p. xxix)	1471	
8.	JOHN SKELTON.	1515	1529
9.	LORD SURRY.	1540	1547
10.	SIR T. WYAT.	1540	1542
11.	LORD ROCHFORD.	1530	1536
12.	LORD VAUX.	1545	
13.	SIR T. MORE.	1530	1536
14.	SIR T. ELIOT.	1541	1546

		Flourished.	*Died.*
15.	Lord MORLEY.	1535	
16.	JOHN HEYWOOD.	1556	1565
17.	T. STERNHOLD.	1557	
17.	JOHN HOPKINS.	1557	
18.	LUCAS SHEPHEARD.	1554	
19.	Lord BUCKHURST.	1559	1608
20.	G. FERRERS.	1559	1579
21.	T. CHURCHYARD.	1575	1604
22.	JOHN HALL.	1565	
23.	G. GASCOIGNE.	1575	1578
24.	T. NEWTON.	1575	1607
25.	ABR. FRAUNCE.	1587	
26.	GEO. TURBERVILLE.	1587	
27.	Sir P. SYDNEY.	1580	1586
28.	Sir EDW. DYER.	1580	
29.	EDMUND SPENSER.	1590	1599
30.	Sir JOHN HARINGTON.	1600	1612
31.	EDMUND FAIRFAX.	1600	1632
32.	RT. GREENE.	1587	1592
33.	GEO. PEELE.	1590	
34.	C. MARLOW.	1587	1592
35.	THO. LODGE.	1584	1625
36.	N. BRETON.	1598	1624
37.	Sir WALTER RALEIGH.	1600	1618
38.	H. CONSTABLE	1590	
39.	T. WATSON.	1581	1592
40.	BARTH. YONGE.	1600	
41.	GERVASE MARKHAM.	1597	
42.	RICHARD BARNFIELD.	1595	
43.	THO. NASH.	1594	1600
44.	CH. FITZGEFFREY.	1596	1636

		Flourished.	*Died.*
45.	C. MIDDLETON.	1600	
46.	W. WARNER.	1592	1609
47.	T. ACHELLY.	1600	
48.	J. WEEVER.	1599	
48.*	W. WAGER. (p. xxx)	1580	
49.	T. HUDSON.	1600	
50.	J. LILLY.	1584	
51.	T. KID.	1584	1595
52.	T. PRESTON.	1564	
53.	H. HOLLAND.		1638
54.	JOHN LANE.	1600	
55.	T. STORER.	1599	1604
56.	JOHN MARSTON.	1598	
57.	SIR JOHN DAVIS.	1599	1626
58.	SAM. DANIEL.	1594	1619
59.	M. DRAYTON.	1594	1631
60.	JOSHUA SYLVESTER.	1600	1618
61.	W. SHAKESPEARE.	1600	1616
62.	BEN JONSON.	1600	1637
63.	T. DECKER.	1600	
64.	G. CHAPMAN.	1600	1634

THEATRUM

POETARUM ANGLICANORUM.

VOLUME II.

1. Lord BROOK.

Sir Fulk Grevile, Lord Brook, a great friend and associate of *Sir Philip Sydney;* whose *Life* he wrote; as also several things in poetry; both Dramatic, as his *Alaham*, *Mustapha*, and *Marcus Tullius Cicero*; and others, commonly of a political subject, and among the rest a posthume work not published till within a very few years, being a two-fold Treatise; the first, *Of Monarchy;* the second, *Of Religion*; in all which is observable a close, mysterious, and sententious way of writing, without much regard to elegancy of style, or smoothness of verse.

2. THOMAS CAMPION.

Th. Campion, a writer of no extraordinary fame; but who hath the honour to be named by Camden with Sydney, Spenser, Drayton, and other the chief of our English poets.

3. JOHN DONNE.

John Donne, a student in his younger years in Lincoln's Inn, whither he betook himself from the University of Oxford; but, instead of poring upon tedious Reports, Judgments, and Statute Books, he accomplished himself with the politer kind of Learning; moderately enjoyed the pleasures of the Town; and frequented good company, to which the sharpness of his wit, and gaiety of fancy, rendered him not a little grateful: in which state of life he composed his more brisk and youthful poems, which are rather commended for the height of fancy and acuteness of the conceit, than for the smoothness of the verse. At last by king James his command, or rather earnest persuasion, setting himself to the study of Theology, and entering into Holy Orders, he was first made Preacher of

Lincoln's Inn; afterwards advanced to be Dean of Paul's: and as of an eminent poet he became a much more eminent Preacher, so he rather improved than relinquished his poetical fancy, only converting it from human and worldly to divine and heavenly subjects.

4. Sir WILLIAM LEIGHTON.

William Leighton, dedicated to king James a poetical piece, entitled *Vertue Triumphant*, or lively description of the Four Virtues Cardinal, which came forth *an.* 1603.

5. WILLIAM ALABASTER.

William Alabaster, a considerable poet, so accounted, in the time he flourished, which was under Queen Elizabeth, the chief transactions of whose reign he began to describe in a Latin Poem, entitled *Elisœis*, which he left unfinished.

6. FRANCIS DAVISON.

Francis Davison's Poetical Rhapsody, dedicated to W. Earl of Pembroke, Lord Steward of the Household to his late Majesty king Charles the First, appears to have been in

those days not ill received, since it endured four impressions.

7. JOHN FLETCHER.

John Fletcher, one of the happy Triumvirate, (the other two being Jonson and Shakespeare,) of the chief dramatic poets of our nation, in the last foregoing age; among whom there might be said to be a symmetry of perfection, while each excelled in his own peculiar way: *Ben Jonson*, in his elaborate pains and knowlege of authors; *Shakespeare*, in his pure vein of wit, and natural poetic height; *Fletcher*, in a courtly elegance, and gentle familiarity of style; and withal a wit and invention so overflowing, that the luxuriant branches thereof were frequently thought convenient to be lopped off by his almost inseparable companion, *Francis Beaumont*.

8. FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

Francis Beaumont, an inseparable companion and coadjutor to *Fletcher* in the making of many of his Plays; besides what he made solely himself. There is also extant a poem of his, entitled, *Salmacis* and *Her-*

maphroditus, a Fable taken out of *Ovid's Metamorphoses*.

9. GILES FLETCHER.

George (Giles) *Fletcher*, the author of a poem, entitled *Christ's Victory and Triumph in Heaven and Earth over and after Death*. He wrote in the reign of King James, and King Charles the First.

10. WILLIAM BROWNE.

William Browne, the author of a Poem, entitled *Britain's Pastorals;* which though not of the sublimest strain, yet for a subject of that nature, amorous and rural, containing matter not unpleasant to the reader.

11. GEORGE WITHER.

George Withers; a most profuse pourer forth of English Rhime, not without great pretence to a poetical zeal against the vices of the Times, in his *Motto;* his *Remembrancer;* and other such like Satirical Works: besides which, he turned into English verse the *Songs of Moses;* and other *Hymns of the Old Testament;* in all which, and whatever else there

is of his, dispersed up and down, (for his works, however voluminous, have been scarce thought worthy to be collected into a volume,) whoever shall go about to imitate his lofty style, may boldly venture to ride post and versify: yet, because vulgarly taken for a great poet, and by some for a prophet, in regard many things are fancied to have come to pass which he pretended to predict, he must not be omitted: but the most of poetical fancy which I remember to have found in any of his writings, is in a little piece of pastoral poetry, called *The Shepherd's Hunting*.

12. PHINEAS FLETCHER.

Phineas Fletcher, the brother of *George*» (Giles), « beforementioned, whom he rather exceeds, than comes behind in poetic fame; for his *Purple Island* is yet in memory, and mentioned by many with sufficient commendation: besides which, he wrote a poem in Latin *against the Jesuits;* but more enlarged in English.

13. THOMAS COLLINS.

Thomas Collins, his *Tears of Love*, or

Cupid's Progress, published *anno* 1615; since the materials of it have been preserved from the injury of time by being bound up with other small poetical pieces, much of the same stamp and standing, it will seem but an accident of good fortune, if the name also be preserved.

14. CYRIL TURNEUR.

Cyril Turner, a writer of two old Tragedies; the *Atheist's Tragedy;* and the *Revenger's Tragedy*.

15. CHARLES ALEYN.

Charles Aleyn, wrote in English verse *The Life of King Henry the Seventh*, with the *Battle of Bosworth*; also the *Battles of Cressy* and *Poitiers*.

16. RICHARD RABLET, and 17. RICHARD TURNER.

Richard Rablet, and *Richard Turner*, two contemporaries, (and therefore worthy of mention for antiquity's sake,) with *Drayton*, with whose *Owl* and other old pieces of poetry, two small things of theirs, *Rablet's*

Cob's Prophecy, and *Turner's Nosce te Humours*, were published; and seem to be but the track of other poetical works, though now lost and forgotten.

18. WILLIAM SLATYER.

William Slatyer, compiler of the History of England from the reign of King James, by the title of *Palæ-Albion*: but whether in Latin or English, I cannot certainly determine; for the work, though of little fame, is in both; and the one seems to have been done by Slatyer, the other by *Samuel Purchas*.

19. SAMUEL PURCHAS.

Samuel Purchas. See *William Slatyer*.

20. WILLIAM SAMPSON.

William Sampson, a tragic writer, who wrote alone the *Vow-breaker*, and *Valiant Scot*; — with *Marsham*, the tragedy of *Herod and Antipater*; — and *How to choose a good wife from a bad*; — a tragi-comedy.

21. Sir FRANCIS HUBART.

Francis Hubart, a writer much about the

same time with *Francis Davison*, though scarce with the same success, of the *History of Joseph*, in English verse.

22. WILLIAM HERBERT, Earl of PEMBROKE.

William Herbert, *Earl of Pembroke*, Lord Steward of the Household to his late Majesty King Charles the First; not only a great favourer of learned and ingenious men, but also of a poetical genius himself; as he discovers by those amorous and not unelegant Airs, which having been many years known by the musical numbers of *H. Lawes* and *N. Laneer*, were published under his name in 1660; and that, (as a great testimony of his genuine title to them,) with the both approbation and desire of *Cæciliana Countess Dowager of Devonshire*, as D.r *Donne* takes notice in an Epistle to her before those poems, to many of which also are printed the Answers of *Sir Benjamin Rudyard*, by way of Repartee.

23. WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

William Drummond, *of Hawthornden*, a

Scotch Gentleman, of considerable note and esteem, flourishing in K. James's reign; who, imitating the Italian manner of versifying, vented his amours in Sonnets, Canzonets, and Madrigals, and, to my thinking, in a style sufficiently smooth and delightful; and therefore why so utterly disregarded and laid aside at present, I leave to the more curious palates in poetry.

24. THOMAS MIDDLETON.

Thomas Middleton, a copious writer for the English Stage, contemporary with *Jonson* and *Fletcher*; though not of equal repute; and yet on the other side not altogether contemptible, especially in many of his Plays. His comedies were, *Blurt M. Constable*; — *The Chaste Maid in Cheapside*; — *More Dissemblers than Women*; — *The Game at Chess*; — *A Mad World, my masters*; — *Michaelmas Term*; — *The Phœnix*; — *A Trick to catch the Old Ones*: — his Tragedies, *The Mayor of Queenborough*: besides what he wrote associated with *W. Rowley*.

25. WILLIAM ROWLEY.

William Rowley, an Associate with *Mid-*

dleton, in the writing of several comedies and tragi-comedies; as *The Spanish Gipsies;* — *The Old Law;* — *The Fair Quarrel;* — *The Widow;* besides what he wrote alone, as *The Woman never vex'd;* and *The Match at Midnight;* — *All's lost by Lust*, a tragedy: and joined with *Webster*, as *The Thracian Wonder;* — and *A Cure for a Cuckold.*

26. JOHN WEBSTER.

John Webster, an associate with *Thomas Decker*, in several not wholly to be rejected Plays; viz *Northward Hoe;* — *The Noble Stranger;* — *New Trick to cheat the Devil;* — *Westward Hoe;* — *The Weakest goes to the Wall;* — *Woman will have her will;* — with *Samuel* (William) *Rowley* in the *Cure for Cuckolds*, a comedy; besides what he hath wrote alone, *The Devil's Law case;* a Tragi-Comedy; — *The White Devil;* — *The Dutchess of Malfy*, Tragedies.

27. JOHN FORD.

John Ford, a dramatic writer some years since of Tragedies and Comedies, in their season, I suppose, not wholly strangers to the English Stage: his Tragedies *The Broken*

Heart; —*Love's Sacrifice*; — and His *Pity she's a whore*: his Comedies, *The Fancies*; — and *The Lady's Trial*. He wrote also a Tragi-Comedy, *Love's Labyrinth*; — besides the dramatic history of *Perkin Warbec*.

28. THOMAS HEYWOOD.

Thomas Heywood, a great benefactor, no doubt, to the *Red Bull*, and the other common Theatres, that flourished in those times, with many but vulgar Comedies, as *The Brazen Age*; — *The English Travellers*; — The first and second Part of *Edward the Fourth*; — *Fortune by Land and Sea*; — *The Four London Prentices*; — *The Fair Maid of the West*, first and second Part; — *The Golden Age*; — *The Wise Woman of Hogsden*; — *The Iron Age*, in two Parts; — *The Royal King and Loyal Subject*, *etc.*

29. SAMUEL ROWLEY.

Samuel Rowley, remembered by his Comical History; *When you see me, you know me*; and his tragedy, *The Noble Spanish Soldier*.

30. PHILIP MASSINGER.

Philip Massinger, a sufficiently famous

and very copious writer, both comic and tragic, to the English Stage. His Comedies are his *Bondman;* — *Emperor of the East;* — *Maid of Honour*; — *New Way to pay old debts;* — *The Picture;* — *The Bashful Lover;* — *The Renegado;* — *The Guardian;* — *The Great Duke of Florence* : His tragedies, *The Fatal Dowry;* — *The Duke of Milan.*

31. WILLIAM SMITH.

William Smith, the author of a Tragedy entitled, *Hieronymo;* as also the *Hector of Germany.*

32. WILLIAM HABINGDON.

William Habington, the author of Poems which came forth above twenty years since under the title of *Castara*, the feigned name, no doubt, of that human Goddess that inspired them; but better known by his History of *The Reign of King the fourth;* in which also he hath a style sufficiently florid; and perhaps better becoming a poetical than historical subject. In respect of his Poems, however they are now almost forgotten, he may be rank'd in my opinion with those that deserve

neither the highest nor the lowest seat in the Theatre of Fame.

33. THOMAS CAREW.

Thomas Carew, one of the Gentlemen of the Bedchamber to his late Majesty King Charles the first: he was reckoned among the chiefest of his time for delicacy of wit and poetic fancy; by the strength of which his extant Poems still maintain their fame amidst the curious of the present age.

34. RICHARD LOVELACE.

Richard Lovelace, an approved both soldier, gentleman, and lover, and a fair pretender to the title of Poet; a soldier, having commanded a regiment in the late King's army; a gentleman, of a Viscount's name and family; a lover militant under the banner of *Lucasta*, the Lady-regent under a poetical name of his poetical endeavours: and as to the last of his qualifications, besides the acute and not unpleasant style of his verses, a man may discern therein sometimes those sparks of poetic fire, which, had they been the main design, and not *parergon*, in some work of

heroic argument might happily have blazed out into the perfection of sublime poesy.

35. ROBERT HEATH.

Robert Heath, the author of a Book of poems, which about twenty years ago came forth under the title of *Clarastella;* the ascribed title of that celebrated lady, who is supposed to have been both the inspirer and chief subject of them.

36. ROBERT HERRICK.

Robert Herric, a writer of poems of much about the same standing and the same rank in fame with the last mentioned, though not particularly influenced by any nymph or goddess except his *Maid Pru.* That which is chiefly pleasant in these poems, is now and then a pretty flowery and pastoral gale of fancy; a vernal prospect of some hill, cave, rock, or fountain; which but for the interruption of other trivial passages, might have made up none of the worst poetic landscapes.

37. SIR RICHARD FANSHAW.

Sir Richard Fanshaw, heretofore Secretary

to his present Majesty, (K. Ch. II.) when Prince of Wales; and after his Restoration his Ambassador into Spain, where he died. Besides his translation of *Guarini's Pastor Fido* into English verse; and of *Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar* into Latin verse.

38. THOMAS RANDOLPH.

Thomas Randolph, one of the most pregnant young wits of his time, flourishing in the University of Cambridge: the quick conceit and clear poetic fancy discovered in his extant poems, seemed to promise something extraordinary from him, had not his indulgence to the too liberal converse with the multitude of his applauders drawn him to such an immoderate way of living, as, in all probability, shortened his days. Besides his two Comedies, *Amintas*, and *the Muses Looking-Glass*, and the Interlude *Aristippus* printed with his other works, there are attributed to him, a comedy called *Hey for Honesty, and down for Knavery;* and *The Jealous Lovers*, a tragedy.

39. RICHARD CORBET.

Richard Corbet, a no less witty poetiser

in his youth, when his *Iter Boreale* and other facetious poems were the effects of his juvenile fancy, than grave Divine in his elder years when his more serious studies advanced him to the *Bishopric*, first *of Oxford*, then *of Norwich.*

40. HENRY KING.

Henry King, late *Bishop of Chichester*, a no less grave and reverend Divine in his later time, than in his youthful age of an obliging conversation by his wit and fancy, and both in his younger and elder years a constant lover of music, poetry, and all ingennous arts; the effect of his latest and most serious Muse being his generally admired and approved version of *David's Psalms* into English metre.

41. Sir ASTON COKAYNE.

Sir Aston Cokain, the author, (whatever he hath written in poetry besides,) of several things to the Stage, as *The Obstinate Lady*, a comedy; *Trappolin supposed a Prince;* and *Tyrannical Government*, tragi-comedies; and *Thersites*, an interlude.

42. Sir JOHN SUCKLING.

Sir John Suckling, a witty and elegant Courtier under his late Majesty. His poems, which being few besides his dramatics *Aglaura*, *Brenoralt*, and *The Goblins*, are collected together, with his *Letters*, into a volume entitled *Fragmenta Aurea*, have a pretty touch of a genteel spirit; and seem to savour more of the grape than lamp; and still keep up their reputation equal with any writ so long ago. His *Plays* also still bring audience to the Theatre.

43. THOMAS STANLEY.

Thomas Stanley, of *Cumberlow Green* in *Hertfordshire*, a gentleman both well-deserving of the common-wealth of learning in general by his other writings, his *Lives of the Philosophers*, and his learned Edition *of Æschilus;* and also particulary honoured for his smooth air and genteel spirit in poetry; which appears not only in his own genuine poems; but also from what he hath so well translated out of ancient Greek and modern Italian, Spanish, and French poets, as to make his own.

44. Sir EDWARD SHIRBURNE.

Edward Shirburn, an intimate friend and acquaintance as well of the ancient Greek and Latin, as of the choicest of modern poets, both Italian, French, and Spanish; and in what he hath elegantly and judiciously translated either of the former or later, a discoverer of a more pure poetical spirit and fancy, than many others can justly pretend to in their original works. His version of those books of *Manilius*, which relate merely to astronomy, is a very noble work; being set forth with most exact notes; and other learned and proper illustrations.

45. THOMAS MAY.

Thomas May, the vulgarly admired translator of *Lucan* into English verse: but here chiefly to be mentioned for what he hath written *propriâ Minervâ;* as his *Supplement of Lucan* in Latin verse; his *History of Henry the Second* in English verse: besides what he wrote of Dramatic; as his tragedies of *Antigone*, *Cleopatra*, and *Agrippina; the Heir*, a tragi-comedy; the *Old Couple*, and the *Old*

Wive's Tale; Comedies; and the *History of Orlando Furioso.* As for his *History of the Late Civil Wars of England*, though it were writen in prose, yet he is thought to have vented therein the spleen of a male-contented poet, for having been frustrated in his expectation of being the Queen's poet, for which he stood candidate with *Sir William Davenant*, who was preferred before him.

46. Sir WILLIAM DAVENANT.

Sir William Davenant, a very large sharer in the poetic fame of the present age; of which he was a surviving over-hearer till within these few years; and of no less a memory for the future, for the great fluency of his wit and fancy; especially for what he wrote for the English Stage; of which having laid the foundatioa before by his musical dramas, when the usual Plays were not suffered to be acted, he was the first reviver and improver by painted scenes; after his Majesty's Restoration erecting a new company of Actors under the patronage of the Duke of York. His works since his death have been fairly published iu a large volume, consisting of many comedies, which need not be

enumerated as being printed altogether, with several tragedies, interludes, historical dramas; his poem entitled *Madagascar;* a farrago of his juvenile and other miscellaneous pieces; and the crown of all, his *Gondibert*, the best of heroic poems, either ancient or modern, in the judgement of M.r *Hobbs;* a learned man indeed; but in some other of his opinions supposed to have been proved fallible by those that have taken him in hand.

47. WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT.

William Cartwright, Student of Christ-Church in Oxford, where he lived in fame and reputation for his singular parts and ingenuity; but most especially his excelling vein in poetry, which produced a volume of poems, which were published not long after his death; and among the rest, his tragedy, *The Royal Slave*, hath been in principal esteem.

48. RICHARD BRATHWAIT.

Richard Brathwait, the writer of certain poems, which coming forth about thirty years since, though of little or no fame in the world, yet not totally perishing in oblivion, have gained the fortune to be here mentioned.

49. WILLIAM CAVENDISH, Duke of Newcastle.

William Cavendish the present *Duke of Newcastle*, and the first advanced from Earl to that title for his eminent service to his late and present Majesty, a person accomplished according to the nobility of his birth and quality, that is, equally addicted both to arts and arms, and particularly a friend to the Muses; for besides his splendid Treatise of the *Art of Horsemanship*, in which his experience was no less than his delight, he wrote two ingenuous comedies, *The Variety*, and *The Country Captain*.

50. RICHARD BROME.

Richard Brome, a servant to *Ben Jonson*; a servant suitable to such a master; and who what with his faithful service and the sympathy of his genius, was thought worthy his particular commendation in verse. Whatever instructions he might have had from his master *Jonson*, he certainly by his own natural parts improved to a great height; and at last became not many parasangues inferior to him in fame by diverse noted Comedies,

as the *Antipodes; the Novella; Mock-Marriage;* the *Covent-Garden Wedding;* the *Mad Couple wellmatched;* the *Ambitious Politic;* the *Court-Beggar;* the *City-wit;* but especially his *Northern Lass;* his *Jovial Crew;* and his *Asparagus Garden.*

51. ALEXANDER BROME.

Alexander Brome, an Attorney of the Mayor's Court, yet poetically addicted; a man of law and poetry at once, (strange incongruity, one would think,) and that of so jovial a strain, that among the sons of Mirth and Bacchus, to whom his sack-inpired-songs have been so often sung to the spritely violin, his name cannot choose but be immortal: and in this respect he may well be stilded the *English Anacreon.* Many also of the Odes of *Horace*, who was likewise a good fellow, are of his translating: nor are there wanting among his extant poems many other various subjects, as well serious as otherwise. There is also of his writing a Comedy, called *The Cunning Lovers.*

52. RICHARD CRASHAW.

Richard Crashaw, Fellow, first of Pembroke

Hall, afterwards of St. Peter's College in Cambridge, a devout pourer forth of his divine raptures and meditations, in smooth and pathetic verse. His poems consist of three parts; the first entitled *Steps to the Temple;* being for the most part Epigrams upon several passages of the New Testament; the second part, *The Delights* of *the Muses;* or poems upon several occasions both English and Latin; the third and last part, *Carmen Deo Nostro;* being hymns and other sacred poems, addressed to the Countess of Denbigh. That religious solitude and love of a recluse life, which made him spend much of his time, and even lodge many nights under Tertullian's roof of Angels, in St. Mary's church, drew him at length, turning Roman Catholic, to betake himself to that so zealously frequented place called *Our Lady's of Loretto*, in Italy, where he died.

53. GEORGE HERBERT.

George Herbert, a younger brother of the noble family of *Herberts of Montgomery*, whose florid wit, obliging humour in conversation, fluent eloquence, and great proficience in the Arts gained him that reputation at Oxford, where he

spent his more youthful age, that he was chosen University Orator. At last, taking upon him Holy Orders, not without special encouragement from the King, who took notice of his parts, he was made parson of *Bemerton* near Salisbury. In this state his affection to poetry being converted to serious and divine subjects, produced those so generally known and approved poems, entitled *The Temple.*

54. GEORGE SANDYS.

George Sandys, a well approved writer of his *Travels into Foreign Parts;* but a much more admired Translator of *Ovid's Metamorphoses* into English verse; and Paraphrast of *David's Psalms;* and not unapplauded for his tragedy of *Christ's Passion.*

55. FRANCIS QUARLES.

Francis Quarles, the darling of our plebeian judgements; that is, such as have ingenuity enough to delight in poetry, but are not sufficiently instructed to make a right choice and distinction. His *Emblems*, being a Copy from *Hermannus Hugo's* original; his *Version of Job* into English verse; his *Feast of Worms;*

or *history of Jonas*, and other divine poems, have been ever, and still are, in wonderful veneration among the vulgar; and no less his *Argalus and Parthenia*, a history taken out of Sir Philip Sydney's *Arcadia*. There hath also been acted a Comedy of his, called *The Virgin Widow*.

56. ALEXANDER ROSSE.

Alexander Rosse, a Scotch writer, of whose poetry the only thing noted is his Cento out of Virgil, entitled *Virgilius Evangelizans*.

57. JOHN CLEAVELAND.

John Cleaveland, a notable high-soaring witty loyalist of Cambridge, whose verses in the time of the Civil War begun to be in great request both for their wit and zeal to the King's cause, for which indeed he appeared the first, if not only eminent champion in verse against the Presbyterian party; but most especially against the *Kirk* and *Scotch Covenant*, which he prosecuted with such a satirical fury, that the whole nation fares the worse for it, lying under a most grievous poetical censure. In fine, so great a man hath

Cleaveland been in the estimation of the generality, in regard his conceits were out of the common road, and wittily far-fetched, that grave men in outward appearance have not spared in my hearing to affirm him the best of English poets : and let them think so still, who ever please, provided it be made no article of faith.

58. Dr. ROBERT WILD.

D.r Robert Wild, one of the poetical cassock; and not of the meanest rank; being in some sort a kind of *Anti-Cleaveland*, in regard he stands up in behalf of the *Presbyterians* as notably as ever *Cleaveland* did against them. The first thing that recommended him to public fame was his *Iter Boreale*, the same in title, though not in argument, with that little, but much commended, poem of *D.r Corbet's* before-mentioned; this being upon *Monke's Journey* into *Scotland*, in order to his Majesty's Restoration; and looked upon for a lofty and conceitful style. His other things are for the most part of a lepid and facetious nature.

59. JASPER MAYNE.

Gaspar Main, a Student of Christ-Church

in Oxford, where he lived for many years in much credit and reputation for his florid wit and ingenious vein in poetry, which produced two witty and well-approved Comedies; the *City Match*, and the *Amorous War*. Nor did he, since his application to Theology, of which he was D.r and his Ecclesiastical preferment, totally relinquish those politer studies to which he was before addicted; having lately published *Lucian's Works*, of his own translating into English.

60. PAYNE FISHER.

Paganus Piscator, vulgarly *Fisher*, a notable undertaker in Latin verse, by his *Marston Moor*, and other Latin pieces, besides English ones not a few; which however meriting, (that we shall not stand now to examine,) he was not to be forgotten, that was retained Poet Laureat to so notorious a man as *Oliver Cromwell*, to whom, being Usurper, if his Muse did homage, it must be considered that poets in all times have been inclinable to ingratiate themselves with the highest in power, by what title soever.

61. BARTON HOLYDAY.

Barton Holyday, an old Student of Christ-Church in Oxford, who besides his translation of *Juvenal* with elaborate Notes, hath writ several other things in English verse, rather learned than elegant; and particularly a Comedy called *The Marriage of the Arts*.

62. HUMPHRY MILLS.

Humphry Mills, a poetical writer of the last age; but whose name I believe by this time is known to few, notwithstanding two volumes of his poetry were once published under the title of *The Melancholy Vision*, consisting of several moral and divine contemplations.

63. WILLIAM HAMMOND.

William Hammond, one of the forgotten poem-writers of the last age.

64. MARTIN LLEUELLIN.

Martin Lleuellin, the not uncommended writer of a book of facetious poems, which while he was Student of Christ-Church, in Oxford, were publisbed by the title of *Man-Miracles;* but now more conversant in another of Apollo's faculties, the study and practice of Physic.

65. HENRY VAUGHAN.

Henry Vaughan, sirnamed *Silurist*, from that part of Wales whose inhabitants were formerly called *Silures;* the author of certain English poems, which came forth anno 1658, under the title of *Olor Iscanus.*

66. THOMAS MANLEY.

Thomas Manley, one of the crowd of poetical writers of the late King's time. He wrote, among other things, the *History of Job*, in verse.

67. JOHN HODDESDON.

John Hoddesdon, one of the last age, who with his *Sion* and *Parnassus* makes a shift to crowd in among many others, not of the greatest fame. And so likewise

68. JOHN KENNEDIE.

John Kennedie, a Scotchman, with his history in verse of *Lycanthropos and Lucilla.*

69. WILLIAM BOSWORTH.

William Bosworth, the bringer forth of a

small poem, which was printed somewhat above twenty years since, under the title of *The Chaste and Lost Lovers*, or the *History of Arcadius and Sepha;* which from the very brink of oblivion, (nor had the loss been very great,) hath accidentally met with the good fortune to be here remembered.

70. THOMAS READ.

Thomas Read, a Scotchman, whose happy vein in Latin verse renders him not unworthy to be remembered among the learned men and poets of that nation.

71 EDMUND WALLER.

Edmund Waller of *Beconsfield*, one of the most famed poets, and that not unworthily, of the present age, being yet surviving; especially, (and wherein he is not inferior to *Carew* himself,) in the charming sweetness of his *Lyric Odes*, or *Amorous Sonnets*, long since wedded to the no less charming notes of *H. Lawes*, at that time the prince of musical composers, and one of the principal gentlemen of the Chapel, as also of the Private Music to his late Majesty King Charles the

First. In his other occasional poems his verse is smooth, yet strenuous; not barren of conceit; and frequently adorned wih proper similes.

72. Sir JOHN DENHAM.

Sir John Denham, late Surveyor of his Majesty's Works; but of a much more celebrated memory by the fame of what he hath written in poetry; especially his *Cooper's Hill*, and his tragedy *The Sophi*, which having been long since published, and in general esteem, came forth again a few years since, joined with the rest of his poetical works, which together amount to a considerable volume.

73. ABRAHAM COWLEY.

Abraham Cowley, the most applauded poet of our nation both of the present and past ages. His early Muse began to dawn at the thirteenth year of his age, he being then a scholar at Westminster school, in two little poems, *Antonius and Melida;* and *Pyramus and Thisbe;* which discovering a maturity of sense above the years that writ them, were thought worthy to be then published, though

not to be inserted into the now completed edition of his works, divided into four parts : his *Mistress*, being the amorous prolusions of his youthful Muses; his *Miscellanies*, or Poems of various arguments; his most admired heroic poem, *Davideis*, the first books whereof he composed while but a young student at Trinity College in Cambridge; and lastly, that is in order of time not of place, his *Pindaric Odes*, so called, I suppose, from the measure in which he translated the first *Ithmian* and *Nemean Odes*, whereas the very form of those Odes in the Original is very different : and yet in imitation of him, tis pleasant to observe what a notable trade hath been driven of late in Pindaric Odes. Besides these poems of his in English, there is extant of his writing, in a volume by itself, a Latin poem of *Herbs and Plants*. Also he hath translated *Two Books* of his *Davideis* into Latin verse, which are in the large volume among the rest of his works.

74. JOHN MILTON.

John Milton, the author, (not to mention his others works both in Latin and English, both in strict and solute oration, by which

his fame is sufficiently known to all the Learned of Europe,) of two heroic poems, and a tragedy; namely *Paradise Lost; Paradise Regained;* and *Sampson Agonista;* in which how far he hath revived the majesty and true decorum of heroic poesy and tragedy, it will better become a person less related than myself to deliver his judgment.

75. JAMES SHIRLEY.

James Shirley, a just pretender to more than the meanest place among the English poets; but most especially for dramatic poesy; in which he hath written both very much, and for the most part with that felicity, that by some he is accounted little inferior to *Fletcher* himself. His comedies are *The Ball; The Humorous Courtier; —The Brothers; —Love in a Maze; — The Gamester; — The Grateful Servant; — The Bird in a Cage; — The Constant Maid; —The Coronation; —The Court-Secret; —The Example; — Hyde-Park; —The Lady of Pleasure; — The Opportunity; — The Wedding; — The Witty Fair-one; — The Master;* — Tragedies, *The Cardinal; — The Maid's Revenge; — Chabot, Admiral of France; — The*

Traitor; — *The Imposture*, a Tragi-comedy; —*Arcadia*, a pastoral, *etc.*

76. Sir RALPH FREEMAN.

Sir Ralph Freeman, the author of a tragedy, which by some is held in great esteem, entitled *Imperiale.*

77. SHAKERLY MARMION.

Shakerly Marmion, a not obscure or uncopious writer of English comedy; having sufficiently testified his success therein, in his *Antiquary;* — his *Holland Leaguer;* — his *Fleir*, — *Fine Companion;* — and *Fair Maid of the Exchange.*

78. ROBERT BARON.

Robert Baron, a dramatic writer, who wrote *Don Quixote*, or *the Knight of the ill favoured Coutenance;* a comedy; — *Gripus;* — and *Hegio*, a pastoral; — *Deorum Dona;* — *Dick Scorner;* — *Destruction of Jerusalem;* — *The Marriage of Wit and Science;* masks and interludes: — *Myrza;* a tragedy.

79. ROBERT CHAMBERLAIN.

Robert Chamberlain, the author of a comedy, called *The Swaggering Damsel;* — and *Sicelides*, a pastoral.

80. ROBERT GOMERSAL.

Robert Gomersal, the author of *Lodowic Sforza*, a tragedy; and some other things of poetical subject.

81. HENRY GLAPTHORNE.

Henry Glapthorne, a dramatic writer not altogether ill deserving of the English Stage by his *Hollander; — Lady's Privilege*, — and *Wit in a Constable;* comedies; his *Argalus and Parthenia*, a pastoral; — and *Albertus Wallestein*, a tragedy.

82. THOMAS GOFF.

Thomas Goff, the author of *The Courageous Turk; — Selimus Orestes;* tragedies: — *The Careless Shepherdess*, a tragi-comedy; — and *Cupid's Whirligig*, a comedy.

83. THOMAS NABBES.

Thomas Nabbes, a writer (for the most part comical), to the English Stage, in the reign of King Charles the First. The comedies he wrote are *The Bride; — Covent-Garden; — Totnam Court; — Woman-hater arraigned;* — his tragedies, *The Unfortunate Mother;* — and *The Tragedy of King Charles the First:* besides two Masques, *Microcosmus* — and *The Spring's Glory.*

84. ROBERT MEAD.

Robert Mead, the author of two not altogether obscure comedies; *The Combat of Love and Friendship;* and *The Costly Whore.*

85. EDMUND PRESTWICH.

Edmund Prestwich, the author of a comedy, which came forth about twenty years ago, called *The Hectors, or False Challenge;* — as also, *Hippolitus*, a tragedy: whatever he might have written besides, not remembered.

86. JOHN DRYDEN.

John Dryden, Poet-Laureat, and Historio-

grapher to his present Majesty, with whom such hath been the approbation and acceptance his poetry hath received, especially what he hath written of dramatic, with wonderful success to the Theatre Royal: viz. Comedies, several abounding with no vulgar wit and ingenuity; as *The Maiden Queen;—The Wild Gallant; —The Mock Astrologer;— Marriage à-la-mode; — The Amorous Old Woman: — The Assignation; — Tyrannic Love;* and *Amboyna;* Tragedies; besides historical dramas; viz. *The Indian Emperor;* and two Parts of *The Conquest of Granada;* in which if he have indulged a little too much in the French way of continual rhyme, and interlarding of history with ascititious love and honour, I am apt to impute it rather to his complying with the modified and gallantish humour of the times, than to his own well examined judgment.

87. ROGER BOYLE, Earl of Orrery.

Roger Boyle, *Lord Broghill*, and *Earl of Orrery*, the credit of the Irish nobility for wit and ingenuous parts, and smooth style both in prose and verse; in which last he hath written several dramatic histories; as *Mus-*

tapha; — Edward the Third; — Henry the Fifth; — Tryphon; and that with good success and applause, for the way he writes in, namely, the continual rhyming, and love and honour way of the French.

88. THOMAS HOBBES.

Thomas Hobbes, of *Malmsbury*, a person of the more consideration for what he hath either judged or writ in poetry, by how much the more his writings in prose have made work for so many opposers. His Latin Poem *De Mirabilibus Pexi*, wants not commendation; and he seems to have wisely consulted for his quiet at last, after having travelled through so many volumes of profounder argument, in giving himself a vacancy to the Muse; especially where *Invention* is no otherwise exercised than in rendering the inventions of *others;* which he doubts not to have done more truly than any of those that went before him in the same subject; from his Preface to which work I should choose rather to collect his judgment of poetry, than from his *Preface to Davenant's Gondibert*, where no wonder if compliment and friendly compliance do a little bias and over-sway judgment.

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89. THOMAS SPRAT.

Thomas Sprat, the commended author, for his smooth and judicious style, of the *History of the Royal Society;* and in verse, a very much applauded, though little poem, entitled *The Plague of Athens.*

90. THOMAS FLATMAN.

Thomas Flatman, a gentleman once of the Middle Temple, equally ingenuous in the two noble faculties of Painting and Poetry, as by the several choice pieces that have been seen of his pourtraying and limning, and by his Book of *Poems*, very lately come forth, may appear.

91. JOHN OGILBY.

John Ogilby, one of the prodigies of our age for producing from so late an initiation into literature so many large and learned volumes, as well in verse as in prose: in prose his volumes of *The Atlas*, and other geographical works, which have gained him the style

and office of his Majesty's Cosmographer: in verse, his *Translations of Homer* and *Virgil*; and which is the chief of all, as composed *propriâ Minervâ*, his *Paraphrase upon Æsop's Fables*; which for ingenuity and fancy, besides the invention of *new* Fables, is generally confessed to have exceeded whatever hath been done before in that kind.

92. JOHN PHILIPS.

John Philips, the maternal nephew and disciple of an author (1) of most deserved fame late deceased, being the exactest of heroic poets (if the truth were well-examined, and it is the opinion of many both learned and judicious persons), either of the Ancients or Moderns, either of our own, or whatever nation else; from whose education as he hath received a judicious command of style both in prose and verse; so from his own natural ingenuity he hath his vein of *Burlesque*, and facetious poetry, which produced the *Satire Against Hypocrites*; and the *Travestied Metaphrase of Two Books of Virgil:* besides what

(1) Milton.

is dispersed among other things. Nevertheless what he hath written in a serious vein of poetry, whereof very little hath yet been made public, is, in my opinion, nothing inferior to what he hath done in the other kind.

93. SAMUEL WOODFORD.

Samuel Woodford, a late commended Translator (if not rather Paraphrast), of *David's Psalms*, in the Pindaric (vulgarly so called), and other various sorts of verse.

94. Sir ROBERT HOWARD.

Sir Robert Howard, of the noble family of the Earls of Berkshire, and brother to the present Earl; besides the dignity of his present Office, as being employed in his Majesty's Exchequer; but of the most considerable fame by what he hath written in poetry; especially to the Stage; viz. *The Blind Lady*; — *The Surprisal*; — *The Committee*, comedies; — *The Great Favourite*, a tragedy; — *Inforced Marriage*, tragi-comedy; and *The Indian Queen*, a dramatic history.

95. Sir GEORGE ETHERIDGE.

George Etheridge, a comical writer of the

present age, whose two comedies, *Love in a Tub*, and *She would if She could*, for pleasant wit, and no bad economy, are judged not unworthy the applause they have met with.

96. THOMAS KILLIGREW.

Thomas Killigrew, one of the gentlemen of the Bedchamber to his present Majesty; and besides the general esteem of his lepid vein of wit in conversation, the author of diverse *Comedies*, *Tragedies*, and *Tragi-Comedies*, published in a volume; and therefore not needing to be particularised.

97. THOMAS RAWLINS.

Thomas Rawlins, the chief Graver of the Mint to King Charles the First, and also to his present Majesty, till the year 1670, in which he died. He was indeed a more excellent artist than poet; yet his tragedy, called *The Rebellion*, hath been acted not without good applause.

98. JOHN LACY.

John Lacy, one of the best and most applauded of our English Actors, in this present

age; but whose wit, not confined to *action*, hath also produced two ingenuous comical Pieces; viz. *Monsieur Ragou;* — and *The Dumb Lady.*

99. JOHN WILSON.

John Wilson, a late writer with no bad success, of two comedies, *the Cheats;* and *the Projectors;* and the tragedy of *Andronicus Commenius.*

100. THOMAS SHADWELL.

Thomas Shadwell, a noted dramatic writer of the present age; happy especially in several witty and ingenuous comedies; *The Humorist;* — *The Sullen Lovers;* — *Epsom Wells;* besides his *Royal Shepherdess*, a pastoral tragi-comedy; and his tragedy of *Psyche*, or rather Tragical Opera, as vying with the Operas of Italy, in the pomp of scenes, machinery, and musical performance.

101. ELKANAH SETTLE.

Elkanah Settle, a present writer to the English Stage, to which he hath already contributed two tragedies, *Cambises*, and *The Empress*

of Morocco; for which he hath the applause of some, the severe censure of others, and perhaps neither according to exact desert. To those that err on the right hand, that is, that overpraise, little is to be said: to others, it may be pleaded in his behalf, that his soaring up to too much affected and immoderate heights, which I take to be his failing, may possibly be allayed by the more mature judgment of riper years; he being yet but a young man.

102. WILLIAM WYCHERLEY.

William Wycherley, a gentleman of the Inner Temple, the author of two witty comedies, *Love in a Wood;* and *The Gentleman-Dancing-Master.*

WOMEN.

103. MARY, Countess of Pembroke.

Mary, Countess of Pembroke, the sister of the incomparable Sir Philip Sydney, whose *Arcadia* was consecrated to her virtuous inclination to poetry and other ingenuities. There is extant of her writing the tragedy of *Antonius*, and *Albion's Triumph:* besides what other things she probably may be imagined to have writ, though now not known.

104. Lady MARY WROTH.

Lady Mary Wroth, the wife of *Sir Robert Wroth*, an emulatress perhaps of Sir Philip Sydney's *Arcadia*, by her *Urania*, a poetical history of the same nature; but much inferior in fame.

105. Lady ELIZABETH CAREW.

Lady Elizabeth Carew wrote the tragedy of *Mariam*.

106. Lady ARABELLA STUART.

Arabella, an English Lady in the time of King James, whose near kinswoman she was, and who upon her secret marriage with *M.r William Seymour*, afterwards *Earl and Marquis of Herlford*, was with her husband committed to *The Tower*, where she died. She was a Lady of no less eminence for learning and ingenuous parts, than for her quality: and, as saith an English writer, who makes mention of her, *she had a great facility in poetry, and was elaborately conversant among the Muses*. What correspondence Andrew Melvin (1), the witty Scotchman, had with her in the Tower, being prisoner there at the same time hath been already mentioned.

107. MARY MORPETH.

Mary Morpeth, a Scotch poetess, a friend of

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(1) *Viz.* under *Melvin.*

« *Causa mihi tecum communis Carceris; Ara-*
« *Bella tibi causa est Carceris; Ara mihi.* »

— « The cause of his commitment being his writing verses against the *Altar* at Whitehall. »

the poet Drummond; of whom, besides many other things in poetry, she hath a large *Encomium*, in verse.

108. ANNE BROADSTREET.

Anne Broadstreet, a *New-England* poetess, no less in title; viz. before her *Poems*, *printed in Old-England anno* 1650; then *The tenth Muse sprung up in America*; the memory of which poems, consisting chiefly of Descriptions of the *Four Elements*, the *Four Humours*; the *Four Ages*, the *Four Seasons*, and the *Four Monarchies*, is not yet wholly extinct.

109. MARGARET CAVENDISH, Duchess of Newcastle.

Margaret, *Duchess of Newcastle*, lately deceased, a very obliging lady to the world; and withal not regardless of her own future fame, by so largely and copiously imparting to public view her studious endeavours in the Arts and Ingenuities, there being three ample volumes of hers in print; one of *Orations*; the other of *Philosophical Notions and Discourses*; the third of *Dramatic and other kinds of poetry*.

110. CATHERINE PHILIPS.

Catherine Philips, the most applauded, at this time, poetess of our nation, either of the present or former ages; and not without reason; since both her fame is of a fresh and lively date from the but late published volume of her poetical works; and those also of a style suitable to the humour and genius of these times.

111. AFRA BEHN.

Astrea Behn, a dramatic writer, so much the more considerable, as being a Woman, to the present English Stage, to which she hath contributed two comedies, *The Dutch Lady;* — and *The Amorous Princess;* — *The Forced Marriage*, a tragi-comedy; — and *The Fatal Jealousy*, a tragedy.

SUPPLEMENT.

K. JAMES I. of Scotland.

James Stuart, a King of Scotland, the *First* of that name, who being taken prisoner and brought to London, where he was educated in all kind of liberal and accomplishing Arts and Sciences, proved a great proficient in all; and particularly left recorded memorials behind him of his perfection in music and poetry.

WILLIAM GRAY.

William Gray, an elegant writer (if we may rely upon the testimony of *Balæus*), of several things in English verse, in the reigns of King Edward the Sixth, and Queen Mary.

Lady JANE GREY.

Lady Jane Grey, the daughter of the Duke of Suffolk, far more happy in her learning, wherein she took wonderful delight, and her

fine vein in poetry, for which she is by many highly commended, than in her being proclaimed Queen of England, which however, after a very short time of enjoyment, brought her to an untimely end.

Lady BACON.

Lady Bacon, one of the four daughters of *Sir Anthony Cook:* the other three were the *Lady Burleigh;* the *Lady Russell;* and *Miss Killigrew:* of whose genius in poetry, whatever hath been known extant, there is the testimony of a grand author; viz. *Sir John Harington*, who in his Allegory upon the 37.th Book of *Ariosto's Orlando Furioso*, gives them all a very large character for learning; and particularly for poetry: and of one of them he cites Verses sent from Cornwall, to her sister the *Lady Burleigh*, being then at Court, to use her utmost interest that her lover might not be sent abroad upon an Embassy, which was intended.

MILDREDA, Lady BURLEIGH.

Mildreda, one of the fore-mentioned four daughters of *Sir Anthony Cook*, and *wife* to

Lord Burleigh, who with the rest of her sisters is equally commended by *Sir John Harington* and others, both for her learning in general, and in particular for her vein in poetry.

Lady RUSSELL.

Lady Russel, one of the four daughters of *Sir Anthony Cook* before-mentioned.

Miss KILLIGREW.

Miss Killigrew: see the *Lady Bacon*.

LODOVICK CARLISLE.

Lodovic Carlisle, the author of diverse formerly not unesteemed and not yet totally forgotten Tragi-comedies; as the two Parts of *Arviragus and Felicia:* the *Passionate Lovers*, in two Parts; *Osmond the Great Turk, or the Noble Servant*, a Tragedy.

ANTHONY BREWER.

Anthony Brewer, a contributor to the English Stage by his *Lingua;—Love's Loadstone;* and *The Country Girl*, comedies;— *The Lovesick King;* and *Landagartha*, tragi-comedies; and *Love's Dominion*, a pastoral.

WRITERS OF LATIN POETRY.

Josephus Iscanus, or *Joseph of Exeter*, the very first (of the Moderns both in time and fame) of Latin Poets among the English; who accompanying King Richard the First in his Expedition into the Holy Land, had the better advantage to celebrate as he did, the Acts of that warlike Prince in a poem entitled *Antiocheis*. He also wrote 6 Books *De Bello Trojano*, in heroic verse; which as Camden well observes, appears to be no other than that version of *Dares Phrygius*, into Latin verse, which hath been generally imputed to *Cornelius Nepos*.

Michael, surnamed the *Cornish Poet*, a notable Rhymer in Latin verse, in the time of King John and Henry the third; out of whose Rhymes for merry England, as Camden calls them, several passages are quoted by the same Author in his *Remains*.

Henry Bell, a Collector of the Customs under King Henry the Fourth, out of whose Sa-

tire in Latin verse against the Exchequer officers of that time several passages are quoted by *Camden*.

Gaulfrid; one of our modern poets; for he was contemporary with *Joseph of Exeter.* He is mentioned by *Chaucer*, in his description of *Chaunticleer* the Cock being carried away by *Reynard* the Fox, with great veneration for his Elegy upon King Richard the First, out of which, being in a more judicious Latin strain than was the usual custom of those times, diverse verses are quoted by the learned Camden in his *Remains.*

Godfry, *Prior of Winchester*, an old English poet, as he is reckoned by Camden in his *Remains.* He is indeed a borderer between the Ancients and Moderns; for he flourished about the year 1100.

(Again Phillips adds.) He was an Epigrammatist in the reign of Henry the First, very much admired by Camden, who in his *Remains* takes pleasure to quote several of his *Epigrams*, and commends *Winchester* likewise for a Nursery of *Men excelling in the poetical faculty*, adding that *the very Genius Loci doth seem poetical.*

Alexander Necham, Prior of *Cirencester*, the learnedest Englishman of his age, which was the reign of King John, in the opinion of *Baleus*, who also particularly honours him with the appellation of a famous philosopher, theologist, rhetorician, and poet; and among the rest of his works mentions his *Carmina Diversa.*

Dan Elingham, a Benedictine Monk of *Linton*, about the time of King Henry the Third, taken notice by the learned Camden among the Latin Rhythmers of that time: his Verses upon *John Baptist painted* in *a White-Fryar's weed*, in the White-Fryars church in Nottingham, being quoted by the said Author.

Robertus Baston, a Carmelite of a noble family in Yorkshire, who had so great a fame in poetry, that King Edward the First, in his *Scotish Expedition*, pitched upon him to be the celebrator of his heroic acts; when being taken prisoner by the Scots, he was forced by torments to change his note, and represent all things to the advantage of *Robert Bruce*, who then laid claim to the Kingdom of Scotland. Besides his poem *De Bello Strivilensi*, there were published of his writing a Book of Tragedies, with other poems of various subject.

Alexander, Prior of the Monastery of *Essebie*, in the reign of King Edw. the Third; and reckoned amony the chief of English poets and orators of that age.

Chr. Oclandus, an old English poet, that is one of the oldest of the moderns, who wrote in verse a historical piece, called *Anglorum Prœlia.*

Walter de Mapes, Archdeacon of Oxford, a Latin Rhymer in the reign of King Henry the Second; and may well be called a *pot-poet*, for he shews his singular love to good liquor in a parcel of Latin Rhyming verses, quoted by *Camden.*

Henry of Winchester, an old Latin versifier, quoted by *Camden*, among the English poetical writers of former ages.

Henry, *Archdeacon of Huntingdon*, one of the most noted, and by *Polydore* and *Leland* most commended of the *Scriptores Angl.* but besides his 8 Books *De Regibus Anglorum*, and others things in history, he is said to have extolled to the skies, and that in elegant verse, in the opinion of *Baleus*, King *Alfred* and

his daughter *Ethelfleda*, with other great persons of that time. He wrote also *Odes*, *Epistles*, and other things, in verse.

Hugh, *Archdeacon of York*, one whom I find mentioned among the old English versifiers; and the rather to be taken notice of, for antiquity's sake.

Joanes, surnamed from his Order *Canonicus*, an Englishman, the author (among other works) of a Book of Latin Poems, (as *Balæus* testifies), in the reign of King Henry the third.

Joannes Peckam, a Franciscan in the reign of King Edw. the First; among whose many other works *Baleus* makes mention of his *Carmina Diversa*.

Nicolaus Kenton, an old English poet, that is, old in respect of this age; for he wrote in the reign of King Edward the Fourth; and as poetry then went, was looked upon as a very famous man in those times.

Thomas Linacer, an eminent Grammarian, who flourished in the reign of King Henry the Eighth; and who versifying on several sub-

jects, had the repute also in those days of no mean poet.

John Leland, an Antiquary of London, who flourished in the year 1546; and wrote, among many other volumes, several Books of *Epigrams; Cignea Cantio;* a *Genethliac of Prince Edward; — Nœniæ upon the death of Sir Thomas Wyat;* and several other things in verse.

Joannes Baleus, an English writer, who flourished in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, best known by his Treatise which gives account of all the English writers of our nation of what art or faculty soever; and by what he hash thereby contributed to this work, the better meriting to be here inserted; to which place the title he derives is by those dramatic pieces out of Holy Scripture which we find enumerated among the rest of his works.

Elizabetha Joanna Westonia, an English Poetess of some repute in the esteem of *Farnabie*, who ranks her with *Sir Th. More*, *Alabaster*, *Drurie*, and other English writers of Latin Poetry.

Anne Askew, the daughter of *Sir William*

Askew, of Lincolnshire : she is remembered among the English writers, as well in verse as prose, for a woman of singular beauty, virtue, and ingenuity : but above all, for her constant assertion of the Protestant faith she had embraced, even to the death; which she undauntedly suffered with many others, who upon the same occasion, in *Queen Mary's* reign, were brought to the stake.

Roger Ascham, a man of that eminence for learning, that he was thought worthy to be chosen Preceptor to that most glorious princess Queen Elizabeth; and though principally famed for his Latin Epistles and other things in prose, yet mentioned with commendation by *Baleus*, for *Epigrams* and other Latin poems.

Dr. James Duport, Master of Magdalen College in *Cambridge*, in which University he was for many years (most worthily in respect of his exquisite perfection therein), Professor of the Greekt ongue; and for Greek verse how not inferior to the chief of the Moderns, his so well-esteemed *Metaphrases of David's Psalms*, *Job*, *Ecclesiastes*, and the *Canticles*, sufficiently testify.

Bartholomew Traheron, a not altogether obs-

cure writer in his time, namely in the reign of King Edw. the Sixth, as well in verse as prose.

Robert Fleming, an English writer recorded in history among those that flourished in the reign of King Henry the Sixth; not only for his Dictionary in Greek and Latin; but also for a work he is said to have writ in verse, of various argument.

SCOTCH WRITERS IN LATIN.

George Buchananus, the most celebrated by the learned men of his time, of all the famous writers that Scotland hath produced, and that not without reason, being in his prose both elegant and judicious, (in so much that *Vossius* selecting owt for several Countries each of their prime historians, names *him* for the History of his own Country,) and for verse, if not the chief of modern Latin poets, as some account him, yet at least the chief of that nation, which however barren of soil esteemed, yet hath been sufficiently fruitful of good wits, and men famous particularly for Latin verse. Being so conspicuous a person, no wonder he was made choice of for the education of a Prince that was born to the sole Monarchy of Great Britain.

Andreas Melvinus, a witty and learned Scotchman, and particularly famed for Latin poetry. Very notable is his distich to the *Lady Arabella*, with whom he was fellow-prisoner in the Tower:

« *Causa mihi tecum communis Carceris; Ara-*
« *Bella tibi causa est Carceris; Ara mihi.* »

— « The cause of his commitment being his writing verses against the *Altar* at Whitehall. »

Arthurus Johnstonus, an eminent Scotch Physician, who in his younger years had the reputation of so excellent a poet, that he was *laureated* at *Paris* before he had fully arrived to the 23.d year of his age. Of his poetical works there are particularly collected together, his *Epigrams*, his *Parerga*, his *Musæ Aulicæ*, his *Reges Scoti*, and his *Heroes Scoti*; his Paraphrastical *Translation of David's Psalms* is also remembered with particular commendation.

Joannes Barclaius, a most acute learned and elegant Scotchman, and very famous for what he hath written both in prose and verse; but especially for his *Argenis* and his *Euphormio*, both which works, though written for the most part in solute oration, yet may very well be accounted poems, not only for that they are interspersed throughout with verse; but also for that they have their political and moral truths allegorised, or couched under feigned and invented story.

Robertus Aytonus, a Scotch poet, of whom there is extant a *Panegyric to King James* in Latin verse.

Andreas Ramseius, a Scotch Latin versifier, of whom what is extant, or at least attainable, is to be found in a Collection, entituled *Deliciæ Poetarum Scotorum.*

Joannes Scotus Scototarvatius, a Scotch Knight, and person of eminent dignity in the State; yet more advanced in fame by the place his *Elegies* have obtained among the most esteemed Latin Poets of that Nation.

Joannes Leochæus, a learned Scotchman, of considerable repute for his elegant Latin Poems entitled *Musæ Priores*, which in his late Majesty's reign were printed at London, and dedicated to William, Earl of Pembroke.

Robertus Bodius, a Scotchman, whose Latin verses have a place among the works of several eminent Scotch poets.

Theophilus Hogersius, a Latin versifier among the chief of Scotland for Latin poetry.

Thomas Craigius, one of the muster-roll of

Scotch Latin poets, whose works are collected in a Book, called *Deliciæ Poetarum Scotorum.*

Jacobus Crittonius, a Scotch writer, particularly in Latin verse, among several other noted men of that nation, of whose Latin poems there is a Select Collection.

Adamus Regius, a Scotchman, whose Latin verses are extant among the works of some of the chief Latin poets of that nation.

Henricus Andersonus, a Scotchman, whose *Eclogues* and *Musarum Querela*, are among the Selected Works of other noted Latin poets of that nation.

Henricus Danskinus, one of the Society of those eminent Latin poets of Scotland, of whose works a particular *Selection* is made.

David Echlinus, a Scotchman, whose poem entitled *Ova Paschalia* is to be found in a Collection of the choice works of several Scotch Latin Poets; as likewise

David Humus, his *Lusus Poetici.*

David Kynalochus, his poem *De Hominis Procreatione, et de Anatome.*

David Wedderburnus, his various poems.

Jacobus Macolonus, a Scotchman, whose *Anthroporia Xeniorum* is extant among the Selected works of other of the prime Latin poets accounted of that Nation.

Joannes Metellanus, a Scotchman, whose *Epigrams* are published among the Selected poems of several others, esteemed the chief Latin versifiers of that nation.

Joannes Rosa, one of those Latin poets accounted of the prime of Scotland, who are joined together in a published Collection of their several Selected Works.

End of Phillips's Characters.

NOTES

BY THE EDITOR.

Of the Poets recorded by *Phillips* only six are included in *Johnson's Lives of the English Poets:* viz. Cowley, Milton, Denham, Waller, Sprat, and Dryden. It is strange, that Butler should have been omitted by Phillips: perhaps it arose from Butler's politics, so opposite to those of Milton the uncle of Phillips.

There are some other omissions by Phillips, not quite pardonable: — especially Joseph Hall, afterwards Bishop of Norwich, who in his youth, at the close of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was the most eminent Satirist of that period. Here perhaps also the prejudices of Politics interfered.

The following is a List of the principal names omitted by Phillips.

Stephen Hawes.
Sir Francis Bryan.
Nicholas Grimoald.
William Baldwin.
John Higgins.
Richard Stanyhurst.
— Blenerhasset.
Richard Niccols.
Thomas Phayer.
Richard Edwardes.
William Hunnis.
T. Tusser.
T. Drant.
Arthur Golding.
Barnabe Googe.
Barnabe Barnes.
Gabriel Harvey.
E. Vere, Earl of Oxford.
Rt. Southwell.
Anthony Mundy.

Joseph Hall.
W. Percy.
H. Lok.
G. Whetstone.
G. Whitney.
Andr. Willet.
F. Earl of Derby.
R. Earl of Essex.
G. Earl of Cumberland.
Lord Paget.
W. Wyrley.
T. Bastard.
Sir Henry Wotton.
Sir Tho. Overbury.
Henry Perrot.
Lord Herbert of Cherbury.
W. Alexander, Earl of Sterling.
Earl of Westmoreland.
Lord Falkland.
Cha. Cotton, sen.r
Cha. Cotton, jun.r
Sydney Godolphin.
W. Strode.
W. Chamberlaine.
John, Earl of Rochester.
W. Earl of Roscommon.
Cha. Earl of Dorset.
John Hagthorpe.
Clem. Barksdale.
Sir Cha. Sedley.
Andrew Marvell.
S. Butler.

Johnson's Poets, in addition to the six already mentioned, and which carry on the List from the Epoch at which Phillips ends, (viz. 1675), are the following.

Rochester. } *already named.*
Roscommon. }
Dorset. }
Otway.
Duke.
Yalden.
Blackmore.
Sheffield.
Hallifax.
Lansdowne.
Stepney.
Garth.
Rowe.
E. Smith.
Walsh.
Pomfret.
King.
Hughes.
Fenton.
Broome.

Prior.
Gay.
Parnell.
Swift.
Addison.
Pope.
Tickell.
J. Phillips.
A. Phillips.
Watts.
Savage.
Somerville.
Hammond.
Pitt.
Mallet.
Thomson.
Young.
G. West.
Dyer.
Collins.
Gray.
Shenstone.
Akenside.
Lyttelton.

To this Catalogue the following additions may be made, up to 1773, *in which year* Johnson's Lives *close.*

D.r Walter Pope.
D.r G. Sewell.
B. Booth.
— Ogle.
M. Green.
Richard West.
Tho. Warton, sen.r
Aaron Hill.
Ja. Bramston.
R. Blair.
L. Welsted.
Wm. Hamilton.
C. Cibber.
J. Byrom.
F. Coventry.
Cha. Jenner.
Isaac H. Browne.
D.r John Brown.
Allan Ramsay.
D.r Sneyd Davies.
T. Edwardes.
D.r John Whaley.
D.r Glouc. Ridley.
Wm. Duncombe.
Edw. Moore.
Rev. — Cawthorne.
Cha. Churchill.
R. Lloyd.

Rt. Dodsley.
Walter Harte.
Wm. Falconer.
Th. Chatterton.
T. Smollet.
D.r John Grainger.
Rev. — Hoyland.
John Cunningham.
Cuthb. Shaw.
Chr. Smart.
O. Goldsmith.
John Gilbert Cooper.
J. Merrick.
Nicholas Hardinge.
—Roderick.
Paul Whitehead.

Poets, subsequent to this period, up to the close *of the* last *Century.*

Wm. Whitehead.
Soame Jenyns.
R. O. Cambridge.
Tho. Warton.
W. H. Roberts.
Sir J. H. More.
John Langhorne.
Wm. Penrose.
John Armstrong.
John Bampfylde.
Horace, Earl of Orford.
Tho. Lord Lyttelton
Wm. Mason.
Rd. Glover.
Rd. Jago.
Henry Brooke.
Rd. Graves.
Rev. John Duncombe.
Edw. Lovibond.
Mic. Bruce.
Fra. Fawkes.
D.r Pinnel.
— Hall.
J. Hall Stephenson.
Rev. T. Russell.
Rev. Tho. Warwick.
Rev. John Walters.
Prof. Richardson.
John Scott.
M.rs Greville.
Rev. W. B. Stevens.
Capt. E. Thompson.
W. J. Mickle.
Henry Headley.
John Logan.
T. Blacklock.
D.r N. Cotton.
Sir Wm. Jones.
Rt. Burns.
Rev. S. Bishop.

D.r Johnson.
Jos. Warton.
Wm. Cowper.
J. Beattie.
E. Darwin.
C. Ansty.
Rt. Jephson.
M.rs Sheridan.

Poets dead in the present Century.

Wm. Woty.
J. Hurdis.
M.rs Carter.
Miss Seward.
M.rs Ch. Smith.
M.rs John Hunter.
Miss Trefusis.
Miss Symmons.
F. N. C. Mundy.
Rt. Wodhull.
R. Potter.
Rd. Hole.
John Hoole.
D.r Ogilvie.
D.r Downman.
Bishop Percy.
D.r Delap.
Rd. Cumberland.
R. B. Sheridan.
E. Jerningham.
W. Hayley.
Hon. M.rs Oneil.
D.r Wolcott.
D.r J. Aikin.
W. Combe.
Hector Macneil.
John Leyden.
C. Leftley.
Rev. E. Cartwright.
Rev. Ja. Scott.
Eyles Irwin.
John Keats.
P. B. Shelley.
Rt. Bloomfield.
Rev. — Grahme.
H. K. White.
Rev. D.r Coombe.
M.rs Lefroy.
Major Mercer.
Rev. Th. Maurice, ob. 1824.
R. P. Knight, ob. 28 April 1824.

NOTES.

An Alphabetical Catalogue of deceased English Poets, ancient and modern, not included in Phillips.

A.

ADDISON, Joseph.
AIKIN, John, M. D.
AKENSIDE, Mark, M. D.
ANSTY, Christ.
ARMSTRONG, John, M. D.

B.

BALDWIN, Rev. Wm.
BAMPFYLDE, John.
BARKSDALE, Rev. Clem.
BARNES, Barnabe.
BASTARD, Rev. Tho.
BEATTIE, James, L. L. D.
BISHOP, Rev. Sam.
BLACKLOCK, Tho.
BLACKMORE, Sir Ric. M.D.
BLACKSTONE, Sir Wm.
BLAIR, Rev. Rt.
BLENERHASSET, ——
BLOOMFIELD, Rt.
BROOKE, Hen.
BROOME, Rev. Wm.
BROWN, Rev. John, D. D.
BROWNE, Isaac Hawkins.
BROWN, Tho. M. D.
BRYAN, Sir Francis.
BURNS, Rt.
BUTLER, Sam.

C.

CAMBRIDGE, Rd. O.
CAREY, Hon. Tho.
CARTER, Elizabeth.
CARTWRIGHT, Edm. D. D.
CAWTHORNE, Rev. —
CHAMBERLAIN, Wm.

CHATTERTON, Tho.
CHESTERFIELD, Earl of.
CHUDLEIGH, Lady.
CHURCHILL, Rev. Cha.
CHUTE, Anthony.
COLLINS, Wm.
COMBE, Wm.
COOKE, (translator of Hesiod).
COOKE, Wm., ob. 1824.
COOMBE, Rev. D.r
COOPER, J. Gilbert.
COTTON, Cha. *sen.*
——— —— *jun.*
——— Nath. M. D.
COVENTRY, Rev. Fr.
COWLEY M.rs
COWPER, Wm.
CREECH, Rev. Tho.
CUMBERLAND, Geo. Earl of.
CUMBERLAND, Hen. Earl of.
CUMBERLAND, Rd.
CUNNINGHAM, John.

D.

DARWIN, Erasm, M. D.
DAVIES, John of Hereford.
DAVIES, Sneyd, D. D.
DELAP, Rev. D.r
DERBY, Ferd., Earl of.
DODSLEY, Rt.
DORSET, Cha., Duke of.
——— —— Earl of
DOWNMAN, H. M. D.
DRANT, Tho.
DUNCOMBE, Wm.
——— Rev. John.
DYER, Rev. John.

E.

EDWARDES, Rd.
EDWARDS, Tho. (sonneteer).
ELLIS, Geo.
ESSEX, Rt., Earl of.

F.

FALCONER, Wm.
FALKLAND, Lucius, Lord.
FAWKES, Rev. Fra.
FENTON, Rev. Elijah.
FERGUSON, Rt.
FLEMING, Aber.
FRANCIS, Rev. Phil. D. D.

G.

GARTH, Sir Sam. M. D.
GAY, John.
GLOVER, Rd.
GOLDING, Arthur.
GODOLPHIN, Sydney.

GOLDSMITH, Oliv. M. D.
GOOGE, Barnabe.
GORGES, Sir Arth.
GLYN, — M. D.
GRAHME, Rev. —
GRAINGER, John, M. D.
GRAVES, Rev. Rd.
GRAY, Tho.
GREEN, Matthew.
GREVILLE, M.rs
GRIMOALD, Nichs.

H.

HAGTHORPE, John.
HALL, Joseph. D. D. (Bp).
HALL, — (friend of Akenside).
HALLIFAX, C., Earl of.
HAMILTON, Wm.
HAMMOND, James.
HARDINGE, Nich.
HARTE, Rev. Walter.
HAWES, Stephen.
HAWKINS, Sir Tho.
HEADLEY, Rev. Hen.
HERBERT, of CHERBURY, Edw. Lord.
HIGGINS, Rev. John.
HILL, Aaron.
HOLE, Rev. Rd.
HOOLE, John.
HOYLAND, Rev. —

HUGHES, John.
HUNNIS, Wm.
HUNTER, M.rs John.
HURDIS, Jam. D. D.

I.

IRWIN, Eyles.
JAGO, Rev. Rd.
JENNER, Rev. Cha.
JENYNS, Soame.
JEPHSON, Rt.
JERNINGHAM, Edw.
JOHNSON, Sam. L. L. D.
JONES, Sir Wm.

K.

KEATS, John.
KING, Wm. L. L. D.
KNIGHT, R. P. ob. 1824.

L.

LANGHORNE, Rev. John.
LANSDOWNE, Geo. Lord.
LEFROY, M.rs Anne.
LEFTLEY, Cha.
LEYDEN, John.
LEWIS, M. G.
LLOYD, Rt.
LOGAN, Rev. John.
LOK, Henry.
LOVIBOND, Edw.
LYTTELTON, Geo. Lord.
———— Tho. Lord.

M.

MACNEIL, Hector.
MALLET, Dav.
MARVELL, And.
MASON, Rev. Wm.
MAURICE, Rev. Tho. ob. 1824.
MERCER, Major.
MERRICK, Rev. Jam.
MICKLE, W. J.
MOORE, Edw.
MORE, Sir Joh. Hen.
MUNDY, Fra. N. Cl.
MUNDY, Anthony.

N.

NEVILLE, Alex.
NICCOLS, Rev. Rd.
NUGENT, Earl.

O.

OGILVIE, Rev. D.r
OGLE, ———
ONEIL, Hon. M.rs
ORFORD, Horace Earl of.
OVERBURY, Sir Tho.
OXFORD, Edw. Vere, Earl of.

P.

PAGET, Lord
PARNELL, Rev. Tho.
PENROSE, Rev. Tho.
PERCY, Wm.
PERCY (Bp), Tho. D. D.
PERROT, Hen.
PHAYER, Rev. Tho.
PHILLIPS, John.
———— Ambrose.
PINNEL, Rev. D.r
PITT, Rev. Chr.
POMFRET, Rev. John,
POPE, Alexander.
POPE, D.r Walter.
POTTER, Rev. Rt.
PRATT, Sam.
PRIOR, Matthew.
PYE, Hen. James.

R.

RADCLIFFE, M.rs
RICHARDSON, Prof.
RIDLEY, Rev. D.r Glouces-ter.
ROBERTS, Wm. Hayward. D. D.
ROCHESTER, John Earl of.
RODERICK, ——— (sonne-teer).
ROSCOMMON, W. Earl of.
ROWE, Nich.
RYVES, Miss.
RUSSELL, Rev. Tho.

S.

SAVAGE, Rd.
SCOTT, Rev. Ja.
——— John of Amwell.
SEWARD, Miss.
SHAW, Cuthb.
SHEFFIELD, D. of Bucks.
SHELLEY, P. B.
SHENSTONE, Wm.
SHERIDAN, M.rs
——— Rd. Br.
SIX, James. ob, 1786.
SMART, Rev. Chr.
SMITH, M.rs Charlotte.
SMITH, Edm.
SMYTH, Miss.
SMOLLET, Tob. M. D.
SOMERVILLE, Wm.
SOUTHWELL, Rt.
SPRAT (Bp), Tho. D. D.
STANYHURST, Rd.
STEPHENSON, J. Hall.
STEPNEY, Geo.
STERLING, Wm. Alexander, Earl of.
STEVENS, Rev. Wm. Bagshaw.
STRODE, Wm.
SWIFT, Jonathan, D. D.
SYMMONS, Miss.

T.

TEMPLE, Countess.

THOMPSON, Capt. Edw.
——— Rev. Wm.
THOMSON, James.
TIGHE, M.rs
——— Wm.
TREFUSIS, Miss.
TUSSER, Tho.

U.

UXBRIDGE, Earl of.

W.

WALSH, Wm.
WALTERS, Rev. John.
WARTON, Rev. Tho. *sen.*
——— —— ——*jun.*
——— Rev. Jos. D. D.
WARWICK, Rev. Tho.
WATTS, Rev. Js. D. D.
WAY, L. G.
WELSTED, Leonard.
WEST, Gilbert.
——— Rd.
WESTMORELAND, M. Fane, Earl of.
WHALEY, Rev. John.
WHETSTONE, Geo.
WHITE, H. Kirke.
WHITEHEAD, Paul.
——— Wm.
WHITNEY, G.
WILLET, Andr.
WILKIE, D.r

WILLAN, Leonard.
WILLIAMS, Sir C. Hanbury.
WINCHELSEA, Countess of.
WODHULL, Rd.
WOLCOTT, John, M. D.
WOODHOUSE, James.
WOTTON, Sir Hen.
WOTY, Wm.
WRAY Dan.
WYRLEY, Wm.

Y.

YALDEN, Rev. T.
YOUNG, Edw. D. D.

NOTES.

An Alphabetical List of English Poets, containing all the Modern who are deceased, and all those noticed by Phillips, with the addition of many omitted by him.

A.

ACHELLEY, Tho
ADDISON, Jos.
AIKIN, John.
AKENSIDE, Mark.
ALABASTER, Wm.
ALEYN, Cha.
ANSTY, Chr.
ARMSTRONG, John.

B.

BALDWIN, Wm.
BAMPFYLDE, John.
BARKSDALE, Cl.
BARNFIELD, Rd.
BARON, Rt.
BASTARD, Tho.
BEATTIE, Ja.
BEAUMONT, Fra.
———— Sir John.
BEHN, Afra.
BISHOP, Sam.
BLACKLOCK, Tho.
BLACKMORE, Sir Rd.
BLACKSTONE, Sir W.
BLAIR, Rt.
BLENERHASSET, —
BLOOMFIELD, Rt.
BOSWORTH, Wm.
BRAMSTON, Ja.
BRATHWAIT, Rd.
BRETON, Nich.
BREWER, Anth.
BROME, Alex.
———— Rd.

BROOK, Fulk Greville, Lord.
BROOKE, Hen.
BROOME, Wm.
BROWNE, Wm.
———— Is. Hawkins.
BROWN, D.r John.
———— — Tho.
BRUCE, Michael.
BRYAN, Sir Fra.
BUCKHURST, Th. Ld.
BURNS, Rt.
BUTLER, Sam.
BYRON Lord, ob. 1824.

C.

CAMBRIDGE, Rd. O.
CAMPION, Tho.
CAREW, Tho.
———— Lady Eliz.
CAREY, Hon. Tho.
CARLILE, Lod.
CARTER, Eliz.
CARTWRIGHT, Wm.
————————Edm.
CAWTHORNE, Rev.--
CHAMBERLAIN, Rd.
———————— Wm.
CHAPMAN, Geo.
CHAPONE, M.rs
CHARNOCK, Tho.
CHATTERTON, Tho.
CHAUCER, Geffr.
CHESTERFIELD, D. of Earl of.
CHUDLEIGH, Lady.
CHURCHILL, Cha.
CHURCHYARD, Tho.
CHUTE, Anthony.
CLEVELAND, John.
COKAYNE, Sir Aston.
COLLINS, Tho.
———————- Wm.
COMBE, Wm.
CONSTABLE, Hen.
COOKE, ———
———— Wm, ob, 1824.
COOMBE, Rev. D.r
COOPER, J. Gilbert.
COTTON, Cha. *sen.*
———————— *jun.*
———————— Nathaniel.
CORBET, Rd. (Bp).
COVENTRY, F.
COWLEY, Abra.
———————— M.rs
COWPER, Wm.
———————- Ashley.
CRASHAW, Rd.
CREECH, Tho.
CUMBERLAND, Geo. Clifford, Earl of.
CUMBERLAND, Rd.
CUNNINGHAM, John.

D.

DANIEL, Sam.
DAVENANT, Sir Wm.
DAVIS, Sir John.
DAVIES, John, of Hereford.
DAVIES, Sneyd D. D.
DAVISON, Francis.
DECKER, Tho.
DELAP, Rev. D.r
DENHAM, Sir John.
DERBY, Ferd. Earl of.
DODSLEY, Rt.
DONNE, John.
DORSET, Char. Earl of.
DORSET, Char. Duke of.
DOWNMAN, H.— M. D.
DRANT, Tho.
DRAYTON, Michael.
DRUMMOND, Wm.
DRYDEN, John.
DUNCOMBE, Wm.
———— Rev. John.
DYER, Sir Edw.
——— John.
EDWARDES, Rd.
EDWARDS, Tho.
ELLIS, Geo.
ELYOT, Sir Tho.
ESSEX, Rt. Earl of.
ETHEREGE, Sir Geo.

F.

FAIRFAX, Edm.
FALCONER, Wm.
FALKLAND, Lord.
FANSHAW, Sir Rd.
FAWKES, Fra.
FENTON, El.
FERGUSON, Rt.
FERRERS, Geo.
FISHER, Payne.
FITZGEFFREY, Cha.
FLATMAN, Tho.
FLEMING, Abr.
FLETCHER, Giles.
———— John.
———— Phineas.
FORD, John.
FRANCIS, Phil.
FRAUNCE, Abr.
FREMAN, Sir Ralph.

G.

GARTH, Sir Sam.
GASGOIGNE, Geo.
GAY, John
GLAPTHORNE, Hen.
GLOUCESTER, Rob. of.

GLOVER, Rd.
GLYNNE, D.r of Cambridge.
GODOLPHIN, Sydney.
GOFFE, Tho.
GOLDING, Arthur.
GOLDSMITH, Oliver.
GOMERSAL, Rt.
GOOGE, Barnabe.
GORGES, Sir Arthur.
GOWER, John.
GRAHME, Rev. J.
GRAINGER, John.
GRAVES, Rd.
GRAY, Tho.
GREENE, Rt.
GREEN, Matthew.
GREVILE, M.rs
GRIMOALD, Nich.

H.

HABINGDON, Wm.
HAGTHORPE, John.
HALL, D.r Jos. (Bp).
—— John.
—— John, of Durham.
HALL, (friend of Akenside.)
HALLIFAX, Ch. Earl of.
HAMILTON, Wm.
HAMMOND, Wm.
—— Jam.
HARDINGE, Nich.
HARINGTON, Sir John.
HARTE, Walter.
HARVEY, Gabriel.
HAWES, Stephen.
HAWKINS, Sir Tho.
HAYLEY, Wm.
HEADLEY, Hen.
HEATH, Rt.
HERBERT, of Cherbury, Edw. Lord.
HERBERT, Geo.
HERRICK, Rt.
HEYWOOD, John.
—— Tho.
HIGGINS, John.
HILL, Aaron.
HOBBES, Tho.
HODDESDON, John.
HOLE, Rd.
HOLLAND, Hugh.
HOLYDAY, Barton.
HOOLE, John.
HOPKINS, John.
HOWARD, Sir Rt.
HOYLAND, Rev. —
HUBART, Sir Fra.
HUDSON, Tho.
HUGHES, John.

HUNNIS, Wm.
HUNTER, M.rs John.
HURDIS, James.

I.

IRWIN, Eyles.
JAGO, Rd.
JAM. I. of Scotland.
JENNER, Chas
JENYNS, Soame.
JEPHSON, Rt.
JERNINGHAM, Edw.
JOHNSON, Sam.
JONES, Sir Wm.
JONSON, Ben.

K.

KEATS, John.
KENNEDIE, John.
KILLIGREW, Tho.
———— Mrss.
———— Anne.
KING, Hen. (Bp).
——— Wm. L. L. D.
KNIGHT, R.P. ob.1824.

L.

LACY, John.
LANE, John.
LANGHORNE, John.
LANSDOWNE, G. Ld.
LEFROY, M.rs
LEFTLEY, Cha.
LEIGHTON, Sir Wm
LEWIS, M. G.
LEYDEN, John.
LILLY, John.
LLEWELLIN, Martin.
LLOYD, Rt.
LODGE, Tho.
LOGAN, John.
LOK, Henry.
LOVELACE, Rd.
LOVIBOND, Edw.
LYDGATE, John.
LYTTELTON, Geo. Lord.
LYTTELTON, Tho. Lord.

M.

MACNEIL, Hector.
MALLET, Dav.
MANLEY, Tho.
MARKHAM, Ger.
MARLOWE, Chr.
MARMION, Shakerley.
MARSTON, John.
MARVELL, Andrew.
MASON, Wm.
MASSINGER, Ph.
MAURICE, Tho.
MAY, Tho.
MAYNE, Jasper.

MEAD, Rt.
MENDEZ, Moses.
MENNES, Sir John.
MERCER, Major.
MERRICK, James.
MICKLE, W. J,
MIDDLETON, Chr.
———— Tho.
MILLS, Humfr.
MILTON, John.
MOORE, Edw.
MORE, Sir Tho.
——— Sir Joh. H.
MORLEY, Lord.
MORPETH, Mary.
MUNDY, Anthony.
——— Fr. N. Cl.

N.

NABBES, Tho.
NASH, Tho.
NEVILLE, Alex.
NEWCASTLE, Duke of.
NEWCASTLE, Duchess of.
NICCOLS, Rd.
NUGENT, Earl.

O

OCCLEVE, Tho.
OGILBY, John.
OGILVIE, D.r
OGLE ———
ONEIL, Hon. M.rs
ORFORD, Horace, Earl of.
ORRERY, R. Earl of.
OVERBURY, Sir Tho.
OXFORD, Edw. Vere Earl of.

P.

PAGET, Lord.
PARNELL, Tho.
PEELE, Geo.
PEMBROKE, Wm. Earl of.
PEMBROKE, Mary, Countess of.
PERCY, Wm.
——— D.r T. (Bp).
PERROT, Hen.
PHAYER, Tho.
PHILIPS, Catherine.
———— John.
PHILLIPS, Ambrose.
———— John.
PINNEL, Rev. D.r
PITT, Rev. Chr.
POPE, Alexander.
——— Walter.
POTTER, Rt.
PRATT, Samuel.

PRESTON, Thom.
——— Wm.
PRESTWICH, Edm.
PRIOR, Matthew.
PURCHAS, Sam.
PYE, Hen. Ja.

Q.

QUARLES, Francis.

R.

RABLET, Rd.
RADCLIFFE, Anne.
RALEIGH, Sir Walter.
RANDOLPH, Tho.
RAWLINS, Tho.
READ, Thom.
RIDLEY, D.r Gloucester.
RIPLAY, Geo.
ROBERTS, W. Hayward, D. D.
ROCHESTER, J. Earl of.
ROCHFORD, Lord.
RODERICK, M.r (sonneteer).
ROSCOMMON, Wh. Earl of.
ROSSE, Alex.
ROWE, Nich.
ROWLEY, Wm.
RYVES, Miss.
RUSSEL, Rev. T.

S.

SAMPSON, Wm.
SANDYS, Geo.
SAVAGE, Rd.
SCOTT, Rev. Ja.
——— John, *of Amwell.*
SEWARD, Miss.
SHADWELL, Tho.
SHAKESPEARE, Wm.
SHAW, Cuthb.
SHEFFIELD, John, D. of Bucks.
SHELLEY, P. B.
SHENSTONE, Wm.
SHEPHEARD, lucas.
SHERBURNE, Sir Edw.
SHERIDAN, M.rs
——— Rd. Br.
SHIRLEY, Ja.
SIX, James, of 1786.
SKELTON, John.
SLATYER, Wm.
SMART, Chr.
SMITH, Charlotte.
SMITH, Edm.
——— Wm.
SMOLLET, Tob.

SMYTH, Miss.
SOMERVILLE, Wm.
SOUTHWELL, Rt.
SPENSER, Edm.
SPRAT, Tho. (Bp).
STANLEY, Tho.
STEPHENSON, J. Hall.
STEPNEY, G.
STERLING, W. Alex. Earl of.
STERNHOLD, Tho.
STEVENS, Wm. Bagshaw.
STORER, Tho.
STRODE, Wm.
STUART, Lady Arabella.
SUCKLING, Sir John.
SURRY, Earl of.
SWIFT, D.r Jonathan.
SYDNEY, Sir Philip.
SYLVESTER, Joshua.
SYMMONS, Miss.

T.

TALBOT, Catherine.
TEMPLE, Countess.
THOMPSON, Wm.
———— Capt. Edw.
THOMSON, James.
TICKELL, Tho.
TIGHE, M.rs
——— Wm. *ob* 1816.
TREFUSIS, Miss.
TURBERVILLE, Geo.
TURNER, Rd.
TURNEUR, Cyril.
TUSSER, Tho.

U.

UXBRIDGE, Earl of.

V.

VAUGHAN, Hen.
VAUX, Lord.

W.

WAGER, Wm.
WALLER, Edm.
WALSH, Wm.
WALTERS, Rev. John.
WARNER, Wm.
WARTON, Tho. *sen.*
———— Tho. *jun.*
———— Jos.
WARWICK, Rev. Tho.
WATTS, D.r Isaac.
WAY, L. G.
WEEVER, John.
WELSTED, L.
WEST, Gilbert.

WEST, Rd.
WESTALL.—
WESTMORELAND, M. Fane, Earl of.
WHALEY, Rev. John.
WHETSTONE, Geo.
WHITE, H. Kirke.
WHITEHEAD, Paul.
———————, Wm.
WHITNEY, G.
WILD, Rt.
WILLET, Andrew.
WILKIE, D.r
WILSON, John.
WILLIAMS, Sir C. Hanbury.
WINCHELSEA, Countess of.
WITHER, Geo.
WODHULL, Rd.
WOLCOTT, D.r John.
WOODFORD, Sam.
WOODHOUSE, James.
WOTTON, Sir Hen.
WOTY, Wm.
WROTH, Lady Mary.
WYAT, Sir Tho.
WYCHERLEY, Wm.
WYRLEY, Wm.

Y.

YALDEN, Tho.
YONGE, Bartholomew.
YOUNG, Edward.

NOTES.

Alphabetical Catalogue of Living English Poets, with the dates of their earliest Poems, respectively.

A

ASHBURNHAM, Sir Wm. 1794.

B

BAILLIE, Joan. 1798.
BARBAULD, M.rs 1768.
BERESFORD, Rev. Ja. 1794.
BIRCH, Sam. 1785.
BLAND, Rev. — 1808.
BOOKER, Rev. D.r L. 1787.
BOOTHBY, Sir Br. 1796.
BOWLES, Rev. W. L. 1789.
BOYD, Rev. Hen. 1785.
BRYDGES, Sir Egerton. 1785.
BURGES LAMB. Sir Jam. Bl. 1796.

C

CAMPBELL, Th. 1799.
CANNING, Rt. Hon. Geo.
CARLISLE, Earl of. 1773.
CARY, Rev. F. 1787.
CARYSFORT, Earl of. 1810.
COLERIDGE, Sam. Taylor. 1794.
CORNWALL, Barry.—(viz. *Proctor*). 1819.
COTTLE, Ja. 1797.
COURTIER, P. 1796.
CRABBE, Rev. Geo. 1781.

CROKER, J. Wilson. 1809.
CROLEY, Rev. ——
CROWE, Rev. W. 1788.
CUNNINGHAM, Rev. F. W. 1803.

D

DAVENPORT, R. 1800.
DRUMMOND, Sir Wm. 1798.
DYER, Rev. Geo. 1792.

E

ELTON, Cha. 1804.

F

FRERE, J. Hookham. 1798.

G

GIFFORD, Wm. 1782.
GILLIES, R. P. 1793.
GISBORNE, Rev. Tho. 1794.
GOOD, J. Mason. 1803.
GOWER, Lord. Fra. 1823.
GRANT, M.ts 1803.

H.

HEBER, Rev. Reginald.
HERBERT, Hon. Wm. 1804.
HODGSON, Rev. F. 1808
HOGG, James. 1807.
HOLFORD, Miss. 1809.
HOLLAND, Lord. 1806.
HUNT, J. Leigh. 1801.

I

ISRAELI, J. 1789.

K

KETT, Rev. H. 1793.
KNIGHT, Sam. 1785.
——— H. Galley.

L

LAMB, Cha. 1798.
LANDOR, W. S. 1795.
LEIGH, Chandos. 1812.
LLOYD, Cha. 1795.
LOFFT, Capel. 1775.

M

MANNERS, Lady. 1793.
MANT, Rev. R. (Bp). 1800.
MATHIAS, J. T. 1781.
MERIVALE, J. H.
MILMAN, Rev H. 1816.
MITFORD, Rev. John. 1811.

MITFORD, Miss. 1810.
MONTGOMERY, Jam. 1806.
MOORE, Tho. 1800.
MORE, Hannah. 1773.
MORRITT, J. B. S. 1802.

N

NOTT, D.r of Bristol. 1778.

O

OPIE, M.rs 1802.

P

PARK, Tho. 1797.
PENN, John. 1796.
PINKERTON, John. 1780.
POLWHELE, Rev. Rd. 1783.
PORDEN, Miss. 1817.
PORTER, Anna Maria. 1811.
POTT, Archdeacon. 1779.
Proctor, (see Cornwall).

Q

QUILLINAN, Edw. 1810.

R

RICHARDS, Rev. Geo. 1791.
ROGERS, Sam. 1786.
ROSCOE, Wm. 1788.
ROSE, W. S. 1808.
RUSSELL, Lord John. 1822.

S

SARGENT, John. 1785.
SCOTT, Sir Walter. 1802.
SHEE, M. A. 1800.
SMEDLEY, E. *sen.* 1810.
————E. *jun.* 1814.
SMITH, Horace. 1812.
SMYTH, Wm. 1806.
SOTHEBY, Wm. 1790.
SOUTHEY, Rt. 1796.
SPENCER, W. Rt. 1796.
STANLEY, Sir J. T. 1796.
STRANGFORD, Lord. 1803.

T

THURLOW, Lord. 1810.

W

WALPOLE, Rev. Rt. 1805.

WEST, Jane. 1786.
WHARTON, Rd. 1805.
WILLIAMS, Helen Maria. 1782.
WILLYAMS, Ja. Brydges. 1815.
WILSON, John. 1812.
WORDSWORTH, Wm. 1793.
WRANGHAM, Archdeacon. 1798.
WRIGHT, Walt. Rodwell. 1811.

The same Catalogue arranged chronologically.

M.rs BARBAULD, 1768.
Lord CARLISLE, 1773.
Hannah MORE, 1773.
C. LOFFT, 1775.
D.r NOTT, of Bristol, 1778.
Archdeac. POTT, 1779.
J. T. MATHIAS, 1781.
Rev. G. CRABBE, 1781.
J. PINKERTON, 1781.
Helen M. WILLIAMS, 1782.
Wm. GIFFORD, 1782.
Rev. Rd. POLWHELE, 1783.
Sir E. BRYDGES, 1785.
John SARGENT, 1785.
Rev. Hen. BOYD, 1785.
Sam. KNIGHT, 1785.
Sam. BIRCH, 1785.
Sam. ROGERS, 1786.
Jane WEST, 1785.
Rev. F. CARY, 1787.
L. BOOKER. D. D. 1787.
Rev. W. CROWE, 1788.
Wm. ROSCOE, 1788.
Rev. W. L. BOWLES, 1789.
J. D'ISRAELI, 1789.
W. SOTHEBY, 1790.
Rev. G. RICHARDS, 1791.
Rev. Geo. DYER, 1792.
W. WORDSWORTH, 1793.
Rev. H. KETT, 1793.
Lady MANNERS, 1793.
Rev. Tho. GISBORNE, 1794.

Rev. Ja. BERESFORD, 1794.
Sir William ASHBURNHAM, 1794.
P. L. COURTIER, 1795.
John PENN, 1796.
W. S. LANDOR, 1795.
W. R. SPENCER, 1796.
Sir J. B. BURGESS, —Lamb. 1796.
Sir J. T. STANLEY, 1796.
Sir B. BOOTHBY, 1796.
Cha. LLOYD, 1796.
Tho. PARK, 1797.
Ja. COTTLE, 1779.
Joanna BAILLIE, 1798.
Archdeacon WRANGHAM, 1798.
Sir W. DRUMMOND, 1798.
Geo. CANNING, 1798.
J. H. FRERE, 1798.
Cha. LAMB, 1798.
Tho. CAMPBELL, 1799.
Tho. MOORE, 1800.
R. MANT, 1800.
M. A. SHEE, 1800.
R. A. DAVENPORT, 1800.
Sir W. SCOTT, 1802.
M.rs OPIE, 1802.
J. B. S. MORRITT, 1802.
M.rs GRANT, 1803.
J. Mason GOOD, 1803.
Lord STRANGFORD, 1803.
Hon. Wm. HERBERT, 1804.
Reginald HEBER, D. D.
Cha. ELTON, 1804.
Rd. WHARTON, 1805.
Rev. Rt. WALPOLE, 1805.
Wm. SMYTH, 1806.
Jam. MONTGOMERY, 1806.
Lord HOLLAND, 1806.
Ja. HOGG, 1807.
W. S. ROSE, 1808.
Rev. — BLAND, 1808.
Rev. F. HODGSON, 1808.
J. W. CROKER, 1809.
Miss HOLFORD, 1809.
E. QUILLINAN, 1810.
Lord THURLOW, 1810.
Lord CARYSFORT, 1810.
E. SMEDLEY, *sen.* 1810.

80 Rev. John MITFORD, 1811.
Walt. Rodwell WRIGHT, 1811.
Anna Maria PORTER, 1811.
John WILSON, 1812.
Horatio SMITH, 1812.
85 Chandos LEIGH, 1812.
R. P. GILLIES, 1813.
Rev.—CROLEY, 1813.
Red. F. W. CUNNINGHAM, 1813.
Rev.—H. MILMAN.
90 J. Brydges WILLYAMS, 1814.
J. H. MERIVALE, 1814.
E. SMEDLEY, *jun.* 1814.
Miss PORDEN, 1815.
H. Galley KNIGHT.
Barry CORNWALL, 1819.
Lord John RUSSELL,
97 Lord Francis GOWER, 1824.

NOTES CONTINUED.

At the beginning of the present century the poems of the old English Poets from 1540 to 1660 were almost all so *rare*, as to be scarcely accessible. In the last fifteen years many of them have been reprinted. Almost all the Elizabethan Miscellanies and Garlands have thus been laid open to the curious reader. It may be useful to give such a slight register of these Reprisnt, as the Editor's memory, with little opportunity of a reference to Catalogues, can supply.

I.st MISCELLANIES.

I. Tottell's *Miscellany*: reprinted in D.r Nott's Edition of Lord Surry. 1815, 4.o

II. The Paradise of Dainty Devises reprinted by Sir E. Brydges. 1810, 4.o

III. England's Helicon, by the Same. 4.o

IV. Davison's Poetical Rapsody, by the Same: at the Lee Priory Press, 8.o

Heliconia, by M.r Tho. Park. 1814, 4.o contains.

V. Handful of Pleasant Delites.

VI. Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Devises.

VII. Phænix Nest.

VIII. England's Parnassus.

IX. The Mirror for Magistrates : magnificently reprinted in-4.° by M.r Haslewood with a laborious collation of all the Editions.

PROSE TRAETS.

M.r Haslewood has also reprinted all the rare Critical Tracts on Poetry of that æra : viz.

1. Puttenham's *Art of Poesie*, 1811, 4.°
2. Webb, with a collection of other Tracts, 4.°

Besides these, the Volumes of many seporate poets have been reprinted : viz.

VOL. I.st

N.° XXI. Some of Churchyard's Tracts by M.r G. Chalmers : — one by Lord Spencer for the Roxburghe Club.

XXXI. Fairfax's Tasso, by M.r Singer. 1817, 12.°

XXXII. *Poetry of* R. Greene included in his prose Tracts, in Archaica, by Sir E. Brydges, 4.°

XXXIV. Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, by M.r Singer.

XXXV. T. Lodge's *Poems*, by the Same.

XXXVI. N. Breton's *Longing of a Blessed Heart;* — and *Melancholike Humours*, — at Lee Priory Press, 4.°

XXXVII. Raleigh's *Poems*. Lee Priory Press, 4.°, — London, in-12.

XLIV. Fitzgeffrey's *Sir Francis Drake* — at Lee Priory Press. 8.°

LV. Storer's *Cardinal Wolsey*, in Park's Heliconia, 4.°

LXIV. Chapman's *Epicede* on Prince Henry — at Lee Priory Press, 1818. — *Hymns*, by M.r Singer, in-12.

VOL. II.

10. W. Browne's *Occasional Poems* : at Lee Priory Press : in-4.° now first printed.

11. G. Wither's *Hymns :* by Sir E. Brydges, in-8.°

———————— *Shepherd's Hunting :* by the Same. 1815, in-12.

———————— *Fidelia :* — by the Same, in-12.

———————— *Fair Virtue :* — by the Same, in-12.

22. Lord Pembroke's *Poems :* by the Same, 1817, in-12.

32. Habingdon's *Castara :* by M.r Elton, in-8.°

33. Carew's *Select Poems :* by J. Fry, of Bristol. in-8.°

34. Lovelace's *Lucasta :* by Singer.

36. Herrick's *Select Poems :* by D.r Nott of Bristol.

39. Bishop Corbet's *Poems :* by O. Gilchrist. 1807, in-8.°

43. Stanley's *Poems :* by Sir E. Brydges. in-8.°

———————— *Anacreon :* by the Same. in-8.°

44. Shirburne's *Poems :* by ————————

48. Brathwait's *Barnabæ Itinerarium :* by M.r Haslewood.

— His *Select Odes :* at Lee Priory Press. in-8.°

63. Wm. Hammond's *Poems :* by Sir E. Brydges. 1816, in-4.°

77. Marmion's *Cupid and Psyche :* by Singer. in-12.

75.* John Hall of Durham's *Poems* — by Sir E. Brydges. 1817, in-8.°

N. B. This character by Phillips was accidentally omitted in the text : and is therefore here inserted :

« John Hall : of this name flourished within these thirty « years a Bishopric of Durham-man, who besides his juve- « nile poems, memorable only for their airy and youthful

« wit, improved afterwards to a more substantial repu-
« tation for what he has wrote, as well in verse, as prose:
« but a poem he began of great and general expectation
« among his friends, had he lived to compleat it, would
« doubtless have very much advanced, and compleated his
« fame. »

ADD,

(a) K. James's *Essais* of *a Prentice in Poetry*, by M.r R. P. Gillies. in-4.°

(b) D.r J. D. Whitaker's *Piers Plowman*. 1813, in-4.°

(c) *Piers Plowman's Creede*. 1814, in 8.°

(d) Griffin's *Fidessa*. 1815, in-8.°

(e) Cl. Barksdale's *Nympha Lybethris*, by Sir E. Brydges. 1815, in-12

(f) W. Percy's Cælia. — Lee Priory Press. in-4.°

(g) Rt. Southwell's *Poems*. 1817.

(h) Tusser's *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry*, by D.r Mavor. in-4.°

(i) Chalkhill's *Thealma*, by Singer. in-12.

(j) B. Barnes's *Century of Sonnets*, reprinted *in Park's Heliconia*.

(k) A. Mundy's Miscellany of Songs, in *Park's* Reprint of the *Harleian Tracts*.

Many of these Reprints are themselves very *rare*: and the whole together would form a curious collection: with the addition of the publications of Oldys, Warton, Percy, Ritson, and George Ellis.

NOTE VI.

ON RARITY OF BOOKS.

It is always desirable to make the distinction between those, whose reputation has sunk into oblivion; and those, who never enjoyed any reputation. To obtain this knowlege such a work as this of *Edward Phillips* is much better fitted than a modern compilation. The notice contained in a mere modern compilation, which boasts of its minuteness and accuracy, is often founded only on the discovery of the existence of a rare volume, that affords no test of the manner in which it was received by cotemporaries.

If many authors enjoyed reputation in their own time in right of ephemeral merit, many who were justly entitled to it, afterwards lost it by accidental and capricious changes of language and taste. In making and applying this distinction, the testimony of judicious and well-instructed cotemporaries is a great assistance.

There is undoubtedly a disposition in collectors to exagerate the value of a rarity which they possess: — it is necessary therefore to be on our guard against the desire to discover injustice in the fate of what has fallen into oblivion, or has never obtained notice. A work like the present seems to me well calculated to guide the judgment on this point.

We hear a good deal of raillery and ignorant scorn applied to what is called the *Bibliomania*. Where it *is* a

mania, (and unquestionably it *is* so in some persons,) I never can percieve that it hurts any one but him who is afflicted with it.

To the cause of literature it certainly is not injurious: — on the contrary, it remunerates many industrious ministers to this taste, for the labour of the researches to which they are thus prompted: and it furnishes Public Libraries with the REPRINTS of works, which the Learned may thus gratuitously consult; and of which the expence would not otherwise be incurred.

NOTE VII.

LORD BYRON.

WHILE this sheet was preparing for the press, the afflicting intelligence arrived of the death of LORD BYRON, who expired on Missolonghi in Greece, of an inflammatory fever of ten days' continuance, on 19.th April, 1824, at the age of 36 years, and nearly three months. The poetical character of Lord Byron is one which cannot justly be drawn by a short, superficial, and rapid sketch; nor at the moment when such a loss to literature first agitates the mind. Indiscriminate and unchastised praise is of little value; and would be especially dangerous in a case where so many splendid and seductive beauties were mingled with

so many dangerous shades : but who would calmly and coolly register and perpetuate his criticisms at such a moment ?

Three others poets not of the same very brilliant and extraordinary endowments have died while this sheet was preparing : the Rev. Thomas Maurice, of the British Museum : Richard Payne Knight *Esq.* aged 74; and Capel Lofft *Esq.*

June 18, 1824. « We have to announce the death of that veteran in politics and literature, Capel Lofft Esq. He died 26.th May, at Montcallier, near Turin. » *(Times.)* He was born about 1751.

NOTE VIII.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

I embrace this opportunity of saying something of an intimate friend and companion of *Lord Byron*, who preceded the great poet to the grave by almost two years. « *This highly gifted person was unhappily snatched from the world before his genius and many virtues were sufficiently acknowleged to cast into the shade his errors.* » He was drowned off *Leghorn*, in July 1822. He was eldest son of Sir Timothy Shelley, of Castle-Goring, in Sussex, Bart.

The freedom of his religious opinions expressed in a juvenile poem, (published, however, if I recollect, without his consent, or knowlege,) brought them and their author into unfortunate notice. I am entitled to apply to him the following truly beautiful passages from the poem of a friend who knew him intimately from boyhood.

« In the world's desert he had stood alone,
Without a tree to shelter his frail being
From its unpitying storms; he had been driven
Far from his land, his sister, and his home,
Ere years had ripen'd into manhood strength,
And skill to pilot mid the hidden shoals,
And rocks and quicksands, upon which high hearts
Are often wreck'd in unsuspicious youth,
His inexperienced bark. »

« He thirsted for his likeness; and he found
No bosom that could sympathise with his,
Or dive into the fountains of his mind's
Deep mysteries; none who could hold intercourse
Or commune with his soul. Their language seem'd
As of a distant and a savage land,
Sounds unintelligible, that could make
No music to his ear, awake no chord
Of music in his thoughts; he spoke, — and lips
Of mute and motionless ice replied to lips

Quivering and burning with the heart's best fires.
And as the delicate plant, from the rude touch
Of every hand recoiling, in each fibre
Shrinking, and folded as in terror, thus,
He was all nerve: — His spirit-like fair form,
Whose lightness seem'd at variance with decay
Of time, was but a tenement for soul;
He, an embodied spirit, — love its essence —
One only sense he had — and that was love —
One only thought — it was the universe —
He worship'd love — it was his God! He saw
In all things that exist personified
The love that was his being and his bliss;
It might be too his bane! doom'd to beget
A want — a void within his heart. »

« Then was it strange that he should worship nature,
The solitude of nature? In the trees,
The flowers, the grass, the waters, and the sky,
In every motion of the leaves of spring,
In the blue air, and in the vault of night,
Inaudible to others, there was heard
A heart that throbb'd in response to his own,
Insensible to others. There were felt
A frame and nerves that vibrated to his:
There was a tongue in the inarticulate wind,
And weird shapes in the passing clouds, that bore
An inconceivable relation to
A something in his secret soul, aroused

His spirits to a dance of breathless rapture,
And fill'd with tears, with sweetest tears, his eyes
Where never were reflected others' smiles. » ——

From Capt. *Medwin's Ahasuerus, the Wanderer:* a *Dramatic Legend in six parts. By the author of Sketches in Hinanddoostan*, Other *Poems..... London, Whitaker,* 1823, 8.°

NOTE IX.

A List of Lives of English Poets; and other Biographical and Critical Notices of Them.

1. The *Lives of the most famous English Poets, by* William Winstanley 1687. in-8.° a plagiarism from *Edward Phillips.*

2. The *Poetical Register,* by Giles Jacob. 1723, 2 vol. in-8.° The 2.d volume records the *Dramatists:* the 1.st volume contains about 217 names.

3. The *Lives of the Poets of Great Britain and Ireland,* by Theophilus Cibber (1), 1753, 5 vol.s in-12. Compiled

(1) Theophilus Cibber was son of Colley Cibber; and perished in his passage to Ireland, 1758.

principally from Mss of Thomas Coxeter, (who died 1747, æt. 59.) Cibber had the assistance of Shiel, an amanuensis of D.r Johnson.

This Work contains 213 lives, from *Chaucer* to *M.rs Chandler, who died* 1745.

4. The *Lives of English Poets* by Samuel Johnson, L.L.D., 1777, 1781. 4 vols. in-8.o The work contains only 52 Lives: — from *Cowley* to *Lyttelton*. These Lives were prefixed to an Edition of the most popular English Poets, published by the London Booksellers.

5. *Lives* of a larger number *of English Poets* were compiled by Robert Anderson of Edinburgh, M.D. and prefixed to a more ample Collection of English Poets printed at Edinburgh in 13 vol.s large 8.o, (double columns,) 1792—1795.

Biographical Notices.

Numerous Incidental Notices are primarily to be found in

1. The *History of English Poetry by* Thomas Warton, 3 vol.s in-4.o, 1774, 1778, 1781, and in the posthumous fragment of a *fourth vol.* The truly admirable author died 20 May, 1799, æt. 62.

2. M.rs Cooper's *Muse's Library*, 1739, in-8.o

3. Tho. Hayward's *British Muse*. 3 vol.s in-12, 1738. The intelligent *Introduction* was written by William Oldys, Norroy King of Arms, a very laborious and exact literary antiquary, who died 1761, aged 74.

4. *Prolusions:* a reprint of several old poems by Edward

REESE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

Capel, who died 1781: — Editor of Shakespeare; and of a Catalogue of Books, forming the *Shakespeare School.*

5. The *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry,* 3 vol.s in-12, *first Edition* 1765, by D.r Thomas Percy afterwards *Bishop of Dromore.*

6. *Old Ballads* published by Evans, 1777.

7. *Select Beauties of Ancient English Poetry*, by Henry Headley A. B. 2 vol.s in-8.o 1787. He died 1788, aged 23. This work contains 32 Biographical Sketches.

8. *English Songs* by Joseph Ritson *Esq.* 3 vol.s in-8.o 1785.

— *Ancient Songs,* by The Same, 1789, in-8.o

— *Ancient Poems on the subject of Robin Hood*, 1795, by The Same.

— *Pieces of Ancient Popular poetry*, by The Same, 1795 in-8.o

— *English Anthology*, 3 vol.s in-8.o, by The Same.

— *Scotish Songs*, 2 vol.s in-12, by The Same.

9. *Ancient Scotish Poems*, edited by John Pinkerton, 2 vol.s in-8.o, 1789.

10. *Collection of English Poems*, with *Biographical Notes* by John Nichols, 8 vol.s in-8.o 1780, etc.

11. *Specimens of Early English Poets*, by George Ellis *Esq.-First* Edition 1790, in-8.o, enlarged in subsequent editions to 3 vol.s in-8.o

12. *Theatrum Poetarum Anglicanorum,* being the first reprint of this Work by the present Editor, 1800, in-8.o

13. *Specimens of English Poets by* Robert Southey *Esq.* 3 vol.s in-8.o (a continuation of the plan of G. Ellis.)

14. *Censura Literaria*; — *British Bibliographer:* — and *Restituta*, containing numerous articles on old English Poetry.

15. D.r Drake's *Literature of Shakespeare's Age*: — notices all the poets cotemporary with the great Dramatist.

16. Various Works of M.r George Chalmers contain numerous similar notices: as well as a reprint of some of Churchyard's Pieces: and of the poems of Sir David Lyndesay.

17. *Specimens of the Bristish Poets* by Tho. Campbell, 7 vol. in-8.°, 1819.

18. *Bibliographia Poetica*, by Joseph Ritson.

19. Longman's *Bibliotheca Poetica*, — a sale catalogue of a most rich collection of old English poetry, with bibliographical and biographical notices, (drawn up by *M.r Griffiths.) in*-8.°

20. *Observations on the Faëry-Queen of Spenser*, by Thomas Warton, 1753, 1762, in-8.°

21. *Illustrations of Gower and Chaucer* by the Rev. J. H. Todd. in-8.°

Dramatists.

An Account of the English Dramatic Poets, by Gerard Langbaine. *Oxon.* 1691, in-8.°

W. Oldys filled the margin of his copy of this Book with innumerable bibliographical Mss notes, of great research and curiosity. This copy is now in the British Museum.

Gildon gave an Abstract of Langbaine's Work, 1698, in-8.°

Biographia Dramatica (by Isaac Reed) 2 vol. in-8.°, 1782, founded on a work of *David Erskine Baker.* A new Edition has since been given by Stephen Jones.

Treatises.

Webbe's *Discourse of English Poetrie*, 1586, in-4.° reprinted with other Tracts by Haslewood.

Puttenham's *Art of English Poesy*, 1589, in-4.° reprinted by *the Same.*

Gildon's *Complete Art of English Poetry*, 1708, 2 vol. in-12.

Digests.

J. Cotgrave's *English Treasury of Wit.* etc. 1655, in-8.°

Joshua Pole's *English Parnassus*, 1655, 1677, in-8.°

Byshe's Art *of English Poetry*, 1703, in-8.°

——— *British Parnassus*, 4 vol. in-12.

Collections and Ftowers.

Tottel's *Miscellany*, 1557, in-4.°

Paradise of Dainty Devises, 1578, etc., in-4.°

England's Helicon, 1600, 1614, 4.°

Belvedere, 1614.

England's Parnassus, 1600, in-12.

NOTE X.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

While so many obscure names have been preserved in the *Theatrum Poetarum Angl.* Queen Elizabeth ought not to have been omitted, as she displayed talents for poetry far above mediocrity. *Percy*, *Headley*, and *Ellis* have each inserted a specimen of her verses. The following *Ditty*, on *the factions raised by Mary Queen af Scots*, was given in the former reprint of the work; and ought not to be omitted here.

The doubt of future foes
Exiles my present joy;
And wit me learns to shun such snares
As threaten my annoy.
For Falsehood now doth flow,
And subject Faith doth ebb;
Which would not be, if Reason ruled,
Or Wisdom weaved the web.
But clouds of joys untried
Do cloak aspiring minds;
Which turn to rain of late repent

By course of changed winds.
The top of Hope supposed
The root of Rule will be;
And fruitless all their grafted guiles;
As shortly ye shall see.
Then dazzled eyes with pride,
Which great Ambition blinds,
Shall be unseal'd by worthy wights,
Whose falsehood Foresight finds.
The daughter of Debate,
That eke discord doth own,
Shall reap no gain where former rule
Hath taught peace still to grow.
No foreign banish'd wight
Shall anchor in this port;
Our realm it brooks no stranger's force;
Let them elsewhere resort.
Our rusty sword with rest
Shall first his edge employ,
To poll their tops that seek such change;
And gape for lawless joy.

NOTE XI.

1. JOSEPH HALL.

D.r Joseph Hall, promoted to the Bishopric of *Exeter* 1627, and of *Norwich*, 1641, retired during the Civil Wars; and died 1656, æt. 82. His *Virgidemiarum, — satires in six books;* were published in 1597, at the early age of 23.

Gray, the poet, in a Letter to D.r Wharton, 1752, says, « *Bishop Hall's Satires, called* Virgidemiarum, *are lately republished. The are full of spirit and poetry; — as much of the first as D.r Donne's; and far more of the latter. They were written at the University when he was about* 23 *years old;* and *in Queen Elizabeth's reign.* »

2. JOHN LYDGATE.

Gray has also spoken of Lydgate. — « *I pretend not* » says, he « *to set him on a level with Chaucer; but he certainly comes the nearest to him of any cotemporary writer I am acquainted with. His choice of expression, and the smoothness of his verse, far surpass both Gower and Occleve. He wanted not art in raising the more tender emotions of the mind.* »

3. GABRIEL HARVEY.

A well-known friend of *Spenser*. — His Tracts on Robert Greene have been reprinted in *Archaica*, 2 vols. in-4.°

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4. Sir JOHN BEAUMONT.

A cousin of Francis Beaumont, the dramatist. He died 1628, aged 40. His *Bosworth Field* is an historical poem of some merit. See his poem on the death of *Grey Brydges Lord Chandos*, in the Account of *Q. Elizabeth's Visit to Sudeley Castle*, among the *Lee Priory Reprints* — in-4.°

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5. ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

This poet was a Jesuit priest, executed in London as an agent of Popery, 1595. He is thus praised by Bolton, a cotemporary critic. « *Never must be forgotten St. Peter's Complaint, and those other serious poems said to be Father Southwell's : the English whereof, as it is most proper, so the sharpness and light of wit is very rare in them.* »

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6. FERDINANDO STANLEY, Earl of DERBY

Ob.t 1594. Lodge has preserved in his *Illustrations* of E. H. a curious Letter of this nobleman to Lord Essex, of which he observes, that « *it abounds with good sense, high spirit, and sweetness of temper.* » He adds: *An untimely death undoubtedly defrauded him of a conspicuous situation in the history of his country.* »

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7. ROBERT Earl of ESSEX.

A poem of Lord Essex is to be found in *Excerpta Tudoriana,* printed at the *Lee Priory Press.*

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8. Lord PAGET, and EDWARD Earl of OXFORD.

Puttenham, in his *Art of Poesy,* 1589, says: « *In her Majesty's time sprung up another Company of courtly poets, who have writ exceedingly well, if their doings could be found out, and made public with the rest; of which number is Edward Earl of Oxford, Thomas Lord Buckhurst when*

young; Henry Lord Paget; Sir Philip Sydney; Sir Walter Raleigh: and many others.»

9. FRANCIS DAVISON.

A very curious *Life of William Davison the Secretary*, father of *Francis* the poet, has lately been published by *M.r N. Harris Nicolas*, in 8.°

10. GEORGE CLIFFORD, Earl of CUMBERLAND.

M.r Singer has been able to appropriate an elegant Song to this nobleman's pen from one of the rare Collections of *Madrigals*, &c. of his day.
His nephew *Henry Lord Clifford*, (who afterwards succeeded to the Earldom) is named as a poet by *A. Wood* in his *Athenæ*.

11. SYDNEY GODOLPHIN.

See *Lord Clarendon's* character of this accomplished man, as well as of *Charles Cotton, sen.r* and many others. For *Charles Cotton jun.r* see *Walton's Angler*.

12. Hon. THO. CAREY.

A younger son of the first *Earl of Monmouth.* See verses by him, and several others now little known in *Lawes's Musical Airs.* — Some years ago I discovered a portrait of this poet in an old picture shop in London. *M.r Geo. Harding* afterwards copied it, by my recommendation.

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13. ANDREW WILLET.

Perhaps the numerous pieces in *Davison's Rhapsody* with the initials A. W. were by this poet.

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14. D.r SNEYD DAVIES.

A long account of this elegant but neglected poet is to be found in the late *M.r George Hardinge's* Letters, whose father *Nicholas* was his intimate friend. He furnished the principal poems to the collected volume of poetry by his friend *John Whaley.*

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15. Hon. M.rs ONEIL

Is introduced on the authority of a beautiful poem inserted in one of *M.rs Smith's* Novels. She was a *Boyle*, and was mother of the present *Earl Oneil.*

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16. M.rs LEFROY

Died by a fall from her horse, Dec. 1804, æt. 57. She was sister to the Editor of this reprint. Her son, the Rev. Geo. Lefroy, Rector of Ashe, Hants, and Compton, Surry, died Sept. 1823, æt. 42. See some of her poems in Davenport's *Poetical Register.*

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17. FRANCIS NOEL CLARKE MUNDY

Resided on a patrimony near Derby, inherited from a long line of ancestors. His father was *Wrightson Mundy Esq.* his mother, a sister of the late Sir Rob. Burdet, Bart. His son now represents the County of Derby. His principal Poem was *Needwood Forest*, which was only printed for private distribution; and which nothing could induce him to permit to be published, having received some

insult from the Reviewers in a more juvenile publication. It is a long descriptive poem of great merit.

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18. WILLIAM COMBE

Latterly known as the author of *D.r Syntax:* but much better known 45 years ago, as the author of the *Diabo-liad*; — *Diabo-lady*, &c. died 1823, aged upwards of 80. His singular life may yet be expected from an intimate friend who knew him well, if the very curious autograph memoirs promised to that friend shall ever reach their destination. He was the real author of *Letters* which go under the name *of Thomas Lord Lyttelton;* and of innumerable other *anonymous* pieces, many of which were very popular.

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19. Miss SYMMONS

Was the daugther of the *Rev. D.r Symmons*, the biographer of Milton. See a most affecting and eloquent account of her, with specimens of her beautiful poetry, in the Notes to *Wrangham's* Seaton Poem — *the Raising of Jairus's daughter.*

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20. M.rs CHARLOTTE SMITH.

See a character of this sweet poetess in *Censura Literaria*, written by the Editor of this Reprint.

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21. M.rs ELIZABETH CARTER.

This Lady had compleated her 86.th year at her death in Jan. 1806. She was a native of Deal in Kent, where her father, the Rev. Dr. Nicholas Carter, was the Minister. Her nephew, the *Rev. Montagu Pennington*, has published her *Life*, and her *Letters*. She commenced to write poetry about her 15.th year; at which age some of her earliest pieces were inserted in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Many epistolary writers have had a pen more airy and more witty than M.rs Carter: but none so solid; and scarce any so eloquent. She was a deep scholar; a profound moralist; and a very original thinker. She had a strong, though not quick, fancy: but she seems to have had very little imagination. Her feelings were the result rather of meditation and reflexion than of lively and violent impression. She was always philosophical; never rapturous; and suffered nothing to pass her pen or her lips, which had not the approbation of her reason and her judgment. Always considerate, her opinions may be almost universally taken

as the cool dictates of wisdom: and though they are by no means fitted to the eccentricities and the momentary splendors, which are the taste of the present day, will remain standards both of sound sense and elegant composition which will be consulted and reperused, ages and ages after all meteors shall haved passed away and have been forgotten.

22. Rev. WILLIAM BAGSHAW STEVENS

Was master of Repton School Derbyshire, and died 1800 at a middle age. He published at Oxford, while an Undergraduate of Magdalen College, *Indian Odes* &c. and afterward, *Retirement*, &c. 1782. He was a friend of *Mundy*, *Miss Seward*, &c.

23. Rev JOHN WALTERS.

Was, I think, Master of Ruthen school, Denbighshire, and died young about 1797. He gained a prize at Oxford for English *Verses*: and published in 1782 a small volume, which contained some elegant *Inscriptions*, after the Greek model.

24. Rev. . . . . HOYLAND.

His poems were one of the *Strawberry Hill* publications: and were *posthumous*.

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25. Miss TREFUSIS.

Miss Trefusis was sister to the late *Lord Clinton*. She is said to have been possessed of considerable genius.

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26. W. WOTY

Was a bon-vivant who lived among the Leicestershire and Derbyshire nobles and gentry. He was an intimate friend of *Francis Fawkes;* and his coadjutor in editing the *Poetical Calendar*.

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27. M.rs CHAPONE.

Her Letters have been published by her nephew. She was of the ancient family of Mulso.

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28. M.rs CATHERINE TALBOT

Was neice to Lord Chancellor Talbot. She died 1770. See her *Letters to M.rs Carter*, and her volume of *Essays and Poems*.

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29. D.r JOHN AIKIN.

A *Life* of him has been published by his daughter, *Lucy Aikin.*

NOTE XII.

30. ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

The following is copied from an article which I communicated to the Gentleman's Magazine.

27 *Oct.* 1823.

Robert Bloomfield was a genuine poet in the class to which he belonged: not perhaps a very high class; — but a *genuine* poet in any class is much more rare than is commonly supposed. A primary trait is exhibited by productions which consist in *ideas* and *sentiments* rather than in *words*. Nine tenths of modern poetry are a mere trick of language: three fourths of the other tenth consist of monstrous imagination, outrageous fiction, or extravagant sentiment, or thought. A false ambition proves an emptiness of genius. *Bloomfield* wrote because his mind and his heart were full.

He had a gentle spirit : his taste and his pleasures were simple and humble : he turned inward, and was content with the feelings which nature inspired in him; and never seemed desirous or tempted to go abroad for borrowed thoughts and strange decorations. His writings therefore have no unsuitable patches; but are all of a piece.

In the simple style of composition which belonged to Bloomfield, poverty or flatness of thought cannot be disguised : — but to a nice or solid taste disguise only aggravates these defects. We bear therefore with faults, where there is no pretension, for the sake of the touching passages which they so frequently introduce, and which more than redeem them.

We are justly enraptured with a noble train of *Fiction*, when we have the good fortune to meet with it : but experience proves that this magnificent faculty exhibits itself but infrequently in the course of centuries; and great pleasure may be derived from powers and exertions of a far inferior kind.

There is in the visible world, in the actual forms of things, in the external shapes of creation, beauty and even grandeur, which may delight the fancy, and move the heart. To paint *these* images is not to fulfill *all* the sublime purposes which answer *Shakespeare's* character of a grand poet when he talks of « *giving to airy nothing a local habitation and a name :* » but still it is to convey a « *homefelt delight*, » a « *sober certainty of bliss.* »

There is a calm domestic enjoyment, a gentle, unstimulating, unexhausting emotion in Bloomfield's poems, which, when the duties of life call upon us to repress visionary moods, and keep ourselves in an humour fitted for the

humble occupations of daily business, is happily consonant to the frame of mind we would wish to cultivate.

There are a numerous host of fabricators of verse, who may be compared to milliners and tailors, who do not concern themselves about the *quality* of the figure which they are employed to cloathe; but think all merit lies in the *dress* which they furnish for them: and who of course take both the materials and forms of their ornaments from the last favorite fashions of the market. Bloomfield's care was directed to the choice of the figure to be dressed: and then he put it forth in the simplest habiliment of mere necessity, through which its native beauty might shine unencumbered.

It may be doubted, whether great dealers in words have any distinct ideas. The memory supplies them with tissues of gaudy expressions, which look well to the eye, and tickle the ear; but leave no clear impression on the mind, and awaken no sympathy in the heart.

Bloomfield's language is clear as a transparent stream, beneath which the bed is seen as through a lucid mirror.

The character of his poetry is peculiar to himself; — and this, with its truth and nature, will secure him a permanent fame.

I find by my Common-place Book I made the following additional observations on BLOOMFIELD, *the next day.*

28.th *Oct.*

To produce a clear fancy, it would seem that the organs of the senses must be fine: but something more must be requisite; the faculty of reception into the mind must also be equally fine: — to these must be added the faculty of *retention* there; and the faculty of *reflection* thence.

The power of *reception*, and the power of *reflection*, seem to be quite different.

Then to make a poet, comes the power of *selection*: the choice of images with reference to their poetical character. Different minds are disposed to entertain different classes of images. The power to receive and reflect unpoetical images would not make a poet.

But many minds receive indistinctly, and cannot reflect at all. The impression of the object received lasts only as long as the object is present. Such an one has *no fancy*, — even though his *senses* may sometimes be lively. If when time or distance has removed the object, he attempts to recall and describe it, he sees nothing distinctly: he resorts therefore to artifice; he uses sounding or glittering words, somewhat at random, that he may convey generally *that*, of which he has not *himself* any precise conception: or he exercises his memory, and borrows the descriptions and the words of others; for the memory is partly technical; and we may remember the existence of an image,

of which the present fancy may be wanting; or we may remember the words in which such an image has been described, when we have no internal vision of the image itself.

All images thus attempted to be conveyed to the fancy of others by the medium of memory, and not by direct reflection from the fancy of the communicator, are imperfect and fallacious. Even if there be something of the appearance of fancy, and that fancy be derivative and only borrowed from others through the medium of language, it is faint at least, and generally spurious.

Yet of this mixed character are the faculties of by far the largest class even of ingenious minds.

Vivid impressions received direct from the objects, and vividly reflected by the fancy, are the sources of that simplicity of description, which shews the hand of a master; and instantly finds a mirror in the bosoms of others.

This may seem the most common of all powers, and the easiest of all intellectual tasks: but experience proves that it is far otherwise. Whether it be, that the organs of sense are commonly dim and weak; or whether the rarity lies in that intellectual receptacle which is capable of retaining and reflecting the impression, that vivid ideal presence which inspires the proper words in distinct order, and without force or labour, is seldom to be found in the larger proportion of those writers who have aspired to poetical composition.

Among those who write directly from a clear fancy, there is great variety in the objects with which the fancy deals. Some are delighted with the humble and simple; some with the tender, some with the beautiful; and some with the grand. The force of the genius is compounded of a

complex consideration of the degree of vividness, and the quality of the object represented. Where the image is represented with equal force, there the *quality* of the image gives the superiority.

Both the understanding and the heart probably operate on the election of objects which the faculty of fancy is disposed to encourage and cherish. But it is better to represent a less interesting object clearly, naturally, and forcibly, than a more interesting one imperfectly.

The choice of *Bloomfield's* images was for the most part simple, if not humble: but his fancy was so distinct and unforced, and his language was such a natural, unstudied, and easy result of it, that excellence of execution overcomes the comparative want of interest which often characterises the matter.

It is probable that much of the quality of *Bloomfield's* compositions arises from the native structure of his mind and heart, rather than from his low birth, and early habits of a peasant's life. A little of *costume* may have been derived from these circumstances; — but this is not their intrinsic and primitive characteristic.

A poet of temporary fashion may be partly made by *Art*: but Art varies with every generation; — Nature is always the same.

I have spoken of fancy as a necessary quality of a poet: but to make the highest class of poets, *Imagination*, or *Invention*, is also necessary.

I think that *Bloomfield* had little invention: — not that invention which combines the outline and course of a story: — he might have a small invention in some of the minor details.

Images of inanimate nature can never be of equal interest

with images of that which is animate; and especially, of human beings.

But mere lively impression received in the exact form, in which the original appeared; and retained in that exact form, unvaried by that intellectual process, or faculty, which is the instrument of imagination, derives part of its merit from accuracy of observation, the remainder from sensibility of impression, and power of reflection: the magic of *creation* is wanting.

Every age has a prevalent taste of its own, propagated by fashion; the sort of genius which is not adapted to feed that taste, languishes and expires undeveloped, for want of encouragement. That taste which prevailed from the accession of Ch. 2.d nearly till the death of Pope, was principally moral and intellectual: Imagery was little regarded in right of itself: but only so far as it furnished occasion for observation, reasoning, and opinion.

It may be said that for this purpose the faculties of fancy and imagination are not necessary. But an author without having the materials of observation and reflection present to his fancy, (even when he does not bring them forward to the reader) is without subjects for thought; — without foundation for the theory he desires to build. One source of lively and vigorous thought is the clear presence of the object contemplated or discussed.

The public taste always vibrates to contrary extremes. From admiring what was too exclusively abstract, which was the prevalent character of Pope's moral poetry, it past to the admiration of what was exclusively material, when imagery was thought sufficient to fill the mind without the addition of sentiment or reflection. It is in the union of all, that the perfection of poetry consists.

But all must be original : not derivative : it must not be taken at second hand from the images and thoughts of others communicated through the medium of language.

Such secondary reflection may be a reflection of something of quite a different nature. It may reflect something; of which a main ingredient in the composite, is language, — not imagery, or ideas.

Culture improves nature : but we generally cultivate most that to which our faculties are naturally most fitted. Pope cultivated the poetry of *reason*, because *reason* was the most predominant power of his mind.

Bloomfield would have cultivated a more imaginative class of poetry, if his mind had been of a more visionary cast. His homeliness, his unambitions descriptions, were the result of innate choice.

He who deals in what is familiar has the chance of interesting those who have little fancy. Memory of what is daily before us is, as to those objects, a substitute for fancy.

As to the representation of objects monstrous or extravagant, or improbable in themselves, this may be done with a poetical force; but still the defect of solid interest in the objects represented must detract greatly from the comparative merit of the performance.

Thomson seems to have been the first or one of the first who introduced the *picturesque*, as a *system*, into poetry : it had been before only *accidental*. The epithets of Pope, Prior, Parnell, &c., are for the most part general. Whenever the picturesque is affected and over-wrought, it becomes heavy and tiresome.

NOTE XIII.

31. PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, (AGAIN.)

Since my former Note on this poet was printed, I have received the following curious Memoir from the Gentleman, from whose poem extracts were given in that Note.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, born at Field-place, Sussex, in 1794, was removed at 13 years of age from a private school; and sent to *Eton:* — he there shewed a character of great eccentricity, mixed in none of the amusements natural to his age, was of a melancholy and reserved disposition, fond of solitude, and made few friends. — Neither did he distinguish himself much at Eton; — he had a great contempt for modern Latin verses, and directed his attention to Chymistry, and German, instead of the exercises of his Class. From an early acquaintance with German authors he perhaps imbibed a romantic turn of mind; for we find him before he was 15, publishing two *Rosa-Matilda-like* Novels called *Zastrozzi* and *the Rosicrusian*, that bore no marks of being the productions of a boy, and were much reprobated as immoral by the journals of the day. — He also made great progress in *Chymistry*; — be

used to say that nothing ever delighted him so much as the discovery that there were no Elements, of Fire, Air, and Water : — but before he left *Eton*, he nearly lost his life by being blown up in one of his experiments; and abandoned the pursuit.

He now turned his active mind to *Metaphysics*, and became infected with the materialism of the French school.

Even before he was sent to *University College Oxford*, then only 16, he had entered into an epistolary theological controversy with a dignitary of the Church, under the feigned name of a *Woman*; and after the second term printed a pamphlet with a most ridiculous title: *The necessity of Atheism.* This silly work, which was a recapitulation of some of the arguments of *Voltaire*, he not only affixed his name to, but circulated it among the Bench of Bishops. — The consequence was obvious : — he was soon summoned before the Heads of his College : and refusing to retract his opinion, (which he proposed to argue with the examining masters; — a greater madness still,) was expelled the University.

This disgrace little affected *Shelley;* but it proved fatal to all his hopes of happiness and prospects in life. — It deprived him of his first love; and was the means of alienating him, for ever, from his family. — His father for some time after it occurred, would not see him; and at length when he received him under his roof, treated him with so much coldness that he soon quitted his home; went to *London*; and thence eloped to *Gretna Green* with a *Miss Westbrook*, their joint ages amounting to 32. — This last act exasperated his father to such a degree, that he broke off all communication with *Shelley*, — who after a residence in *Edinburgh* of some months, passed over to *Ireland :* — and that country being in a disturbed state,

published a *pamphlet* that had a considerable sale; and the object of which was to soothe the minds of the people: — telling them that moderation and not rebellion would tend to conciliate their oppressors, and give them their liberties. — He also spoke at some of their public meetings with great fluency and eloquence. — He returned to England the latter end of the year 1812; and being at that time a great admirer of *Southey's Works*, paid a visit to the *Lakes*, and passed several days at *Keswick*.

He now became devoted to poetry : and, after imbuing himself with *The Age of Reason* and the *Political Justice*, printed his *Queen Mab :* — and presented it to most of the Literary characters of the day : among the rest to *Lord Byron*, who thought it superior to *Chatterton's* works at the same age : — Speaking of it in his *Notes* to the *Two Foscari*, he says, « I shewed it to M.r *Sotheby* as a poem of great power and imagination. — No one knows better than its real author that his opinions and mine differ radically upon the *metaphysical* portion of that work; though, in common with all who are not blinded by baseness and bigotry, I highly admire the poetry of that and his other productions. »

It is to be remarked that *Queen Mab* eight years afterwards fell into the hands of a knavish bookseller, who published it : and on its prosecution its author disclaimed the opinions of his youth contained in that juvenile production. — His marriage, by which he had two Children, soon turned out as might have been expected, an unhappy one; and a separation ensuing in 1816, he went abroad, and passed the summer of that year in Switzerland.

The scenery of that romantic country tended to make nature a passion and an enjoyment; and there he contrac-

ted a friendship with Lord Byron that was destined to last for life. — Perhaps the perfection of every thing *Lord Byron* wrote at *Geneva* (his 3.d canto of *Childe Harold*, his *Manfred*, and *Prisoners of Chillon*) owe something to the critical judgment which *Shelley* exercised over his works; and his *dosing* him (as he said,) with *Wordsworth*. — In the autumn we find the subject of these memoirs at *Como*, where he wrote *Rosalind and Helen*, founded partly on his own history, and containing among the minor poems an *Ode to the Euganean Hills* marked by much pathos and beauty. — His first visit to Italy was short : for he was called to England by his wife's unhappy fate, which threw a cloud of melancholy over his own. — The year subsequent to this event, he married *Mary Wolstoncraft Godwin* the daughter of the celebrated Mary Wolstoncraft by William Godwin. — About this period, heir to an income of 6 or 7000 L. a year, he was in such pecuniary distress that he was nearly dying of hunger in the streets. —

Finding some time after his coming of age, that he was entitled to some reversionary property in fee, he sold it to his father for an annuity of L. 1000 a year, for his life; and took a house at *Marlow* where he persevered more than ever, even to the destruction of his health, in his poetical studies. —

It was during his abode in *Bucks*, that he composed his *Alastor*, or *the Spirit of Solitude :* perhaps one of the most perfect specimens of harmony in blank verse that our language possesses; and full of the wild scenery that his imagination had treasured up in his travels. In his poems he deifies *Nature* much in the same manner that *Wordsworth* did in his earlier productions.

Inattentive to pecuniary matters and generous to excess, he soon found himself embarrassed; and not being able to live on his income, and still unforgiven by his family, he came to a resolution of quitting England and never returning to it. —

There was also another thing that tended to disgust him with his native country. — His child was taken from him by the Lord Chancellor in consequence of the promulgation of his atheistical opinions.

He again crossed the Alps; and took up his residence at *Venice*; — where he strengthened his intimacy with *Lord Byron*, and wrote his *Revolt of Islam*: an allegorical poem in the Spenser Stanza.

Spoken of with much commendation in *Blackwood's Magazine*, it fell under the lash of the *Quarterly*, which disgraced itself by gross and personal abuse of the author, both openly, in the review of that work, and *insidiously* under the critique of *Hunt's Foliage*. — Perhaps little can be said for the philosophy of the *Loves of Laon and Cythna*. Like *Owen of Lanark*, he believed in the perfectibility of human nature; and looked forward to a period when a new golden age would return to earth; when all the different creeds and systems of the world would be amalgamated into one; when crime would disappear; and man be freed from shackles civil and religious.

Wild and visionary, and dangerous, as such a doctrine must be confessed to be, in the present state of society at least, it sprang from a mind enthusiastic in its wishes for the good of his species, and the amelioration of mankind: and however mistaken the means of bringing about this reform or revolt may be considered, the object of his whole

life and writings seems to have been to develop them. This is particularly observable in his next work, tke *Prometheus Unbound*, a bold attempt to revive the play of *Æschylus*. This Drama shews an acquiantance with the Greek Tragedians, that perhaps no other person possessed in an equal degree; and was written at *Rome* in the flower-covered ruins of the Baths of Caracalla. Here also he formed into a Tragedy the story of *The Cenci*: which but for the harrowing nature of the subject would not have failed to have had the greatest success both on the stage and in the closet.

Lord Byron was of opinion that it was the best play the Age had produced; and that it was not unworthy of the immediate followers of Shakespeare.

After passing several months at *Naples*, he finally settled in *Tuscany*, where he passed with an amiable wife the last four years of his life in domestic retirement, and intense application. His acquirements were great. He was perhaps the best classic in Europe. The books he considered as the models of style in prose and poetry were *Plato* and the *Greek Dramatists*. He made himself equally master of the modern languages: *Calderon* in Spanish; *Petrarch* and *Dante* in Italian; and *Goëthe* in German, were his favourite authors. French he never read; and said he never could understand the beauty of *Racine's* verses.

Discouraged by the ill success of his writings; persecuted by the malice of reviewers; hated by the world; — an out cast from his family; and a martyr to a painful complaint, he was subject to occasional fits of melancholy and despondence. — For the last four years, though he continued to write, he had given up publishing. There were only two occasions that induced him to deviate from the resolution. His ardent love

of liberty inspired him to write *Hellas*, or *the Triumph of Greece*, since translated into Greek, which he dedicated to his friend Prince *Maurocordato:* — and his attachment to Keats produced an *Elegy*, that he entitled *Adonais*. This is perhaps the most finished and beautiful of all his compositions, and the one he considered his best. I cannot give a fairer specimen of his style and manner, or a better portrait of *Shelley*, than the one he drew of himself in this poem, and afterwards expunged from it.

« Mid others of less note came one frail form,
A phantom among men, companionless
As the last cloud of an expiring storm,
Whose thunder is its knell; — he, as I guess,
Had gazed on nature's naked loveliness
Actæon-like; and now he fled astray
With feeble steps o'er the world's wilderness,
And his own thoughts along that rugged way
Pursued like raging hounds their father and their prey.

His head was bound with pansies overblown,
And faded violets white and pied and blue,
And a light spear topp'd with a cypress cone,
(Round whose rough stem dark ivy tresses grew
Yet dripping with the forest's noonday dew)
Vibrated as the ever beating heart
Shook the weak hand that grasp'd it; — of that crew
He came the last, neglected and apart,
A herd-abandon'd deer, struck by the hunter's dart.

The last eighteen months of his short but eventful life, (he used to say he had lived to an hundred,) were passed

in daily intercourse with *Lord Byron*, to whom the amiability, gentleness, and elegance of his manners and great talents and acquirements had endeared him.—Like his friend, he wished to die young, and perished in the 28.th year of his age in the Mediterannian between Leghorn and Lerica, in a storm, from the upsetting of an open boat. The sea had ever been his great delight; and in the following Lines, written as early as 1814, he seems to have anticipated that it would prove his grave.

To morrow comes,
Cloud after cloud with dark and deepning mass
Roll o'er the blacken'd waters; the deep roar
Of distant Thunder mutters awefully;
Tempest unfolds its pinions o'er the gloom,
And shrouds the boiling surge; the pitiless fiend
With all his winds and lightnings tracks his prey;
The torn deep yawns; the vessel finds a grave
Beneath its jagged jaws.

Well might his disconsolate widow, left in a state of dependance and penury, with a child for whom she had no means of making a provision, add in the words of *Lycidas*:

« It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in the eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That struck so low that sacred head of thine. »

For fifteen days after the loss of the Vessel, his body remained undiscovered; and when found, was not in a state to be removed.

In order to comply with his wish of being buried at *Rome*, his corpse was therefore directed to be burned; and Lord Byron faithful to his trust as an executor, and duty as a friend, superintended the ceremony. The remains of one who had little repose here, now sleep with those of his friend, *Keats*, in the burial-ground near Caius Cestus's tomb; — « a spot! so beautiful » (said he) « that it would almost reconcile me to death, to lie there! »

Even if *Shelley* had not set himself up as a reformer, his poetry was never calculated to be popular. His creations, were of another world. His methaphysical speculations are clothed in too mystical a language; his allusions are too deep and classical for many minds to comprehend or enjoy them: — but there are some also who will love to place his works on the same shelf with the *Republic* of Plato, and the *Utopia* of Sir Thomas More.

STANZAS WRITTEN IN DEJECTION NEAR NAPLES.

By

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

I.

The sun is warm; the sky is clear;
The waves are dancing fast and bright;
Blue-isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent light

Around its unexpanded buds;
Like many a voice of one delight—
The winds, the birds, the ocean floods;
The city's voice itself is soft, like solitude's.

2.

I see the Deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple sea-weeds strown;
I see the waves upon the shore
Like light dissolv'd in star-showers, thrown;
I sit upon the sands alone,
The lightning of ths noon-tide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion:
How sweet, did any heart now share in my emotion!

3.

Alas! I have nor hope, nor health,
Nor peace within, nor calm around,
Nor that content, surpassing wealth,
The sage in meditation found,
And walk'd with inward glory crown'd —
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure:
Others I see whom these surround, —
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure;
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

4.

Yet now despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne, and yet must bear,
Till death like sleep might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

5.

Some might lament that I were cold,
As I, when this sweet day is gone,
Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
Insults with this untimely moan;
They might lament, — for I am one
Whom men love not, — and yet regret;
Unlike this day, which, when the sun
Shall on its stainless glory set,
Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in memory yet.

32. HECTOR MACNEIL.

Died at Edinburgh, about spring 1818. His Poetical works were published at Edinburgh, 2 vols. in-8.°, 1801-1812. See *Gent. Mag. July* 1818, *p.* 89.

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33. MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS.

Died in July 1818, on his voyage home from Jamaica. He was born 1773, son of M. Lewis Esq. Deputy Secretary of War. In 1796, he was returned to Parliament for Hindon. In 1795, he published his *Monk*, a novel, 2 vols. — His *Tales of Terror* also were popular.

His sister married Sir Henry Lushington Bart. now Consul General of Italy. See *Gent. Mag. Aug.* 1819. *p.* 183.

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34. ANNE RADCLIFFE.

Was born 1762, and died 7 Feb. 1823, æt. 62. Her *Mysteries of Udolpho* were published 1794. *The Italian*, — 1795. &c., &c. Poetry is mixed in most of her Novels.

Her husband had been Editor and Proprietor of *The English Chronicle.*

35. JOHN WOLCOT, M.D.

Better known under the name of *Peter Pindar*, died 13 Jan. 1819, at an advanced age; — a man of eccentric wit, and much ribaldry.

He was of Cornish birth.

36. JOHN KEATS.

Died at Rome, 23 Feb. 1821, aged 25.

He is said to have been killed by the vexation of a severe review of his Poems in the *Quarterly Rev.*

37. WILLIAM HAYLEY.

Was born 1744, at Chichester; and died 12 Nov. 1820. He was educated at Cambridge. He outlived his fame.

NOTE XIV.

Poetical Obituary from 1818.

HECTOR MACNEIL Esq. ob. May, 1818.
MATHEW GREGORY LEWIS Esq. ob. July, 1818, æt 48.
Dr. JOHN WOLCOT, ob. Jan. 1819.
Rev. HENRY ROWE, ob. Sept. 1819.
Rev. ANTHONY FRESTON, ob Dec. 1819.
Rev. JOSIAH THOMAS, ob May, 1820.
Wm. HAYLEY, Esq. ob. 12 Nov. 1820, aged 75.
Wm. PARNELL, Esq. ob. April, 1820
Mrs. JOHN HUNTER, ob. Jan. 1821, æt. 79.
Mrs. GEORGE SEWEL, ob. Dec. 1820.
Dr. THOMAS BROWN, ob Mar. 1820, æt. 42.
JOHN KEATS ob. 23 Feb. 1821, *at Rome.*
Sir ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Bart. ob. 1822.
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, ob. July, 1822, *off Leghorn.*
Wm. ERSKINE, Ld. KINEDER, ob. Aug. 1823, æt. 53.
Dr. JOHN AIKIN, ob. Nov. 1822.

OCTAVIUS Gr. GILCHRIST, ob. 1823.
ROBERT BLOOMFIELD, ob. Aug. 1823.
20 WILLIAM COMBE, ob 1823.
Ld. GLENBERVIE, ob May, 1823.
EDMUND CARTWRIGHT D.D., ob. 1823.
Rev. THOMAS MAURICE, ob. 1824.
Lord BYRON, ob 19 April, 1824, *in Greece.*
RICHARD PAYNE KNIGHT, ob. 24 April, 1824.
CAPEL LOFFT, ob. 26 April 1824, *in Piedmont.*
ANNE RADCLIFFE, ob. 7 Feb. 1823.
28 SOPHIA LEE, ob. 1824.

NOTE XV.

It may be convenient to the Reader to be referred to an useful work for the old French Poets.

There is just published «*Les Poètes François depuis le XII.*me *siècle jusqu'à Malherbe, avec une Notice Historique et Littéraire sur chaque Poète. Paris*, 1824. See *Journal des Savants, June* 1824.

For a list of Italian Poets see *Res Literariæ.*

TABLE.

CATALOGUE OF THE POETS CONTAINED IN VOL. II.

Poets of K. James I.

	Died.
1. Lord BROOK.	1628
2. THOMAS CAMPION.	
3. JOHN DONNE.	1621
4. Sir WILLIAM LEIGHTON.	
5. WILLIAM ALABASTER.	
6. FRANCIS DAVISON.	
7. JOHN FLETCHER.	1625
8. FRANCIS BEAUMONT (*).	1616
9. GILES FLETCHER.	1623
10. WILLIAM BROWNE.	1645
11. GEORGE WITHER.	1669

(*) Sir JOHN BEAUMONT, who died 1628, is omitted by Philips.

Died.

12. PHINEAS FLECTHER.
13. THOMAS COLLINS.
14. CYRIL TURNEUR.
15. CHARLES ALEYN.
16. RICHARD RABLET.
17. RICHARD TURNER.
18. WILLIAM SLATYER.
19. WIILLIAM PURCHAS.
20. WILLIAM SAMPSON.
21. Sir FRANCIS HUBERT.

Poets of Charles I.

Died.

22. W. HERBERT, Earl of Pembroke.
23. W. DRUMMOND. 1649
24. THO. MIDDLETON. *circ.* 1628
25. Wm. ROWLEY.
26. JOHN WEBSTER.
27. JOHN FORD.
28. THO. HEYWOOD.
29. SAMUEL ROWLEY.
30. PHILIP MASSINGER.
31. WILLIAM SMITH.

	Died.
32. WILLIAM HABINGDON.	1654
33. THO. CAREW.	1639
34. RICHARD LOVELACE.	1658
35. ROBERT HEATH.	
36. ROBERT HERRICK.	
37. Sir RICHARD FANSHAW.	
38. THO. RANDOLPH.	
39. RICHARD CORBET.	
40. HENRY KING.	1669
41. Sir ASTON COKAYNE.	
42. Sir JOHN SUCKLING.	1641
43. THO. STANLEY.	1678
44. Sir EDWARD SHIRBURNE.	
45. THO. MAY.	1650
46. Sir WILLIAM DAVENANT.	1668
47. WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT.	
48. RICHARD BRATHWAIT.	1673
49. WILLIAM CAVENDISH, Duke of Newcastle.	
50. RICHARD BROME.	
51. ALEXANDER BROME.	1666
52. RICHARD CRASHAW.	1650
53. GEORGE HERBERT.	
54. GEORGE SANDYS.	1643
55. FRANCIS QUARLES.	1644
56. ALEXANDER ROSSE.	
57. JOHN CLEAVELAND.	
58. Dr. ROB. WILD.	
59. JASPER MAYNE.	1672
60 PAYNE FISHER.	
61. BARTON HOLYDAY.	

	Died.
61*. JOHN HALL. — *(see p. 95.)*	1656
62. HUMPHREY MILLS.	
63. WILLIAM HAMMOND.	
64. MARTIN LLEWELLIN.	
65. HENRY VAUGHAN.	1695
66. JOHN MANLEY.	
67. JOHN HODDESDON.	
68. JOHN KENNEDIE.	
69. WILLIAM BOSWORTH.	
70. THOMAS READ.	
71. EDMUND WALLER.	1687
72. Sir JOHN DENHAM.	
73. ABRAHAM COWLEY.	1667
74. JOHN MILTON.	1674
75. JAMES SHIRLEY.	1666
76. Sir RALPH FREMAN.	
77. SHAKERLEY MARMION.	
78. ROBERT BARON.	
79. ROB. CHAMBERLAIN.	
80. ROB. GOMERSAL.	
81. HEN. GLAPTHORNE.	
82. THO. GOFF.	
83. THO. NABBES.	1645
84. ROB. MEAD.	
85. EDM. PRESTWICH.	

Poets of Charles II.

	Died.
86. JOHN DRYDEN.	1700
87. ROGER BOYLE Earl of Orrery.	
88. THO. HOBBES.	
89. THO. SPRAT.	
90. THO. FLATMAN.	
91. JOHN OGILBY.	
92. JOHN PHILIPS.	
93. SAM. WOODFORD.	
94. Sir ROB. HOWARD.	
95. Sir GEO. ETHEREGE.	
96. THOM. KILLIGREW.	
97. THO. RAWLINS.	
98. JOHN LACY.	
99. JOHN WILSON.	
100. THO. SHADWELL.	
101. ELKANAH SETTLE.	
102. WILLIAM WYCHERLEY.	

WOMEN.

	Died.
103. MARY, Countess of PEMBROKE.	
104. Lady MARY WROTH.	

Died.

105. Lady ELIZ. CAREW.
196. Lady ARABELLA STUART.
107. MARY MORPETH.
108. ANNE BROADSTREET.
109. MARGARET CAVDNDISH, Duchess of NEW-CASTLE.
110. CATHERINE PHILIPS.
111. AFRA BEHN.

SUPPLEMENT.

Died.

113. K. JAMES I. of SCOTLAND.
114. WILLIAM GRAY.
115. Lady JANE GREY.
116. Lady BACON.
117. Lady BURLEIGH.
118. Lady RUSSELL.
119. Miss KILLIGREW.
120. LODOWICK CARLILE.
121. ANTHONY BREWER.

WRITERS OF LATIN POETRY.

Died.

122. JOSEPHUS ISCANUS.
123. MICHAEL, THE CORNISH POET.
125. HEN. BELL.
125. GAULFRID.
126. PRIOR GODFREY.
127. ALEX. NECHAM.
128. DAN. ELINGHAM.
129. ROB. BASTON.
130. ALEXANDER OF ESSEBIE.
131. CHR. OCLANDUS.
132. WALTER DE MAPES.
133. HENRY OF WINCHESTER.
134. HENRY OF HUNTINGDON.
135. HUGH OF YORK.
136. JOANNES CANONICUS.
137. JOANNES PECKAM.
138. NICOLAUS KENTON.
139. THO. LINACER.
240. JOH. LELAND.
141. JO. BALEUS.
142. ELIZ. JOAN. WESTONIA.
143. ANN ASKEW.
144. ROGER ASCHAM.
145. DR. JA. DUPORT.

Died.

146. BARTHOL. TRAHERON.
147. ROB. FLEMING.

SCOTCH WRITERS IN LATIN.

Died.

148. GEO. BUCHANANUS.
149. ANDR. MELVINUS.
150. ARTH. JOHNSTONUS.
151. JO. BARCLAIUS.
152. ROB. AYTONUS.
153. ANDR. RAMSEIUS.
154. JO. SC. SCOTOTARVATIUS.
155. JO. LEOCHÆUS.
156. ROB. BODIUS.
157. THO. HOGERSIUS.
158. THO. CRAIGIUS.
159. JAC. CRITTONIUS.
160. AD. REGIUS.
161. HEN. ANDERSONIUS.
162. HEN. DANSKINUS.
163. DAV. ECHLINUS.
164. DAV. HUMUS.
165. DAV. KINLOCHUS.

Died.

166. DAV. WEDDERBURNUS.
167. JAC. MACOLONUS.
168. JO. METELLANUS.
169. JO. ROSA.

FINIS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WORKS BY THE EDITOR OF THIS REPRINT.

I. Odo, Count of Lingen, a Poem in Six Cantos. By Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart. Geneva 1824, in-16.

II. Gnomica: Detached Thoughts, Sententious, Axiomatic, Moral and Critical: especially with reference to the qualities and habits of a poetical mind. Geneva, 1824, 8.°

III. Coningsby, a Tragic Tale. Geneva 1819, in-12.

IV. Lord Brokenhurst, a Tragic Tale. Geneva, 1819, in-12.

V. Sir Ralph Willoughby, an Historical Tale. Florence, 1820, in-12.

VI. The Hall of Hellingsley: a Tale, 3 vol.s in-12. London, 1821.

JUVENILE POEMS.

VII. Sonnets and other Poems. First Edition, in March 1785, in-8.°

———— 4.th Edition, 1807. s.m 8.° *London*, *Longman*, and *C.°*

CRITICISM ON THE ABOVE JUVENILE POEMS.

As more than thirty-nine years have elapsed, since the appearance of the first Edition of these Poems, many cir-

cumstances induce the Author to appeal to the judgment which was pronounced on them, when they were first published. The Review *in which it appeared, was the Work of a man of talent and a scholar, who having the integrity boldly to affix his name to it, unlike the custom of wearing a mask which is otherwise universally adopted, made himself responsible for its integrity, and therefore secured that fair dealing which it has been deemed inconvenient to imitate; and which would have taken all the sting out of the severe and poisonous things in which Critical Journals have since habitually and systematically indulged themselves. This honourable* Review, *conducted by the* Rev. Henry Maty, *of the* British Museum, *ceased with his death, and has been since pushed out of notice by the more piquant Journals which have taken its place.*

The article is copied with an indignant scorn for the mean censures which will be drawn forth by its revival here. Vanity is foolish: but an author who has endeavoured by forty years of industry to deserve well of the Public, has a right to protect himself against malignant or ignorant aggression.

EXTRACT FROM MATY'S REVIEW, *for May*, 1785, *P.* 334—339.

« *Sonnets and other Poems, by S. Egerton Brydges, of the Middle Temple Esq. London March*, 1785, *in*-8.° »

« The fairest way of dealing both with the author of these Poems, and the Public on whom I have ever avoided obtruding mediocrity in poetry, will be to deliver the plain

history of their appearance here. I did not know that they were published till some weeks ago, when happening to take them up by accident at the Bookseller's, I was extremely struck with the virtuous turn, the air of simplicity, the appearance of imagination, and the uncommon goodness of varied versification, that discovered itself in them. I took them home, and determined to make them an article of the Reiew: on reading them through, however, more at leisure, it appeared to me, that creditable as they were, as juvenile compositions, and far, very far indeed above all I had been compelled to pass by, since I began writing this Review, there still did not appear originality enough about them to make them an object of great commendation, or to venture such praise upon them as might make the respectable author believe he possessed a talent, which might justify his quitting his calling. These were my own feelings, the result of the constant, though perhaps peculiar, conviction, that to call either oneself, or another, off from reading the greater poets, or writing like, or to reading, the lesser ones, is no small offence against good taste. — I have found, however, that others were not of my mind; — some persons in whose taste I have great confidence, and who, when —— and ——are no more, seem not unlikely to lead the Public, have pointed out these poems to me. — Besides the general merits I mentioned at setting out, — they admire the propriety of a young man's dedicating to his mother; — they commend the merit of the difficulty conquered in the composition of the Sonnet; — they think, that if the author, who is only two-and-twenty, does not give equal promises with Milton, he surpasses Pope at the same age; — and that in the present day he is second only to Warton in his own peculiar

line. Though I cannot quite accede to all this, yet added to my own opinion it is cause to let it go to a Jury. To a Jury therefore it shall go, as I am persuaded that if the evidence does not convince, it will at least entertain.

We will reverse the usual order of evidence, and begin with the character of the culprit seen in the dedication *to M.rs Brydges of St. Laurence house near Canterbury.*

« *O thou, whose care o'er all my life presides*, &c., &c.

The expression here is often too prosaic, but the reader will be pleased with the sentiment; and on the man who lisps gratitude and respect to a parent from the Middle Temple criticism has no right to lay very strong hold. The Sonnets are Sixteen in number : I will insert the two most striking :

SONNET.

TO A FRIEND.

REASONS FOR ATTENDING TO POETRY.

Ask'st, why, I court the poor neglected lyre?
In hopes thro' life 'twill cheer my steady way,
Drawn by no wordly pomp, nor cares astray;
And give me passport to the heavenly quire!
The conscience pure delight that I inspire,
And for good deeds alone pour forth the lay,
No aid, my friend, to lead me calmly gay
Thro' ignorance and envy will require.
I strike the strings; and strait my purged ear
Hears not their praise or blame: for if my song
Should, as it breathes, illume the brow of Care;
The sluggard rouse, or bear the faint along,
Shall I for self alone have labour'd here?
O no! the plea shall gain my soul Heaven's tuneful throng!

SONNET.

On Echo and Silence.

In eddying course when leaves began to fly;
And *Autumn* in her lap the treasure strew,
As mid wild scenes I chanced the Muse to woo,
Thro' glens untrod, and woods that frown'd on high,
Two sleeping Nymphs with wonder mute I spy; —
And, lo, she's gone! in robe of dark-green hue
Twas Echo from her sister Silence flew:
For quick the hunter's horn resounded thro' the sky.
In shade affrighted Silence melts away:
Not so her sister: — hark! for onward still
With far-heard step she takes her listening way,
Bounding from rock to rock, and hill to hill!
Ah, mark the merry maid in mockful play
With thousand mimic tones the laughing forest fill!

In these the reader will observe a manly, because open and professed imitation of Milton, whom our author often imitates. After the Sonnets are five Odes; of which the first, and third, being addressed to Ladies, (the Ladies indeed seem to employ a great part of M.r B's thoughts,) are lively, elegant, and tender. The second on beginning the study of the Law, may be fairly ranked with Blackstone's never to be forgotten, *Farewell to his Muse*, for flow of versification and propriety of sentiment. The introduction of the Shade of Spenser is peculiarly happy.

« *Inspired Spenser then perchance* &c. &c. » The fourth Ode, to Spring, in imitation of the l'Allegro, is by no means unworthy its original. The imagery is selected with great taste, and is, in some places, new. The whole is too long to be inserted here; and parts appear to the best advantage when read together. The fifth Ode, on the loss, I suppose, of a favourite mistress, (for it is without a title,) deserves particular observation on account of the novelty and beauty of the stanza, of which the close is so well adapted to the air of melancholy, that breathes throughout the poem:

« *Since Time at length* &c. &c. » The following stanzas I have not room to transcribe, but they are such as all lovers of poetry and nature will read with delight.

The next things are some imitations of Ossian's *Bards*, which are, I believe, all they could possibly be; however I may think all transpositions and paraphrases of this kind a sin against taste. An original writer, and Ossian is one who will be read by the latest posterity, let him have written seventeen years ago or seventeen hundred, generally puts the best word in the best place. It is seldom an imitator can be so successful; for there are hardly ever two good words, and never more than one best place.

The three translations of Horace, Book the first, Ode fourth and thirty second; and Book the second, Ode eleventh, are executed with sprightliness and fidelity; and the endeavour to represent the Sapphic stanza is to my ear at least successful.

There follow five more poems, of which no general character can be given. The anapæstics to Miss L.L. on the author's departure, are, for elegance of versification and tenderness of sentiment, inferior to nothing of their kind. On a subject of love, nothing very original can be expected, yet the following passage may boldly challenge us to produce its resemblance.

Ah, Lucy! I've thought &c.

« And now having written myself into a good humour, I do not care if I join with the younger counsel in the cause; (allowing however all its weight to the grave old saw of *poeta nascitur*, and recommending as in duty bound to the culprit to put some money in his purse) in saying that from the promising genius exhibited in this publication, if proper care be taken to strengthen and cultivate it, the world has a right to expect something, that it shall not soon be willing to forget! what can contribute towards it, must be found in Homer and the Greek tragedians, which M.r B. must study with as much attention as he appears to have studied the English poets. The more he does so the more he will be satisfied that it is a Reviewer's duty to teach every author, not only as *Boileau* did *Racine*, to be choice in his rhymes; but to choose long and resolve late before he rhymes at a"

FINIS.

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